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HISTORY

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PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

1890—1898.



VOL. III.

DEERFIELD, MASS., U. S. A.

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATION.

1901.

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THE

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REPORT.

Vol. III. of our History and Proceedings is now laid before you. It covers a period of nine years — 1890–1898. Compelled by circumstances, this volume contains about forty pages more than either Vols. I. or II. It has been edited by the Chairman of the Committee of Publication, and he is responsible for all its shortcomings. The edition is limited to 300 copies.

Respectfully submitted,

George Sheldon

DEERFIELD, February, 1901.

ELECTROTYPED AND PRINTED BY
T. MOREY & SON, GREENFIELD, MASS.

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ANNUAL MEETING—1890.

REPORT.*

The annual meeting fell on one of the most dismal days of a stormy season, and general pilgrimage was out of the question. At the business meeting in the afternoon, Tuesday, February 26th, the reports of the officers showed progress. The secretary's report noted that the twentieth milestone had been reached in the Association's life. During the year four members had died, Mrs. Catherine E. B. Allen of Deerfield who joined in 1874; Hon. W. W. Wright of Geneva, N. Y., 1880; Mary L. Stone of East Cambridge, 1888; Newell Snow of Greenfield, 1879. The new members are Mrs. Anna C. Rumrill of Springfield, Jennie M. Arms, Greenfield, Dr. William Dwight, North Amherst, and Herbert C. Parsons, Greenfield. The notable events of the year were the visit of the Connecticut Historical Society of Hartford, which held one of its regular meetings in Memorial Hall, and the field meeting at Hatfield, September 9th, on the 212th anniversary of the Indian attack on that town. The curator reported a steady gain in the collection, the largest being in the Library. The publication of the Stephen Williams narrative had brought valuable exchanges, and the same is expected of the volume of association annals now in press. The treasurer's report showed that the balance of $1,189 at the beginning of the year had been increased by four membership fees, $100, and by the gift of Hon. R. R. Bishop of Newton, $20; while there had been paid $330 towards the volume being printed, and after the routine expenditures a balance was left of $954. These are the new officers:

President—George Sheldon.

Vice-Presidents—Samuel O. Lamb, Greenfield; Silas G. Hubbard, Hatfield.

Recording Secretary and Treasurer—Nathaniel Hitchcock.

Corresponding Secretary—Rev. Edgar Buckingham.

Councilors—Rev. Dr. Robert Crawford, L. J. B. Lincoln, Charles

*The "Reports," as in Vols. I and II, are mostly those of the newspapers of the day. These show the spirit of the times and the drift of public sentiment.—EDITOR.

Jones, Robert Childs, Albert Stebbins, Martha G. Pratt and Mrs. Catherine B. Yale, of Deerfield; Capt. Asa B. Munn, San Jose, Cal.; Reuben Field, Charlemont; Ellen A. Sheldon, Frederick Hawks, Simeon Phillips and Francis M. Thompson of Greenfield; John W. Hoyt, Cincinnati.

One hundred and fifty dollars was voted to put up shelves and boxes, to hold old papers and records. At the council meeting, Charles Jones, Robert Childs and Albert Stebbins were chosen the finance committee, and George Sheldon cabinet keeper and librarian.

An excellent supper was served by the women, in the town hall, in the early evening, and following it came the reading of the historical papers and speeches.

President Sheldon spoke briefly, and after singing "America," Nathaniel Hitchcock read an autobiography of Dr. Joseph Goodhue, who came to Deerfield in 1824, and spending here his old age, died November 12, 1849, aged 87 years, leaving a bequest to the Orthodox church. The paper was written by Dr. Goodhue after settling in Deerfield, and has recently been found.

Miss C. Alice Baker's contribution took the form of notes on her search and study in Canada, and while not confined to any one line of the remarkable developments which have attended her fruitful investigations, lacked nothing of that charm which has made her papers the delight of past gatherings, or of that value which gives them and their writer high place in the esteem of antiquarian students. Prefacing it, she read the translation of a letter she had found from Beauharnais, Governor-General of Canada, to the Prime Minister of France, giving the circumstances of the speech, which was delivered in Deerfield the last week of August, 1735, and adding the speech itself, the only missing link in the story as told in Mr. Sheldon's History of Deerfield, No. 61.* The speech was made by trustworthy men sent to Deerfield, also to Orange, to warn the English and the Dutch to make no settlement on the Otter River, and is entitled "Words which Entosago and some other Iroquois of Sault Saint Louis went to carry to the English at Deerfield on behalf of the village of Sault Saint Louis." Of this Miss Baker gave a literal translation. It told the Deerfield people that the rumor had been heard that they intended to settle on land which belonged to the Iroquois on the Otter River, near Crown Point, and gave them solemn warning that they could not do this without shaking the tree of peace, and that as soon as they should begin work, the Iroquois would come and destroy all their work, and to take good care what they did unless they wanted the hatchets to be bloodstained. A conference was held later at Orange (Albany), and the Dutch promised not to allow the English to make a settlement as they intended.

*This speech can be found in the bound edition of the History.

Turning to her Canadian experiences, Miss Baker stated that to the twenty-eight Deerfield captives mentioned by General Hoyt in his "Antiquarian Researches," as remaining in Canada and mixing with the French and Indians, must now be added the names of the Widow Hurst and her daughter Elizabeth, and the list is probably not yet complete. Within three years eighteen of these have been traced, and the tales of the captives are full of incident, and glowing with romance. The Widow Hurst and her six children were among the captives of the 29th of February, 1704, she then being 37 or 38 years old, and her children, Sarah, 19, Elizabeth, 17, Thomas, 13, Hannah, 9, Ebenezer, 6, and Benoni, 2, who was killed on the march. The family was separated, the mother and Sarah, Elizabeth and Ebenezer staying in Montreal, and Thomas and Hannah being sent, with several other Deerfield children, to the mission at Sault au Recollet, the "Oso fort," as the captives called it. Only one, Sarah, came back to New England. Ebenezer lived with Jacques Charbonnier, the mayor of Montreal, and was baptized Antoine Nicholas. By naturalization, in 1710, the widow and Thomas, Elizabeth, Antoine Nicholas and Hannah, having accepted the Roman Catholic religion, were given all the rights of Canadian subjects, but forbidden to leave the country without permission from the government. The widow married, in October, 1710, William Perkins, an Englishman.

From this point in her search, Miss Baker was obliged to seek further knowledge of the Hurst family in the records of the Oso Fort, and these were to be found at Oka, on the Ottawa River, whither the Sault au Recollet Mission had been removed, in 1720. She describes in picturesque language the beautiful spot where the mission stands, and where she received courtesy and favor in her work. The convent stands where it stood in 1720, but the birch bark cabin, where the two devoted nuns of the congregation gathered then their school of Indian girls, has given place to a modern gray stone building, where another "Sister des Anges," herself a descendant of the captives, teaches the little Indian girls their catechism. Searching in these records, where the frequent change of names made the work one of the utmost difficulty, Miss Baker succeeded in tracing for a certainty the Hurst family, beginning with the first clew in the birth, September 27, 1719, of Simon, son of Michel Anenharison and Marie Hurst, in the mother discovering Hannah, who had been adopted by the Indians, and persisted in marrying, against the priest's objection, the Indian, Anenharison. Thomas, her brother, was there to hear the banns published.

At Oka, live the descendants of Josiah Riseing and Abigail Nims, two of the captive children, the romance of whose lives Miss Baker gave last year, revealing them after a patient study of the records. On her recent visit she went to the home of Jean Baptiste Raizenne, the

present head of the family, descended from Josiah and Abigail, and stood under the very roof-tree of the two captives, drank to their memory, and to the prosperity of their descendants, in wine made from the vines originally planted by Ignace (Josiah), tasted water from his well and ate apples from the sole survivor of his orchard. The climax of the visit's enjoyment for Jean Baptiste was reached when he presented his only son, a chubby boy of nine, named *Riseing Razienne.* The experiences of this visit and the beauties of the country, with the impressive associations that cluster about the convent and the mission, for one who studies the tales of the Deerfield captivity, furnish a rich subject for Miss Baker's ready discourse.

Hannah Hurst was married the middle of June, 1712. On the third of October, her sister, Marie Elizabeth, was married at Montreal to Thomas Becraft or, more probably, Burroughs, a weaver. Thomas was at his sister's wedding, and William Perkins, the stepfather, and many fellow captives. Uncertainty as to the husband's name makes further tracing of Elizabeth impossible as yet, and the records of the marriage and death of Ebenezer are not found. Next it was Thomas's turn, and his marriage in Montreal, April 25, 1716, to Marguerite Thibault is made an interesting picture, the quaint ceremonials contrasting strangely, said the speaker, with the customs of Deerfield, where affairs of the heart are usually settled in a manner less formal, more interesting, if not so discreet. Marguerite died without children; the young widower by his second marriage on the 29th of February, 1718, to Francoise Rouleau, doubtless secured full possession of the acres free from the restrictions of the first marriage contract. He had six children and died about 1741, his widow marrying again in 1742. By these means the clue to the fate of the Hursts has been found and followed and, in a sense, the members of the family reunited in their old home. Around such incidents Miss Baker throws a wonderful charm of graphic description, and the romantic incidents, which in the nature of the occurrences abound, are treated with a clearness of diction, a singleness of historic purpose that lend the quality of impressiveness in full measure to her story.

Samuel O. Lamb, Esq., of Greenfield, responded to the President's call in a particularly happy speech, recalling the time when he first heard "America" sung, on the 4th of July, 1839, when as a boy he walked from Charlemont to Greenfield to hear Robert C. Winthrop speak. When Dr. Holmes was asked who were the greatest hymn writers in America he promptly replied Brown and Smith, referring to the auther of,

"I love to steal awhile away,"

and L. F. Smith, the writer of America, a member of the famous Harvard class of '29. Mr. Lamb then read a letter which had been found

among the papers of the late Hon. George Grinnell, and which was written to Mr. Grinnell while a member of Congress, by General Hoyt, one of "the River Gods." It was dated March, 1836, and endorsed "free" at the Deerfield post office, free use of the mails being then a Congressman's privilege. It was the General's opinions on the pension bill just then reported, which he roundly condemned, and displayed his firm grasp on the pension question, then as now a matter of interest, and in much the same way.

Rev. Edgar Buckingham followed in a characteristic speech, sparkling with wit and full of meaning. Given the whole world from which to select a subject, he chose to talk about President Sheldon himself, and his sustained earnestness in carrying on the work of the Association. Every garret seemed to fear his presence, and the old pots and kettles to tremble at his approach. For himself, Mr. Buckingham said he should not care about the old candlesticks, skillets and gridirons, or an old pair of shoes so heavy as to be almost beyond lifting, but these things have interest, as our possessions will have to our grandchildren, as valuable tokens of the way in which they lived. We have been taught that there is a great deal to know and admire in the men of old, and to shed tears over their sufferings; our thoughts are sent back to 1704 in wonder and sympathy, and with it we may study their virtues, their interest in school and church, their thought of every form of moral excellence. The late war, with its sacrifices, showed as great consecration and self-sacrifice as the earlier years, but we do not imitate their piety, we have not their regard for the church. Yet, none escape the influence of the church; it is felt in the hearts and lives of men, and though we desert its house we would not say it was forever, or that we would raze it to the ground or turn it into a saloon or theatre. We should imitate the fathers and so honor them. Temperance, people seek to bring about not by church but by law; the purity of youth is to be preserved, but not by the church, and town quarrels and politics in general are not considered to have anything to do with religion. In these things the olden time has much to teach us. H. C. Parsons of Greenfield, was allotted the time remaining before train departure, the audience singing the Doxology at the close.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND JOURNAL.

BY JOSEPH GOODHUE, M. D.

DEERFIELD, May 27, 1843.

Biographical sketch of my ancestors since their coming to this country, in November, 1636.

The Rev. Nathaniel Rogers, formerly the Minister of Assington, in Suffolk, England, came over to this country, and was soon followed by William Goodhue, my [great-] great-grandfather, and 13 others, members of his church. Said Goodhue was a deacon of the first church in Ipswich, Mass. He died at an advanced age, in 1699 or 1700. His son Joseph, my great-grandfather, was a Deacon of the first church in Ipswich, with his father, Samuel Goodhue, my grandfather, who was born in Ipswich, and married Abigail Bartlett, and settled in Stratham, N. H. He afterwards removed to Notingham, where he was a deacon of the Congregational church for many years. He then removed to———, N. H., where he died the 7th of November, 1785, in the 90th year of his age. Josiah Goodhue, my father, was born in Stratham, N. H. He graduated at Cambridge college, 1755, spent the rest of his life as a Congregational Minister in the towns of Dunstable, Mass., and Putney, Vermont. He died in Putney in 1796, aged 68. His wife, and my Mother, was Elizabeth Fletcher, daughter of Dea. Joseph Fletcher, of Dunstable, who was one of my father's deacons during his Ministry in that place. I was born in Dunstable, Mass., the 13th of October, 1762.

I believe my parents were faithful in the discharge of their duty to their children, but I was inclind to evil rather than good. I can recollect times when hearing my father preach, of feeling concernd for my souls salvation, while quite young, but those feelings soon pased away like the early dew before the rising sun. I was a very healthy boy and enjoyed life much as any wicked boy of my age. In October, 1775, I went to Cambridge and lived with an Uncle of mine who was a Captain in the army; was their for more than two months. This gave me a taste for a military life. The next year in October my father became the Minister of Putney, Vt., and moved his family there. His salary was three hundred dollars a year; he being the first settled Minister, he was entitled to 300 aires of wild land in the west part of the town.

My oldest brother, Josiah, left for college and entered at Cambridge in 1774, but left the next spring on account of the Revolutionary war. He there engaged in the study of surgery, with old Doctor Kitterige of Tukesbury, Mass. It fell to my lot to be a farmer.

The June after I was 17 years old I joined a volenteer company under the command of Capt. Blaklly of Brattleborow, went to West Point; taried their a few days. While there was offered a comision in the United States Army, but declined accepting it, having promised my father that I would return home the next fall. From West Point I went down the River to Kings ferry, 20 miles above New York, which was then in possesion of the British Army. After remaining there a few days our Regiment was ordered up the Mohawk River to Fort plain, the Indians having destroyed Cherry Valley 16 miles south of the Fort.

The Indians had done their bloody work and went far away before we came there. During this season Gen. Arnold proved a trator to his country, and the ill-fated André was taken and executed as a spy. In the month of November I returned to Putney and managed my father's farm until I was 22. I then married Martha Clay, Daughter of Capt. James Clay, father to Col. George Clay, my son-in-law. About this time, Ephanan Winchester, the celebrated Restoration preacher came along, preaching every day somewhere; meeting-houses were crowded as ordination days. He was a very interesting speaker and appeard to be devotedly pious and orthodox except the duration of future punishment. I became personally acquainted with him. He had traveled much in Europe and America; he had the most tenacious memory of any man I ever knew. With many other, among which was Deacon Parker of my father's Church, I embraced his sentiments. My father was acquainted with Mr. Winchester but would hear him preach. One day a near friend of mine asked me if I had seen Dr. Priestly's works that had been lately published. I told him I had not. "Well," said he, "if you do not wish to become an infidel you had better not read them." "Why?" said I. "He is an Infidel under the mask of Christianity," was his answer. I procured the book and soon became a Unitarian restorationist.

I commenced housekeeping with my young wife at her father's, in the east part of Putney, near Connecticut River, within sight and but little more than one mile of Westmorland Meeting-house, where I attended meeting for the most part, and heard a minister

preach, which did not disturb me very much. I had a good farm, a pleasant wife, was very industrious, valued myself in being prompt in paying my debts and being the neatest farmer in the neighborhood. I sometimes prayed in my family, but not often; soon left off altogether. Thus pased the first ten years after my first marriage. During those 10 years I aded 2000 dollars to my property. I was not engaged in any speculation.

During this time my young wife died at the age of 27, leaving 4 children. My brother, Josiah Goodhue, M. D., advised me to engage in the study of medicine. I leased my farm 3 years, put my children under the care of my friend, and engaged in the study with my Brother. The first of January after I was 32, after studying with my Brother and riding one year and a half, I spent one summer with Dr. Dickerman of Brattleborough, Vermont. In the month of November I went to Hanover and attended a course of Medical lectures under the celebrated Nathan Smith who had been a pupil of my brother. The February following I married my late wife, who was the widow Mindwell Willard of Putney, and daughter of Dea. [Thomas] Taylor of Hinsdale, N. H. Lived on the great meadow farm where my wife lived until the first of April the following year, then removed to my farm, the lease having expired. I remained on my farm, practicing some in my profesion, my brother and Doct. Campbell in the midle of the town. My profesional business was small. In October, 1802, being in company with Gen. Bradley, who was a Senator in Congress at that time from Vermont, I mentioned to him that I should be pleased to be a member of the United States army if there were an opportunity for it. The next month he sent to Washington, and soon wrote me there was a vacancy in the medical department at Portsmouth, N. H., and that I can have it. I wrote him that I would accept an appointment. February following my commision came from President Jefferson, and an order from the secretary of war to repair to Fort Constitution, Portsmouth Harbor, N. H., and report myself to the commanding officer of that Garison. On the 13th of April, 1803, I left Putney and my family on the farm, and arived in Portsmouth on the 16th. The evening I arived their commenced one of the greatest snowstorms I ever knew; the snow fell, in 2 days and nights, 2 1-2 feet deep on a level, and very much drifted.

The second day after my arival at Portsmouth I went by water 3 miles to the Fort on an Island, at the mouth of the Piscataqua

River, the sea ran mountain high and I wished myself on terra firma. I was received very politely by the commanding officer, Capt. Gates. I spent the season very pleasantly, concluded that I could support my Family in the army.

October 1st obtained permission from the secretary of war to visit my Family, went to Putney, the next day after my arrival. I had an opportunity of selling my farm, this Saturday. The next Monday morning by the advice of my friends I deeded my place, the purchaser engaging to pay me $3,000 in two weeks, from that time. During that time I disposed of the most of our household furniture, stock and farming utensels, at a year's credit. The man came at the appointed time and brought the money in gold and silver [and] as it was known generally in Putney that I had sold and expected money, had plenty of applications and let all except a few dollars before leaving the room.

My family went by the way of Boston in the stage to Portsmouth. I soon become acquainted in Portsmouth with the Doctors and others. None of them were religious except old Dr. Cutler, a very exelent man. When I attended meeting it was with the Unitarians. Dr. Parker, their minister, was a gentlemanly man, a fine speaker, and know nothing against his morral character; he was considered a very morral man. Mr. Foster, one of his Deacons, appeared to be a serious sort of a man. I do not recollect any other among them that appeared seriously inclined.

The Universalist Society was the largest of any in the place, but I never attended meeting with them, my pride prevented me. They were mostly of the very dregs of society; I did not know more than three or four that were at all respectable in the place.

A long time from 1803 to 1809 keeping no journal, I can only say that my health was good, and that I lived a man of the world, indulged in good eating and drinking, and smoking tobacco, thought but little about a future state,—if there was one,—that all would be finally happy after a little salutary correction. I did not indulge in profane swearing as many others did for I considered it ungentlemanly. I often spent my evenings in card playing, not gambling which was contrary to general orders.

The 4th of July, 1809, was a melancholly day at Fort Constitution; about 200 pounds of gunpowder took fire by accident; the explosion was terrible; 8 persons, soldiers and citizens, were instantly killed, or so injured that they died in a short time. The

commanding officer's house was reduced to a mere wreck. I was absent on forlowgh at the time, but arived 3 days afterwards.

May 13th. I hear that Deerfield Meadows are under water.

Sept. 21st. Paid Mr. Samuel Parker $1,000 towards my farm in Putney.

Sept. 26th, 1818. Capt. Thomas Bennet died and was buried the same day.

Oct. 20th. My Daughter Harriet was married to Doctor Stephen W. Williams of Deerfield, Mass., by Rev. Dr. Parker of Portsmouth.

June 6th, 1819. Heard Mr. Goodall preach who is now a Missionary at Constinople. 7th attended a prayer meeting, 10th attended a lecture in the schoolhouse. Mr. King preached, now a Missionary at Athens, Greece. 14th went to town with Mr. Goodall, who was on his way to Andover.

Sept. 20th. Governor Langdon of Portsmouth, N. H., was buried. Both Military Companies attended the funeral.

29th. 20 soldiers rushed past the sentinel in the twilight, went on the Island, knocked down several citizens, broke windows, occasioned by some insults by the citizans.

October 15th. Mr. Danniel Temple from the Theological school at Andover called at our house and spent the evening.

17th, Sunday. Went to meeting, heard Mr. Temple preach; the 20th he came and staid over night.

28th. Attended a lecture. Mr. Temple preached. Text, "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." To the pious, Godly man this is not a fearful thing, but to such a wretch as me it was fearful indeed. I was brought under deep concern for my soul's salvation, which continued for two weeks. I then heard him preach on the return of the prodigal Son. I believe I had somewhat the felings of the prodigal returning to his Father when he fell on his neck. The language was to me "Thy sins are forgiven; go thy way, and sin no more." My happyness was very great, beyond what I am able to express. I had an earnest desire that evry body should come to the Saviour and be happy as I was. After the last sermon alued to the 123d hymn of Wats 1st book was sung. This was an evening lecture. This was the happiest night I ever experienced, but I have abundant cause to lament my wanderings from my Heavenly Father, the fountain of all good, who has been so merciful to me, a brand out of the burn-

ing. I can truly say with the Publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

Sunday, May 7th, 1819. Mrs. Goodhue, Sophia Shannon, and myself united with the Rev. Mr. Putnam's church in Portsmouth.

May 15th. Mr. Temple came on the Island and preached.

21st. I went on the Island. Mr. Temple preached.

24th. Mrs. Goodhue left for Vermont, by the way of Boston. O Lord, wilt Thou please protect her while absent, and return her in safty.

28th. Went to meeting on the Island. Mr. Merill preached. Mr. Temple in the evening to the soldiers in the Garison.

June 12th. Mr. Temple left Andover. The Lord go along with him wherever he goes, be with him wherever he is, and at last take him to thy kingdom in glory.

Sunday, June 18th. Commenced leading in the religious exercises, but O, how did my heart tremble before going to meeting; but I looked to God for strength and he was plased to grant it. I never felt the power of the Supreme Being as I did in the forenoon, but did not feel that fredom in the afternoon, on account of too much confidence in myself. Lord, keep me humble. From this time until I left the Army, I continued to lead in the religious meetings.

August 2nd, 1820. Condon, one of Capt. Beal's soldiers—he was in consumption but able to walk about—fell dead from his seat, a solemn warning to be prepared for sudden death.

August 3rd. My wife and Sarah returned to the Fort after an absence of 10 weeks.

August 8th. William Harris died in the Hospital. I attended the funeral, read the service, and made a short address at the grave.

Sept. 20th. Attended the General association in Portsmouth. Delegates from N. H., Connecticut, New York, Vermont.

Dec. 25th. Green, one of our soldiers, found dead in a pasture on the Island; supposed to be intoxercated.

Dec. 1820. Also Doct. Cutler of Portsmouth died, aged 86.

Feb. 15th. Mrs. Patch and her two sons were upset in crosing the water; were taken up by a garison boat; she was nearly dead before taken up, but are likely to recover. Oh, that we might be prepared for sudden death.

Nov. 5th. We hear from Washington that a part of the army were to be discharged. John Senter, one of the soldiers, died

suddenly. No doubt he fell a sacrifice to intemperance; he died imedeately after swallowing a larg portion of rum.

April 10th. Attended the funeral of old Esquer Shannon.

April 18th. It is 18 years to-day, sience I came to this place.

May 5th. Some snow fell to-day.

June 3rd. Went to Portsmouth. Attended communion servis. Mr. Temple preached.

Monday, 4th. And dined with us.

16th. One of the soldiers found dead on Portsmouth Hill. Mr. Danforth preached in the meeting-house; immediately after the meeting the funeral service began, the Corps in the broad aisle. Sermon read. Text was, "It is appointed once to die, but affter, the judgment." The meeting was remarkably full. Next Sabbath all unnecessary labour was forbidden, and one of Blair's sermons read by Mr. Vaness to the troops. What does all this mean?

June 26th. Attended the ordination of Mr. Meritt at Kittery point. Supposed to be more than 1,000 people in the meeting-house.

4th of July, 1821. 24 Canon fired.

Sept. 5th. Left the Fort with my daughter Harriet and her two children, for Vermont.

27th. Went to the top of Mount Holyoke; from the top is one of the noblest vieues in New England. Spent the evening at Dr. Woodbridge's.

October 4th arrived at the Fort.

18th. Col. Walback sailed for Fort Indipendance, with his family. Conference meeting in the meeting-house.

23rd. Meeting this evening to consult on reviving the Church in this place, which was reduced to one member, a Mrs. White. It was reorganized. Mrs. Goodhue and myself removed our relations from Mr. Putnam's church and joined the church in New Castle, and Capt. William Prescot, Mrs. Abigail Prescot, Mrs. Abigail Curtis were admitted members. The audience were pretty numeous on that occasion.

No diary kept from this time until Jan. 1st, 1824, which time I left the United States Army and removed to Deerfield, Mass., where my family had been one year and half. 6 months preveous to my leaving the army I applied to the secretary of war for a discharge from the service, to take place the 1st of January, 1824, and for leave of absence for three months, which was granted. I repaired to Deerfield and spent the time with my family.

FIELD MEETING—1890.

The Field Meeting of The Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association will be held at Lamson's grove, Shelburne Falls, Mass., on Tuesday, September 9, 1890.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Music, by the Band.
Address of Welcome, by W. E. Mansfield, Esq.
Response, by President Sheldon.
Prayer, by Rev. Lyman Whiting, D. D.
Singing, by Quartette.

COLLATION.
(Basket Picnic.)

Music, by the Band.
Historical sketch of the Severance family, (first settlers of Shelburne Falls,) by W. S. Severance, M. D.
Singing, by Quartette.
Poem, by F. A. Tupper.
Reminiscences, by Jarvis B. Bardwell, Esq.
Singing, "Old Lang Syne."
History of Franklin Academy, by Prof. H. A. Pratt.
War Record, by Capt. J. A. Richmond.
Music, "Yankee Doodle."
Voluntary Addresses.
Music, by the Band.

REPORT.

A field meeting was held at Lamson's Grove, Shelburne Falls, on Tuesday, September 2d. George D. Crittenden, Esq., called the assembly to order, while the address of welcome was given by W. E. Mansfield, Esq., the chairman of the local committee. He asked his hearers to roll back the wheels of time a century and a half to the period when Martin Severance, the pioneer, built his log hut near by. The scenes of those days of hardship, of danger and toil were recalled. Those early settlers sowed and we are gathering in the rich harvest of their labors. The church and the school-house were the corner stones upon which they built, and could they return to-day would they not say, "We builded

better than we knew." Shall we not continue to imitate their example? The speaker closed with most cordial words of welcome. Hon. George Sheldon of Deerfield, the President of the Association, responded.

Prayer was now offered by Rev. John Alden of Providence, R. I. He was the first principal of Franklin Academy at Shelburne Falls and a direct descendant of John Alden, the Puritan.

After an adjournment for dinner Dr. William S. Severance of Greenfield was called to the platform and gave the genealogy of the Severance family, from John, who came over in the ship Elizabeth in 1634 and settled in Salisbury, through John his son, then Joseph and Martin, who was the first settler at Shelburne Falls. Martin was born in 1718, was a soldier at Fort Dummer, and was captured at Sabbath Day Point, June 25, 1758. He died April 8, 1810. He built his log cabin near where Samuel D. Bardwell's house now stands. The Shelburne, Greenfield and Leyden Severances came from the same branch of the family, and they scattered all over the United States. The town of Severance, Doniphan county, Kansas, was named in honor of the family, and had the distinction of casting an almost solid Republican vote in the Greeley campaign, only one vote being given to Horace Greeley.

Prof. Frederic Allison Tupper, principal of Arms Academy, read a poem.

MR. BARDWELL'S REMINISCENCES.

The next speaker was Jarvis B. Bardwell, now in his 89th year, who has a most vivid recollection of Shelburne Falls and its people at the beginning of the century. He told of a ball which he attended when a young man at the Bloody Brook hotel, South Deerfield, then kept by a Mr. Russell. There were only two persons now living in Shelburne who went beside himself. One of these was the widow of Ebenezer Bardwell, whom he took on the occasion, and the other was Col. David Wells. Mr. Bardwell was one of the managers and Col. Wells another. A turkey supper was on the programme, and when the twelve couples were seated at the table Mr. Russell had a surprise in store in the form of oysters, which few of the party had ever seen or tasted before. The oysters were served in saucers with crackers at the bottom, but the new article of diet was too much for the young ladies, who, one after another, were forced to leave the table because of the unwelcome food—they could not bear them. After that Mr. Bardwell had a gallon of oysters brought to Shelburne Falls, but he could not sell them all, for the taste of the people had not been educated up to their merits. That dance was kept up until ten o'clock. In those days sleighrides and dancing were not tolerated in Shelburne, and the young people were looked upon as vagabonds if they indulged in such dissipations more than once in the winter.

Having described the introduction of oysters, Mr. Bardwell then told

about the first tomatoes—*tom*-a-toes they then called them. A man up North River went to Staten Island, where he saw them growing, and finally had some plants sent to him, but when they ripened and the people all went to look at them they decided that the slimy, ill-smelling things were rotten.

Mr. Bardwell has a very distinct recollection of the great eclipse in 1806. The teacher at the school had them look at the sun through glass smoked with white birch bark. People were greatly frightened that day, and it was so dark the hens went to roost. It was in 1818, on the 21st day of April, that he first came to Shelburne Falls. He was apprenticed to his brother Apollos to learn the trade of tanning and currying leather, and of shoemaking. He described the place as it appeared to him then. There was so much snow at that time that horses could not get through and he came in over the drifts on foot, with his clothing tied up in a red handkerchief. There were hardly half a dozen houses here, and only three houses on the other side of the river. But about as many wagons were seen at the Falls then as come now, for it was the only place to get a grist ground and to get wool carded, and the streets were filled with the teams coming and going, and as for good times he would not swap the enjoyment of his youth for what the boys get to-day. There is no time to do anything now. If he had asked a young lady to go to Deerfield with him then she would have been ready in fifteen minutes. The dress she would wear was kept hung up. When we came home from meeting our clothes were taken right off and put away. In those days there was no bridge across the Deerfield, but they used an old boat about three feet wide and twenty feet long, dug out of a pine tree. When a man on one side came down to cross and the boat was on the other he would call out: "Hello—the boat!" and no matter how busy they might be, it was the duty of some one to go and bring him over. The first post office was established at Shelburne Falls in 1828. Joseph Merrill was appointed postmaster, and he, Bardwell, took care of the office. The rate of postage on letters was 25 cents. Among other duties the postmaster was required to take down and send the testimony of any witness whose evidence was wanted in a distant court. One time he sent the letter containing such testimony by a neighbor who was going right to the place where the court was held (Ticonderoga), but it came back after awhile, for the decree of the court was that it must be forwarded by *mail*, and he had to comply.

One time when he was keeping tavern at the Falls, the stage arrived in the evening from North Adams when there was a dance at the house. A stranger, who got out of the coach, ascertained what was going on, and asked the privilege of going up to the room where the ball was in progress. The fiddler, Bartlett, from Conway, had two violins, and when the dancing for the next "figure" was under way, the newcomer

picked up the instrument not in use and struck in, playing "second." In a moment Bartlett's bow sawed the air, and, dumbfounded, he broke up the dancing in his confusion. The stranger quickly departed, and the question was asked, "Who is he?" for, said Bartlett, "I never in my life heard a man fiddle like that, and with my old fiddle, too." It was afterwards ascertained that the wonderful musician was the famous Ole Bull, who was on his way to Boston.

The next person called to the stand was Prof. H. A. Pratt, who read an interesting paper giving the history of Franklin Academy.

The following paper was handed to President Sheldon, who read it from the platform. It was a roll of forty minute men who responded to the call of the selectmen of Shelburne to repel the invasion of Burgoyne in 1777. They were paid ration money and for carrying their packs, in advance. Each man received one penny per mile for carrying packs. Stillwater was the point where Burgoyne was repulsed, before his capture at Saratoga.

Shelburne, Sept. 22, 1777.—We the subscribers, having received of the Selectmen of the town our mileage in full with one shilling each for the use of a canteen, from Shelburne to Stillwater, which is 112 miles, as witness our hand.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Zeeb Taylor	1 0 8	Job Colman	1 0 8
Hazael Ransom	1 0 8	John Nimns	1 0 8
Josiah Tinney	1 0 8	David Dickerson	1 0 8
Caleb Thare	1 0 8	Levy Fisk	1 0 8
Elijah Seever	1 0 8	Phinehas Rider	1 0 8
Abner Nims	1 0 8	Nathan Foster	1 0 8
John Fisk	1 0 8	David Hunter	1 0 8
Eber Atherton	1 0 8	Martin Severance	1 0 8
David Wells	1 0 8	John Fellows	1 0 8
John Wells	1 0 8	Wm Anderson	1 0 8
John Long	1 0 8	Jonth Melvin	1 0 8
John Stuart	1 0 8	Moses Bates	1 0 8
Jabez Ransom	1 0 8	Elijah Wells	1 0 8
John Burdick	1 0 8	Wm Clark	1 0 8
Elexander Thompson	1 0 8	Samll Fisk	1 0 8
James Willson	1 0 8	John Holden	1 0 8
Ebenzr Boardwell	1 0 8	John Anderson	1 0 8
Samll Fellows	1 0 8	James Anderson	1 0 8
Stephen Kellogg	1 0 8		
John Ransom	1 0 8		£41 6 8
Benjn Potter	1 0 8	For carrying packs	£19 13 4
Job Boardwell	1 0 8		
			£61 0 0

The above men went out of this town with me.

Attest JOHN WELLS, Capt.

Capt. J. A. Richmond of Shelburne Falls was the next speaker; he read the following list of 118 men from Shelburne who served in the Revolutionary war:

SHELBURNE'S REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS.

Bengiman Allen
Bengiman Allen jr
Sylvester Allen
Rewel Allen
Ebinezer Allis
Stephen Allis
James Anderson
David Anderson
William Anderson
Thomas Anderson
John Anderson
Ebenezer Bardwell
Job Bardwell
David Barnard
Ezekiel Bascom
Phillip Bartlet
Mathew Barber
Oliver Bates
Moses Bates
John Bates
David Belding
Joseph Bennet
Abraham Blodget
James Bloget
John Burdick
James Butler
David Childs
Wm Choat
Charles Carter
Mathew Clark
Elaxander Clark
Job Coleman
James Corse
Ducan Conoly
Geo Dilbar
John Dority
Peter Dodge
Amos Dodge
David Doyl
Thomas Dyer
William Fellows
Willis Fellows
John Fellows
Samuel Fellows
Samuel Fellows jr
Solomon Fellows
Jonithan Fish
Samuel Fish
Levi Fish
James Graves
Icabod Graves
Elijah Graves
Francis Greene
John Grout
Wm Hale
John Heaton
Wm Hilton
David Hosley
John Hunter
David Hunter
Hugh Hunter
Capt Larance Kemp
Amasa Kemp
Levi Kemp
John Kemp
Stephen Kellogg
Robert Long
Ephram Lyon
James Merrill
Thadius Merrill
Nathaniel Merrill
Hew McGill
Adam Gill
Benjiman Nash
David Nims
John Nims
Abner Nims
Joseph Osborn
Luke Oxford
Jacob Poole
Nathan Peck
Job Porter
Ephram Potter
Bengiman Potter
Avery Randal
Ezekiel Ranson
Elisha Ranson
Hajael Ranson
Jabey Ranson
Calvin Ranson
John Ranson
Luther Ranson
Phineas Rider
Elijah Sener
Samuel Sevrance
Martin Sevrance
Eli Skiner
Silas Shurtleff
Solomon Smead
Selah Smith
Nathan Shippee
John Stewart
Mathew Taft
Zebalon Taylor
Daniel Taylor
John Terriel
Caleb Thayer
James Tinney
Robert Watson
David Wells
John Wells
Noah Wells
Agripie Wells
Joshua Whitney
James Wilson
Timothy Woodward.

Fourteen men from Shelburne took part in the war of 1812, but no soldiers, so far as he could learn, were furnished for the Mexican war. For the war of the Rebellion 180 men enlisted, of whom 22 died on the

field of honor. The amount of money expended, aside from State aid, was $27,600. Captain Richmond closed with an eloquent tribute to the town for her patriotic services and to the memory of those who so nobly responded to her call.

The venerable Rev. John Alden, eighty-five, but still vigorous of mind and body, was next called upon and he recalled many interesting matters in connection with the early history of the village. He closed by reciting a version of "Yankee Doodle" which he composed just after Jeff. Davis's capture.

Brief remarks were made by Samuel D. Bardwell, Esq., Jonathan Johnson of Greenfield and Solomon Field of Iowa, who is visiting Franklin county after an absence of forty years.

On motion of Mr. Johnson a committee was appointed to mark with suitable stone the spot where Martin Severance built his cabin. This committee consists of J. K. Patch, S. D. Bardwell, William O. Taylor, Jarvis B. Bardwell and J. Johnson. The exercises closed by singing "Auld Lang Syne."

PRESIDENT SHELDON'S RESPONSE.

Mr. Chairman: Ladies and Gentlemen.—It is no new thing for a crowd to assemble at Shelburne Falls. Before Hoosac mountain had been bored, before Loammi Baldwin had mapped out the levels and the locks of a canal from Boston to Albany to run through your valley, before the name of Shelburne was heard on your farms, or the children of Martin Severance picked blackberries on your hills, there was a bridle path over the rocks primeval and through the woods sublime from Old Deerfield to her "Northwest Territory." Guided by blazed trees, noted rocks, and tumbling brooks, a cavalcade of the sturdy yeomanry from the old town might have been seen annually picking its way over fallen trees, slippery stones and miry swamps, following this bridle path to meet the crowd assembled not far from where we now stand. When they returned, a few hours later, a wider path was needed and better footing for the horses, for their saddle-bags on either side were bulging with spoils from the crowd in the waters at our feet,—delicious salmon, princes of the blood in the piscatory realm. It is said that occasionally the head of a large family in addition to his saddle-bags would utilize his buckskin breeches as an added means of transport, by tying them up at the bottom and throwing them astride his horse, thus risking his naked shins amongst the briars and brambles on the homeward trip.

Your claim that this place has long been famous for schools is

readily granted. That fame first came to it in the very days of which I am speaking, when those great schools of shad and salmon annually assembled at the foot of your Falls—schools that could be beaten nowhere in the region round about. They may have been primary schools as they were always seeking means and ways of going up higher. It was no fancy fishing with fly and reel, where the skill of the angler was pitted against the strength and instinct of the fish, when our fathers came here on their piscatory intents. A modern disciple of Isaac Walton would call it wholesale murder. It was an exhibition of brute strength applied to the spear, which could hardly strike amiss in the struggling crowd, or the scoop net which was sure to be filled at every dip. In this way, a year's stock of the rare fish was gathered, and it became an article of daily food. Who can tell, Mr. Chairman, how much of the vigor, activity and strength of this noble fish went to make the nerve, brain and sinew of your fathers and mine, that so successfully met the tactics of the French and the wiles of their savage allies? Shelburne Falls may claim all it will from that school, with none to controvert, for sure it is that her noble men and women were freely nourished on its bounty.

It seems to be a fact, Mr. Chairman, that salmon and shad are the pioneers of civilization, but nowhere in the voluminous reports of the United States Fishery Commission is the matter alluded to; nor yet in any work on sociology. Nevertheless, men follow the lead of these fish as surely as the Indian follows the buffalo, the politician the soldier vote, or the lawyer a contested will. It was in accordance with this law that we find the germ of the town of Shelburne was planted on this spot, and your thriving village took root where and how it did.

We come, to-day, Mr. Chairman, impelled by the same motives which brought our fathers here. We come a-fishing. We have not followed the bridle path which they took through the woods. We have followed in the main the track of the salmon. We have come to fish for historic facts; for old traditions, old deeds, old wills, old letters and old records. We have come to angle for men and women to be members of our association, and for relics for our Memorial Hall. We have grip-sacks instead of saddle-bags, and breeches pockets in place of leather breeches; and whatever the catch may be, we shall go home contented, provided we and you have a good time here. Our main purpose is to create an interest, and increase knowledge of our local historic past. We believe and

teach that knowledge of the settlement of Pilgrim and Puritan on Massachusetts Bay is more important to our children than that of the early occupation of Egypt or the founding of the Roman Empire; that a thorough knowledge of the Pocumtuck Valley is of more interest, and of more practical value, than that of the Ganges or Euphrates; that acquaintance with the history of the towns in Massachusetts is of more consequence than that of the old cities of Asia; that an exploration of the headwaters of the brook that runs by the school-house has more of interest and real value than the most elaborate study on the sources of the Nile. We believe that a dissertation on the Dead sea would fall flat and dead beside an object lesson drawn by a competent teacher from a puddle left by the last shower. How many children shall we see to-day, who, after years at our schools, can give the bounds of Franklin county, or even of the towns in which they live? Who can tell the story of their settlement or the prominent events in their history? These things should be first acquired, we think, and then let their horizon of geography and history expand indefinitely.

How many graduates from our High Schools, crammed with Greek verbs and Latin quantities, could tell what the fisheries had to do with the settlement of Shelburne Falls? Or how the unsettled questions relating to the fisheries of to-day, at the East, are affecting our relations with Great Britain? They may talk glibly about the fall of the Roman Empire, but can they give an intelligent account of the causes which led to the American Revolution? They may be fully informed on the Wars of the Roses, but what would they say when asked about the War of Impressment? They know all about the sacking of old Troy; how many could tell when the city of Washington was burned? One sweet girl graduate could tell no more of the battles of Marathon and Gettysburg than that "they were both history."

My complaint is that in the schools of the day, pupils are stuffed with useless information to the utter exclusion of practical and useful knowledge.

Please accept, sir, the thanks of the association I represent, for the hospitalities so warmly extended by your worthy representative, although you have neither shad nor salmon to offer us. As we are at home here, being within the limits of *old* Deerfield, we do not expect to be treated as company, but only as a parent should be received by a well-to-do daughter, in her own home. And, sir, we rejoice with you in the success which has followed her educational and industrial enterprises since she left our sheltering wing.

MARTIN SEVERANCE.

I have been asked by the committee to say something of Martin Severance, the pioneer settler of this place. I have only the material for a very brief sketch of his eventful life. He lived at the time when men were doing things, and there was little leisure to talk or write of what they did. Reporters were scarce, and "interviewing" was unknown, so we know little about the ordinary daily life of Martin Severance and his compeers. We can get only here and there a glimpse of these men whose lives of unintermitted toil were passed amid unceasing danger. The courage and fortitude of such men as Martin Severance was all that made the existence of a pioneer settlement possible, and they should have due remembrance and honor.

The name of Martin Severance appears occasionally on ancient muster rolls, and on the crumbling pages of old records, but unless one can read between the lines, the information they give us is very meagre. We know that he came of good fighting stock. His grandfather was one of those who fought De Rouville's men, in Deerfield meadows, February 29th, 1704, and served in Father Rasle's war, under Captain Timothy Childs of Deerfield, with the rank of corporal, a title of honor in those days. His father was in the service at the age of seventeen under Captain Joseph Kellogg and appears to have served through the old French war; he was clerk of a company in 1746.

With such antecedents, Martin, as might be expected, became a typical frontiersman, a famous scout, rollicking, independent and fearless. Impatient of civilized life, he sometimes outraged its proprieties. He was born at Deerfield, September 10th, 1718. We know nothing of his boyhood and youth, but I find him as a soldier at Fort Dummer in 1738, under Captain Joseph Kellogg. August 4th, 1747, he was with a scouting party of five skilled woodsmen under Lieutenant Matthew Clesson of Deerfield sent by Governor Shirley to watch the motions of the enemy on Lake Champlain, news having been received that the French were collecting there an army of invasion. Martin is next met with on a roll of seven men—another scouting party—in March, 1756, again under Lieutenant Clesson. Clesson was a valued officer on the frontier who, worn out by the hardships of the service, died at Lake George, October 24th, 1756. His trusty fellow Martin Sev-

erance is next found at Fort Edward, under Captain John Catlin of Deerfield. In 1758 Martin was serving in the famous company known as "Rogers' Rangers," and was doubtless with Rogers when that redoubtable Captain destroyed the Indian village of Saint Francis, on the St. Lawrence, in 1759. Rogers was sent on this dangerous service by General Amherst, who was in command of the northern army. In his commission Amherst charges Rogers to "Remember the barbarities that have been committed by the enemy's scoundrels, on every occasion where they had opportunity of showing their infamous cruelties on the King's subjects, which they have done without mercy." "Take your revenge," he continues, "but do not forget that though these villians have dastardly and promiscuously murdered the women and children of all ages, it is my orders that no women or children be killed or hurt."

It is doubtful whether Amherst expected the last clause of his order to be strictly respected, since the avowed object of the expedition was to pay off the savages in their own coin. Rogers surprised Saint Francis early in the morning while the inhabitants were in a deep sleep, which followed a night of dancing and carousal. In such an assault, it was impossible to distinguish between the warrior and his family, and when it became light enough to see many hundred English scalps hanging on poles as trophies of Indian raids upon New England, the fury of the assailants was roused to such a pitch, that an indiscriminate slaughter was continued to a shocking extent. The village was burned, and that nest from which the hornets had issued to sting the settlers all along the frontier, from the Penobscot to the Hudson, was utterly destroyed. Martin Severance was trained in Indian warfare by Lieutenant Matthew Clesson, whose motto was "Kill 'em all! nits will be lice,"—and it can hardly be doubted that he did justice to his training on this expedition.

On his mother's side, Martin inherited blood which had suffered terribly at the hands of the enemy. His maternal grandfather, Martin Kellogg, from whom he was named, was captured at the sacking of Deerfield in 1704, with sons Martin and Joseph, and daughters Joanna and Rebecca. Jonathan a younger son was killed. Joanna married an Indian and remained in Canada. Martin, Joseph and Rebecca, after a half-savage life among the Indians for many years, were brought back to New England. The brothers were thereafter employed by the government as Indian fighters, and all as interpreters at conferences with the Indian tribes. The memory

of the tragic experiences of these relatives, must have made a deep impression on the mind of Martin Severance and his hatred of the Indian must have grown with his growth. His association with his uncles, Martin and Joseph, and his aunt Rebecca, in their wild frontier life, must have given the boy a romantic love of adventure and an impatience of restraint. He must have obtained a knowledge of Indian habits and strategy, that was of great use to him when he was called upon to meet the savages, face to face, and match his wily foe with wiles. We may reasonably suppose him to have been a favorite with his uncles, and that he was naturally attracted to their half-civilized, half-savage life and habits, which gave him the best qualifications for a frontier scout.

The men of to-day can have but a faint idea of the duties and operations of the frontier scout, and of his importance to the advanced settlements. The lands occupied by the English were mere dots of clearing in the boundless forests stretching away to the Indian villages in Canada. The forest was not only a perfect shelter for the savage, his kitchen, his dining-room and his bedroom, but also a commissary department abounding with fish, flesh and fowl. Thus supplied by nature, his foster mother, the savage could lurk about the settlements and lie in ambush for days, weeks or months, waiting a chance to surprise a lonely traveler or a belated husbandman, a woman hurrying to minister to a sick neighbor, or a child heedlessly gathering berries or nuts beyond musket range from the stockade or fort.

Crops must be planted and harvested under the guns of an armed guard. Men must carry their arms to meeting on Sunday, and armed sentinels were stationed at the doors or on the roof of the meeting house.

The lot of the settler was a life of causeful fear, ever wearing hardships and real danger, with the chances of a horrible death awaiting him at every turn. It may be said that I have pictured all this before on similar occasions,—that it is a twice told tale. This is true, and I hope to do it again and again, until the young men and maidens of this bustling generation shall appreciate at its full value, what our forefathers and foremothers endured that we might occupy the land in peace, and looking back with thoughtful minds and thankful hearts, they may take courage to meet their own trials and disappointments.

It was to meet the condition of things which I have described, that a system of scouting was established by the colonial authori-

ties. Men were selected to hunt for the lairs of the savages in the outlying woods, or, in the language of that period, "on the back side of the settlements," and to drive them back to Canada. This system was eventually extended, until our scouts reached the "back side" of the settlements of the Indians themselves in Canada. This put them on the watch and defensive, thus securing comparative safety for the colonists. It was on such service as this that Martin Severance distinguished himself, and it is for this that we honor him to-day.

A moment's consideration of the circumstances of the case will show us the extreme hardship and danger of this service. Follow our scout as he plunges into the sombre forest, with his carefully loaded musket in his hand. He has a light snapsack containing a few pounds of raw salt pork and a little rye and Indian bread strapped to his back; a powder horn slung across his left shoulder, a well-filled bullet pouch of stout buckskin fastened to his belt on his left side, balanced by a hatchet hung on the right. With moccasined feet he steals noiselessly and slowly among the dark shadows, avoiding every ray of sunlight that might chance to find its way through the gloom. All his senses are on the alert, he strains his ear for the lightest sound, his eye constantly scanning his limited horizon, watching for any unnatural motion in each thicket on the right or left, from any one of which a bullet might be sped at any moment, fired by a savage prone on the earth, his body artfully concealed by a fallen tree or moss covered stone, his war plume not distinguishable from the handiwork of nature. In summer's rain and winter's snow, camping where the night-fall found him,—in the breathless heat of the midsummer night tormented by stinging insects,—or in the keen blasts of winter, taking such rest as he could in a pit dug in the snow and lined with pine or hemlock boughs. Up with the dawn shaking the hoar frost from his benumbed body, and after a scanty meal of frozen pork and bread, onward again until hundreds of miles of wilderness stretch behind him. Should he be discovered by a savage band, there was nothing between him and death but his own quick wit and his own strong arm.

Such was the service of daring and danger, performed by those fearless guardians of the settlers, the frontier scouts, and by none of them perhaps, was this service more faithfully and skilfully executed than by Martin Severance.

From what is known of Martin, none need be surprised that he

found the regulations and conventionalities of civilized life irksome, or that he tacitly refused to be controlled by them. His untamed nature craved a larger liberty. So with Patience Fairfield, his faithful companion for more than sixty years, and the mother of twelve children, among them a Martin and a Patience, he packed his household goods on a horse—so says the family tradition—and left the old Deerfield Street, to seek peace and quiet in the woods of "Deerfield North West Pasture." Here he founded a new home and built his log cabin within hearing of the music of your water-fall.

The birthplace and parentage of Patience Fairfield have not been discovered. She was probably of the Puritan Fairfields about Boston. In character she must have been near akin to Martin. Baptized Patience in her infancy, the name Perseverance should have been added in her maturity, for without patience and perseverance, and indeed without strength, pluck and endurance added, her domestic need could not have been supplied as it was. At one of our meetings it was related by my friend, Harvey Severance—whom we sadly miss here to-day—that when his grandmother wanted a new dinner pot, she carded and spun her carefully gathered wool, and with the yarn upon her back she walked to Deerfield street and bartered it for the iron pot with which she marched triumphantly back to her Shelburne home.

That this adventure may not reflect upon the gallantry or conjugal affection of Martin, it is fair to assume that he was absent, hunting Indian scalps, to raise money for this outlay, and that his wife intended the transaction as a surprise to him on his return.

May not the fine ladies of this generation, who think it degrading to carry a bundle on the street, but who disgrace themselves by sending home a pound of tea by an over-worked clerk, learn a lesson from this story, of Patience and perseverance. How many a husband, once honored and respected, but tempted beyond his strength into crime, to supply the demand of an extravagant family, is shut within prison walls, or an exile from his native land, who would now be in his own home, with a happy family about him, had his wife been indeed a helpmate in the spirit shown by Patience Fairfield to her husband Martin Severance.

POEM.

BY FREDERIC ALLISON TUPPER.

Olympian maids, whom once, when art was young,
The loyal bard invoked before he sung;
And chiefly of the nine, thou goddess bright
Whose flashing eyes dispel the Past's dark night,
Fair Clio, muse of history, benign,
Inspire, I pray, this feeble pen of mine.

Sweet Shelburne, loveliest village of the hills,
Where every sense rare beauty richly fills,
Town of the curving hills and cultivated vales,
Of rugged mounts and cultured dales,
Town of the dashing Falls that bear thy name,
Deserving fame, if still unknown to fame;
Though Europe boasts a thousand scenes more fair
Which of them all with thee can well compare?
For who can climb proud Masseamet's steep,
And gaze unmoved on that majestic sweep
Of mist-loved mountains towering to the sky,
Of verdant vales that with the mountains vie,
So rich is nature's bounty and so free
For all who have the eyes and soul to see;
Ah, who can see Monadnoc through the haze
And not be nobler for the distant gaze?
And who can look on grand Wachusett's crest
Without an eager longing for the best?
Erstwhile I stood on Masseamet's tower
And marked the splendors of creative power;
A glorious circle of well peopled vales,
Guarded by rugged mounts from boisterous gales,
Dotted with peaceful farms and happy homes,
From which not wisely wanders he who roams;
Rivers that gleam resplendent in the light,
And flash with beauty of the diamond bright,
And thou, fair village of the impetuous falls,
Whose dashing to Mount Masseamet calls,
Thou fairest village that the eye could see,
What else could generous nature grant to thee?
Bright though the sky above the Shelburne hills,
And pure the air that every bosom thrills,
Though, like a jeweled chain on beauty's breast,
With thee the flashing Deerfield fain would rest.
No matter what the charms of nature are,
Thy children's history is more glorious far.
Spirits august, who lived here years ago,

If heaven is nearer than we mortals know,
If love of home survives the shocks of time,
And lingers with fidelity sublime,
Spirits august, we sing your praise to-day,
And be ye guardians of this town for aye.
Unroll the parchment of a hundred years,
Fair history's student, mark the joys and tears,
The sufferings and courage of our sires,
Then watch forever Freedom's vestal fires.
I see the humble cabins of the past;
The woodman's sturdy blows fall thick and fast;
The howl of prowling wolves is in the air;
The Indian lurks in ambush everywhere.
The busy housewife hatchels flax and spins,
And thus an honest maintenance she wins.
The traveler through the dense and darksome woods,
Past axe-marked trees conveys his few, plain goods.
Come, ripe historian, gauge this noble band,
Appoint the place for such as these to stand!
The humble cabin in the forest wild
Became a palace to dear Freedom's child.
The Indian's war-whoop fierce, but woke to life
A manlier spirit for the impending strife,
And hand in hand the early church and school
United, made the sturdy settler's rule.
Well, fashions change but truth remains the same,
And some men praise our sires, and some may blame;
But take them as they were, for all in all,
What nobler souls e'er answered duty's call?
The seed they sowed a glorious harvest yields,
The faithful son the father's sceptre wields.
In far Beirut, mid hills of Palestine,
A hundred miles from Calvary divine,
At base of Lebanon's well wooded mount,
There well may be grand inspiration's fount.
Rest, noble Fiske,* by the unresting sea,
No foaming waves shall keep our hearts from thee.
And thou, Fidelia,† of the Nestorian land,
Forever loved in history shalt stand.
True to the lessons by the fathers taught,
The children's children inspiration caught;
They hear with pride of schools in bygone days,
And all their many merits freely praise,
But loyal to the school of later birth,
They love its graceful halls and know its worth.
They honor Ira Arms, whose generous store

* Rev. Pliny Fiske.
† Fidelia Fiske, missionary to the Nestorian Persians.

Brought education to their very door;
And as to heaven the academic tower
Rises majestic in its grace and power,
They know the silent lesson of the spire
That ever points the ambitious student higher.
The "bright, consummate flower" of Shelburne's schools,
The best exponent of the modern rules,
Symbol of all that makes life worth the while,
Proud of her past and warmed by Fortune's smile,
Our Arms Academy the last, the best
Of Shelburne's schools, surpasses all the rest.
Oh may the years that fill our hearts with care,
Make her, our pride, though fair, e'en yet more fair;
Shower every blessing on her classic hall;
Keep her, the pride and glory of us all!
Firm may she stand, till time shall all be o'er,
Faithful to truth and right forevermore!

When wild war madly waved her crimson flag,
When martial music leapt from crag to crag,
When muttering drums reverberating beat
The imperious summons to the expectant feet,
When banners waved above the gathering host,
When Franklin sent her pride, her flower, her boast,
No braver souls rushed on to "do and die"
Than those that beat beneath dear Shelburne's sky.
Glory hath graved their glorious names on high;
To die a patriot's death is not to die.
Some fell beside the banks of Southern streams,
Resigning all but Freedom's holy dreams;
Some through the long Peninsular campaign
Unflinching bore the battle's deadly rain,
As gallant Miller and his gallant band,
Whose names shall live while Shelburne's mountains stand,
Or noble Kellogg, who at Vicksburg gave,
Leading his men, a model for the brave,
Or one* who, loved alike in war or peace,
At Nashville found his glorious release.
Weep not for them, they would not have you weep,
The heritage they left, uninjured keep.
Honor the past, so doing, you shall be
Worthy of honor when the years shall flee.
And, since one man may beautify a place
By gift to church or school, as one may trace
The spirit of a man by what he gives
For public good, since thus a nation lives,
Live nobly, and the coming days shall be
Worthy of those who died for "you and me."

* Rev. Mr. Loomis.

HISTORY OF FRANKLIN ACADEMY.

BY PROF. H. A. PRATT.

In the spring of 1838 the Franklin Academy, at Shelburne Falls, Mass., having received its charter from the legislature, was organized and opened for the accommodation of students. It appeared not as an intruder among well established institutions of learning, in western Massachusetts, but as a pioneer in the cause of higher education. The public favor which it at once received, and the important work it accomplished, commend it to the favorable regard of the historian and the profound gratitude of those who enjoyed its advantages. The idea of founding such a school at that time seems to have originated with certain of the Baptist clergymen of the Franklin and Berkshire associations, Rev. B. F. Remington being, perhaps, one of the most prominent leaders of the movement. At least, through his personal efforts, the principal part of the funds for carrying on the work was secured.

The plan was to establish a manual labor school, in which the students desiring it might employ a part of their time in remunerative labor, to be credited on their term-bills. For this purpose scholarships were offered at $100 each, which would entitle the holder to the privilege of sending regularly to the academy one scholar, to whom accommodations were guaranteed at minimum rates, together with the opportunity of working on the farm, on a like scale of compensation, within the limits of his board-bill, silently conditioned on the supply of work at hand. This, on its face, would seem to have been a perfectly equitable arrangement for both parties, the academy furnishing work and the student earning his money, an exact *quid pro quo.*

An organization having been effected, and officers chosen, the agent took the field to canvass for subscriptions. In this work, it is evident, he was fairly successful, since, on the strength of funds thus secured the trustees ventured to make a considerable investment in land and buildings for the use of the school. The property thus procured consisted of a large farm on the northern border of the village, having thereon a large, old-fashioned house, containing some ten or twelve rooms, a capacious barn, a cider-mill, and a sugar-house, all of which were more or less pressed into the service of the school. With such facilities as were now offered in the

spring of 1833, a principal was summoned and the doors thrown wide open for the reception of students. With unexampled promptness thirty-five students put in their appearance during the first term, a crowd altogether out of proportion to the accommodations provided. How so many were comfortably disposed of is almost beyond the stretch of imagination to conceive. I remember a young man of rare veracity, who, some two years later, pointed out to me a room in the old cider-mill in which he claimed to have domiciled during that eventful first term; and even the principal declared that the same old building furnished him excellent accommodations for his rhetorical exercises.

But to say nothing further of the dormitories, there is another question which gives one solicitude to think of, viz.: How supplies were procured for so many hungry students, since the treasurer gives no intimation on his cash-book of any income received from the school, or cash paid out therefor during this term. It must have been emphatically a manual labor school, and practically on the free-trade principle, pure and simple, by which values are exchanged directly without the use of a circulating medium. And so, under like auspices and increasing prosperity, the school is said to have gone on through the summer term. About the first of May, the accounts began to show credits for building materials, such as brick, lime, boards, nails, etc.; and also for labor, clearly indicating that the new brick building is in process of erection. But writing of this enterprise from the entries in the treasurer's cash-book is much like the anatomist's attempt to reconstruct the entire skeleton from a single bone of the animal. But as the latter is an accepted possibility, why should it be deemed presumptuous for the historian to try the former?

There is traditional evidence, at least, that the building was then and there erected under the auspices of the trustees of Franklin Academy; and the fact that it to-day occupies the same identical spot, strongly corroborates the assumption; still the documentary proof is incomplete. The total amount credited to building expenses, at this time, is something less than $800, while to build and equip such a structure at the present day would require not less than $3,000. It has been suggested that it was accomplished by a kind of private munificence which left no traces of itself in the records of the treasurer. It is well known that the first buildings of Amherst College sprang up in the same way, every interested family from near and far contributing material, labor, or other

supplies, from their abundance and even their want, thus carrying on the work to completion, with a very moderate outlay of cash capital. So I understand that the generous people from the neighboring towns took the laboring oar and gave the long pull, and the strong pull, and the pull altogether, till the building was finished, and furnished and made ready for the school.

Similar records again appeared in the cash-book during the following autumn, indicating a new enterprise in connection with the Mansion house. This was the erection of a new building attached to the original house, for a boarding department and dormitories for the ladies. This structure was sixty feet long and twenty-five wide, the lower story to be used for a dining-room, the upper divided into rooms about ten feet square, each supposed to be of sufficient capacity to hold two young ladies. The estimated cost of this improvement would be at least $2,000, but the accounts do not indicate an outlay of more than $1,100. There may possibly have been an unexpended balance in the hands of the generous contributors to the work of the academy, but it seems more likely that the success of the first experiment encouraged the trustees to suggest a similar effort in behalf of the ladies' building. Thus the building enterprises were pressed forward with commendable energy, and finished in due time, so that the equipment of the school was now quite complete, and provision made for a large number of students. Meanwhile the new arrivals keep pace with the improvements in accommodations, until one hundred and thirty-five are enrolled the first year. Thus the initial year seems to be auspicious. Two things had been accomplished. The academy had been organized, and the buildings had been erected and equipped for board and instruction.

But before joining in the jubilation over the brilliant prospect, let us look at the state of the finances at the beginning of the second year. The cash is derived principally from three sources :

1.	From the scholarship paid in annual installments,	$1,121.75
2.	From board and room rent	586.00
3.	From loans obtained from private individuals and the bank,	2,454.83
	Total,	$4,162.58

Well nigh two thirds is borrowed money and that mostly from the banks. A board of trustees, with very limited resources, and so financially burdened, may well be objects of commiseration. The

future annual income from the scholarships can hardly be expected to equal that of the first year, while the proceeds from the board and room-rent are at best but an uncertain quantity at present; and then those notes in the bank, grinning through the lattice, are inexorable in their demand for payment. Alas! I shudder to think of them, having had some experience of that kind myself, in connection with educational enterprises. The trustee, who, with a full comprehension of the situation at short range before him, could contemplate it with hopefulness and courage, could be relied on to lead a forlorn hope in the most desperate encounter.

Financially, the fate of the enterprise was settled the first year, and the future, so far as the board was concerned, was to be but a fruitless struggle against the inevitable. Not that the effort to establish the school would necessarily prove abortive, but success did not lie in the line on which the trustees were at work. At the beginning of the second year, with all their anticipated facilities at hand, the academy was prepared to enter fully on its original plan of work. In order to reduce the expense of living to a minimum and establish the institution on the solid rock of economy, the founders conceived the promising plan of raising on the farm most of the provisions required for the boarding department, on the principle of the rustic economist who maintained that what one works for doesn't cost anything. On this method of reasoning it is easy to account for the prospective popularity of the plan. Let the farm be credited by the provisions, the labor by the board, and the steward's salary only by cash, and the cost of living becomes insignificant. Then, again, as the domestic work is to be performed by the young lady students on the same terms as the labor of the young men, the cash account promises to be innocent of any further advance save for the salary of the matron. All must see that this *a priori* was a splendid showing for the manual labor department. Having thus provided a plan of board both self-sustaining and inexpensive to the student, there seemed to be no further difficulty in mastering the financial problem pertaining to the expense of instruction; for the income from tuition, at from three to four dollars per quarter for each scholar, would be adequate to furnish ample compensation for the board of instruction.

Such was the brilliant prospect looming before the vision of the expectant board of trustees, when in the spring of '34 they saw the crowds of students rushing to the new halls of learning, under the direction of Rev. John Alden, a recent graduate of Amherst

college and subsequently of Newton Theological Institution. Even the ample accommodations furnished by the corporation are overrun, and the last attic in the village is forced to surrender to the determined student. Board at the Mansion house is secured at one dollar a week for gentlemen and seventy-five cents to the less pecunious ladies. But beans and hominy are still cheaper in the village for those who board themselves and do their own cooking. I remember well one enterprising lady, somewhat advanced in years, if not in scholarship, who was said to have reduced the expense of living below the minimum, by subsisting on boiled corn, hulling with her fingers the individual kernels as she ate them.

Franklin Academy was now in the ascendant; even the village awakened to new life and activity. Adventurers from far and near came hurrying on; some to share in the advantages of the institution, more from considerations of business enterprise. Probably the academy was not a great source of wealth to any one, but the attics and unused rooms were in great demand, and the proprietors were never thought to have impoverished themselves by the mistake of offering them at too low rents. But it can, I think, in truth be said, they were not any more insatiate and grasping than most communities when a large element of support is furnished from school patronage.

Such was the brilliant promise of the early years of the academy. Its friends were jubilant with expectation. No one seemed to realize the instability inherent in every institution of learning not supported by ample pecuniary endowment. There were advantages at that time at Shelburne Falls, largely contributing to the success and permanency of such a school. Not the least of these was that of good location. Franklin and Berkshire hills were then crowded with a far denser population than at the present day. They were a people full of intellectual energy and enterprise, and eager for improvement. The public schools, though well supported and under efficient management, were unable to meet the growing demand for more advanced education. The new academy at Shelburne Falls seemed to respond to this call by affording facilities for instruction on such terms as they were able to accept. Hence the early and abundant supply of students from these regions. But they came not only from the hill towns of Western Massachusetts but from every part of the State, and, in fact, from all New England, and New York, and even from the remote parts of the Union.

Such a sudden ingathering from so wide a field is unprecedented in the history of American academies; and such a class, so mature, so eager for knowledge and so energetic in pursuit of it, is not only remarkable but entirely unique. To the truth of this statement I am prepared to bear personal testimony from a long acquaintance at Franklin Academy as a student, and subsequently as a teacher in the Shelburne Falls Academy, which enjoyed a similar patronage. In fact, after experience as an instructor in eight States of the Union, and an extensive knowledge of the higher institutions of learning, I can confidently assert that I have never made the acquaintance of a class of students, who, in like circumstances were, in nobility of character, devotion to learning, ambition to excel, power of acquaintance, and accurate scholarship, superior to the young ladies and gentlemen from the hill towns of Western Massachusetts. Again, lack of rival institutions incidentally contributed to the early patronage of this academy. Claiming to be a school of high rank and brought near to the doors of the people, it created a profound impression.

Facilities for education brought within easy reach are more likely to be improved than those viewed from a greater distance. Shelburne Falls, from its proximity and accessibility to the surrounding country, has always been a popular place of school resort; and, indeed, the school located here, during all the vicissitudes attending it, has never lacked a satisfactory patronage when under the management of competent instructors. Thus, the affairs of the academy during the second year seemed full of promise; but we reluctantly turn to another view of the scene enacted in a different quarter. The balance sheet at the close of the first year presented bills payable largely in excess of actual collection, with little prospect of improvement from regular income or other receipts.

The history of the academy, which can be read between the lines of the treasurer's cash book, is somewhat as follows: The year 1833 was initiatory, with preparations incomplete; Dea. Benjamin Maxwell, steward, but retiring at the end of the year, probably not having brought from home money enough to support himself any longer, as he has not been charged with any cash on his own account up to this time. The school year of 1834 found everything in order for carrying on the work according to the original plan under the direction of the new steward, Israel Williams. It will be observed, as before noticed, that the only real sources of income

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were the proceeds of the annual installments from the scholarships, the farm, and the boarding-house, with the rent coming from it; for the tuition and room-rent in the other building were appropriated to paying the teachers. Meanwhile the indebtedness at the banks was some $2,500, and from other entries farther on, it is evident that there were additional claims against the board not entered on the cash book.

The sum received this year from scholarships was $1,068, and from board and room-rent at the Mansion house, $1,428; these two items then constitute all the available resources now in the hands of the trustees, for carrying on the school and also taking care of the large indebtedness. Out of this sum of $1,165 was paid for labor and supplies, leaving only $1,313 for the other claims. Since all the products of the farm go to support the boarding department, this will be accountable for the interest on the investment and all the expense of labor both on the farm and in the boarding-house, as well as the taxes on the property devoted to this object. It is therefore plain to see that the boarding under the present management was anything but a paying business; and furthermore, that the income from the scholarships would very soon be insufficient to keep down the annual interest on the indebtedness, to say nothing of liquidating the debts.

Thus the financial prospect of the academy was far from encouraging at the beginning of 1835. From the scholarships, only $2,190 had thus far been received. There were, undoubtedly, some other considerations of material and labor given for the benefit of the buildings, which are not included in the above sum. The property now under the control of the board must have cost from $8,000 to $10,000, while the resources for the payment were limited to the present and anticipated receipts of the scholarships. The manual labor plan was evidently disappointing. The management was changed. Dea. Maxwell, having recently received a remittance equal to his first year's salary, comes to the front again, but in a different character. During the year of 1835, he is credited by cash, for room-rent, $26.71; John Alden is likewise credited, $58.04; also Mrs. Crouch, the matron, $30.00; total, $114.75. These entries show that the boarding department was no longer under the control of the trustees, but the room-rent still went into the hands of the treasurer. The money paid by Mr. Alden, for rent, was probably for his private accommodations at the Mansion house, the sum not being extravagant for that purpose. The bal-

ance, $56.71, would indicate moderate patronage of the young ladies, or low rent.

Evidently Dea. Maxwell himself rented the farm and took the board as a private venture, since the money paid by him to the treasurer for the next three years is set to the credit of room-rent. At the end of three years he is credited by cash for rent of farm two years, $36.58. This is the only credit for rent of farm which he had now occupied three years, a sum quite insufficient to pay the annual taxes.

The report for 1836 is even less encouraging. Cash from Mr. Alden for room-rent is only $23.44, and from Dea. Maxwell for room-rent, $36.63, amounting to $60.07. The entries for 1837 credited Dea. Maxwell by cash for room-rent, $85.91; Alden, do., $40.85; Maxwell for taxes, $19.00; total, $118.76. The receipts from the scholarships during the same period were for 1835, $554; '36, $404; '37, $338; total, $1,396. Summary of receipts during the rental period from 1835 to 1838 from the school property, $293.18, from the scholarships, $1,396, amounting to $1,989. As the departments of boarding and instruction are supposed to be self-supporting, this sum could be applied to paying incidental expenses, taxes, interest, etc., and the balance to the liquidation of the debt.

No wonder the trustees by this time are discouraged and determine to "unload." Dea. Maxwell generously comes to the rescue again. He buys the entire farm, the Mansion house included (except fourteen acres lying on the road reserved, to sell for building lots), at $3,000 and the personal property also at $1,300 more. So much cash in hand would seem to afford, at least, a temporary relief. But there is a mortgage on the property for $2,200, which the purchaser assumes, leaving a cash balance of only $800. This, with the proceeds of the sale of the personal property, if at once available, would give some relief. But the terms of payment are "as fast as the purchaser can get the money;" whether from the profits on the business or from other sources is "not nominated in the bond," but the treasurer's credits show that the payments come in by slow instalments, only $424 the first year, $500 the second, and $1,078 the third, thereby canceling the indebtedness. Meanwhile the financial complications continue to go on from bad to worse.

During '38, '39, '40 and '41, the collections from the scholarships were respectively, $123.83, $31.58, $102.64, $504.51; total,

$762.56. The entire sum collected from the scholarships appears to have been $4,350, and this sum, so far as the cash book shows, constituted the actual basis on which the whole financial scheme rested. The remaining history of this part of the enterprise is brief.

In 1841, the treasurership passed into the hands of Abraham Wilcox, who proceeded to collect the unpaid dues on the scholarships and to turn all available resources of the corporation into cash in order to meet the outstanding claims against the institution. Whether the proceeds thus obtained were sufficient to liquidate the indebtedness is still an unsolved question.

There still remains to the historian another interesting subject of inquiry, viz., the management of the literary department of the academy. Mr. Alden, the first principal, had many eminent qualities as a pioneer in such an enterprise. He was young and vigorous, enterprising and confident, with sails well set to the popular breeze; and the principal accomplished all that a young principal, without either experience in this kind of school management or sound knowledge of the real conditions which insure permanent success, would be likely to do.

He remarks in his autobiography (I think unwittingly) that he "was engaged to take charge of the school, and at the same time to be pastor of the church and preach regularly on the Sabbath, and, during his principalship, actually did the work of two men." That he undertook it is undoubtedly true, and it is equally true that no man, be he saint or sinner, ever attempted such a task and made a lasting success of both. To carry on such a school and establish for it a high reputation for skillful management and sound scholarship, requires of the principal not only his entire energy and industry and personal devotion to his special work, but also all the high culture and varied literary attainments which only by the severest application and most persistent effort, can be acquired. I say this not in disparagement of the ability and learning of the first principal or of his devotion to the interest of the school, but I stoutly maintain that it is not in the range of possibility for a man to do his best work with his mind and heart thus divided between two distinct professions. It was my early conviction and I still strictly adhere to it, that the principal threw away a great opportunity by thus disregarding the inexorable condition of supreme success. I present this as a source of weakness in the first administration, for which not only the principal, but also the trustees were

accountable. It fails to commend itself to us as sound policy for them to authorize the chief to assume the double responsibility which must eventually work to the disadvantage of their enterprise. If the principal were a mere figure-head supported by a sufficient corps of able assistants, the result might be different. But when the income is insufficient to support such a force, it falls to the lot of the principal to take the laboring oar and become the leader in the department of instruction.

An academy dependent on the income from tuitions alone for financial support is subject to peculiar embarrassment arising from fluctuation of patronage and thereby, exposure to accumulating debt. To avoid such a calamity the trustees, in this case, arranged with the principal to take the financial responsibility by receiving all the income and paying all the liabilities for instruction. This was virtually placing the entire management of the academy in the hands of the principal, for such responsibility would justly carry with it the policy of management so far as the income was involved. While this may free the board from perplexity, it gives the principal the opportunity of making sure his own compensation by adjusting the expense for instruction to the balance in the treasury. I would by no means make this charge personal in the present case, still I think the principal himself would not deny, what I then believed to be the truth, that with larger means at his command he could have materially strengthened his board of instruction.

Some of the assistant teachers employed during this administration were entirely above criticism, able and efficient in their duties, but overwork is likely to impair the force of any teacher. Restricted means lead to disastrous results, viz., an insufficient supply of teachers, and overwork on the part of those engaged. It is, therefore, much easier to start a school than to give it a permanent success. Moderate facilities may seem to keep up the interest for a while, but unless constantly improved in equipment and sustained by real merit, it will ere long lose its best patronage, and, if it manages to maintain its existence, will be confined to a limited field for support. I have never known a school of high order permanently maintained without other resources than the income from tuitions varying from twelve to sixteen dollars a year per scholar. If Franklin Academy had a different experience it does not appear in the record.

Another movement occurred toward the end of this administra-

tion which serves to corroborate the view here taken. I refer to the rival school set up at the house of Col. Severance, under the charge of Mr. Howes, succeeded by Mr. Anderson, both able teachers. This was attended by the withdrawal from the academy of all the patronage of the town and village coming from the families not in denominational sympathy with the founders of the original school; and even a number of students from abroad, of like denominational proclivities, left the academy to enter the other school. This would have been impracticable, had the old school as a literary institution commanded the full confidence of the community. Although the new enterprise, from lack of financial support, had but a brief career, it still presaged evil to the academy.

At the end of six years Mr. Alden's health, from overwork, so far gave way that he was compelled, in accordance with the advice of his physician, to retire from his connection with the academy,—the very result which might have been anticipated when he attempted to do the "work of two men." Mr. J. M. Macomber, his successor, was educated at Brown University during the presidency of Dr. Wayland. He, also, had gained several years of successful experience at the head of other academic institutions. It gives me great pleasure here to express my high appreciation of his critical scholarship and his great ability as a thorough and efficient instructor, whose methods of study and teaching, derived from that prince of teachers at the head of Brown University, have been to me an inspiration in all my professional work. Notwithstanding the defection caused by the rival school, Mr. Macomber's administration was a marked success. I have in my possession a catalogue issued at the end of his first year giving the names of two hundred and sixty students who had been connected with the school during that year. Of these, all except forty-five came from beyond the towns bordering on Shelburne. From those in the vicinity, twenty-four are credited to Coleraine.

During this and the following year I was a member of the academy, thus being able to speak from recollection with regard to the condition of the school. Aside from the first year I have no means for vouching for any statement I can make. I am confident, however, of this, that I was never impressed with the idea that the school was declining in numbers, nor that the principal was losing the confidence of the students or the support of the community. Everything seemed to be harmonious and the future auspicious. But at the end of his second year, Mr. Macomber presented to the

board his resignation and retired from the charge of the school. This movement, to me, was entirely unlooked for, as there was nothing in the outlook pointing to such a result. I have no doubt that apart from financial complications he might have held the position indefinitely and made a grand success of the enterprise. The place offered him elsewhere may have seemed to promise better pecuniary results, but the choice he made was, undoubtedly, the mistake of his life, for the situation at Shelburne Falls offered the greatest possibilities to an ambitious and scholarly teacher, for a brilliant career for himself as well as a life of the highest usefulness to the rising generation.

The vacancy now made in the principalship was filled by the appointment of two young men recently graduated from Brown University, Messrs. David Alden and Ebenezer Dodge. But under this management the attendance of the school rapidly declined, and at the end of two years, the doors of the academy were closed as above stated.

But there is another element to be considered in estimating the true merit and service of Franklin Academy. Let not the inconsiderate observer too soon bewail the waste of so much treasure and labor upon a ruined enterprise. Let him wait until he can begin to measure the results of this seemingly fruitless undertaking. Influences, either for good or evil, are forces beyond the power of human computation, eternal in their effects, multiplying their unspent activities throughout all future ages and generations of men. If we celebrate as benefactors of the world, those who have spent their lives and fortunes in a successful endeavor to improve life by their inventive arts, with how much higher admiration and love shall we regard those who have been able to mould the minds and lives and hearts of men by the intellectual, moral and spiritual forces at their command.

In the songs of Homer, the name of Achilles inspired the soul of Alexander the Great and led him on to the conquest of the world. Even old John Brown, whose life seemed more nearly wasted in struggling with impossibilities than that of any other martyr of his time, found a response in the heart of the Northern soldier which nerved him to victory on the bloody battlefields of the South. So the intellectual and moral impulses of every age are destined to endure through all time.

The circumstances of the times when Franklin Academy was established were peculiarly favorable for the work which it accom-

plished. The minds and hearts of many good men were stirred within them to found a school for God and humanity, in which the intellect might be trained to higher degrees of activity and power, and the heart moulded and developed by the supreme force of the Christian faith.

The years of 1831–2 were memorable for a great religious awakening in the towns of Western Massachusetts. Many of the young people, moved by the impulse of the higher life on which they had recently entered, were anxious to prepare themselves for greater usefulness, and thus were ready to respond to the opportunity. The inducement offered them by moderate expenses and a chance for manual labor was effective with many who otherwise would have entertained no thought of entering upon a higher education at that time. That the religious element was an active force in sustaining the school is evident from the devout earnestness which manifested itself in the early days of the academy. The principal has reported "two hundred conversions" during his administration and that "many of the young men started for the ministry." There is no doubt but that Mr. Alden's labor was very efficient in this department of his work, and he was thereby able to contribute much to the early success of the institution.

Quite a large number of young men from the school are reported as having entered college, and subsequently gained honorable distinction in the learned professions. They attained high rank among the leaders in the ministry, eminence at the bar, honor in the judiciary, respect in the medical profession and elevation to the halls of Congress. In all the humbler spheres of life, those less aspiring have, perchance, acted a no less useful part. The love of learning and higher culture was enkindled in the public schools and private seminaries by hundreds of teachers who early drank at this fountain of knowledge. But time would fail me to set forth all the gracious influences and worthy deeds of the early students of the old Franklin Academy. Their record is written in the annals of the times in which they lived and the names of many are a benediction to the future ages.

Who can deny that upon the ruins of the old, have arisen the successive seats of learning that have rendered Shelburne Falls a famous educational resort for the last half century, and made it possible at length to establish a well endowed institution?

The Shelburne Falls Academy was the legitimate scion of the old Franklin, better organized, as well patronized, longer flourishing

and almost as unwisely managed as its predecessor. And even Arms Academy, though not in direct line of descent, yet virtually must trace its origin to the same source. The advantage of Shelburne Falls as an educational center was established by the success of the first experiment and confirmed by the second. Mr. Ira Arms, a successful business man, but in his active life never especially characterized for disinterested benevolence, public spirit and zeal for higher education, approaching that given period which all rich men must pass, by some means became impressed with the idea of making the public the legatee of his wealth, and among other objects of his bounty, contributed a fund for founding Arms Academy. According to the established laws of human probability, he never would have devised such a legacy had not the way been prepared for it through the agency of its predecessors. We trust that the benevolent designs of its founder may never fail to be realized by the beneficiaries of his bounty, and that Arms Academy may become the enduring capstone of the system of higher education so auspiciously begun under the leadership of the Franklin Academy.

Who, then, shall presume to say this academy was a failure, or that the results were not a full compensation for the funds and labor expended thereon? It made a higher education possible for hundreds who otherwise could not have enjoyed it, prepared a vast force of young men and women for more effective labor in the cause of education and religion, helped on to the learned professions many whose lives have been bright examples of a Christian manhood, some who have held high rank among the leaders of the church militant, and at last in its fall, perpetuated itself in the worthy institutions for learning for which it led the way.

In view of this history, even, it is my strong conviction that unincumbered with the manual labor plan and unembarrassed by the expense involved in it, under good financial management, and directed by an efficient board of instruction, equal, by energy and the spirit of self-sacrifice, to any emergency, Franklin Academy might to-day have been standing among the most flourishing and useful institutions of the kind in New England, not limited for support to a local patronage, but maintaining its own original popularity and drawing, as was its wont, from the remoter towns and distant States the choice materials necessary for building up a strong and influential school.

ANNUAL MEETING—1891.

REPORT.

The annual meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association was held at Deerfield, Tuesday, February 24, calling together fully the usual number of members of the historical association and others interested in the subjects annually treated in carefully prepared papers. In the afternoon the business meeting was held, reports heard, officers elected and the prudential affairs adjusted; and at this session Rev. Robert Crawford, D. D., read a biographical sketch of Hon. Joseph White. In the evening, in the town hall, papers were read by Hon. John M. Smith of Sunderland, on the old church history of that town, by Samuel O. Lamb, Esq., of Greenfield on the Life of General Whitney, by Miss C. Alice Baker of Cambridge on Thankful Stebbins, an Unredeemed Captive, and by Mrs. Lucretia Wilson Eels on Deerfield bibliography.

The old kitchen in the Memorial Hall was the scene of the afternoon meeting. There the members of the Association seated themselves amidst the antiquities, on chairs each with its history of a century or two, or on the settles whose backs had no longer need to be so high to protect against searching blasts that used to creep into the old-time houses they once ornamented, nor so straight to accommodate, the less orthodox forms of the present generation.

President Sheldon, antiquary-in-chief, presided and the business was dispatched with the choice of officers and the acceptance of reports. These are the new officers:

President, Hon. George Sheldon; vice-presidents, Samuel O. Lamb, Esq., of Greenfield, Hon. Robert R. Bishop of Newton; recording secretary and treasurer, Nathaniel Hitchcock; corresponding secretary, Rev. Edgar Buckingham; councilors, Rev. Dr. R. Crawford, J. W. Champney, L. J. B. Lincoln, Charles Jones, Robert Childs, Zeri Smith of Deerfield, J. H. Hollister, Rev. P. V. Finch, Freeman C. Griswold, Herbert C. Parsons of Greenfield, Jarvis B. Bardwell, George D. Crittenden, Shelburne Falls, James S. Reed, Marion, Ohio, George W. Hammond, Boston.

The secretary's report showed that the year had been a prosperous one. Some repairs had been made on the hall. The annual field meeting was held at Shelburne Falls, Sept. 2. Four members have died,

Charles Hagar of South Deerfield, Hon. Joseph White of Williamstown, Silas G. Hubbard of Hatfield, who had been a vice-president, and Mrs. George I. Fisk of Boston; three new members have been added.

The treasurer's report showed a balance in the treasury reduced from $954 to $858, the receipts having been mainly, interest, $90.00; membership, $25.00; Memorial Hall, $115; and the expenditure chiefly for printing the first volume of the Proceedings, $320, the rest of the $487 being for repairs and expenses.

As curator, Mr. Sheldon reported the steady gain of the collection, and an increasing number of visitors to the hall; 2,268 people registered during the year, but so generally have they found out the free days that only 428 paid the admission fee; $6.80 was received from sale of books, leaving $6.67 for the voluntary contribution of 1,840 people; but the box will remain at the old stand. Many boys and girls have been stimulated to make their own collections. The publication of the first volume of the Proceedings had not been followed by the expected sale and Mr. Sheldon adds some keen remarks on the indifference of young people to local history while deeply engaged in reading of the struggles in the surging seas of blood which ebbed and flowed around the walls of Rome and Troy and Babylon. Finally he called attention to the need of a permanent fund, and acting on this suggestion, F. M. Thompson of Greenfield and the president were chosen to appoint a committee for the purpose of raising money.

It is to this Mecca of Indian life and lore that the antiquarians annually bring in their offerings, collected in dusty garrets during the year. Perhaps the most important relic brought in at the meeting yesterday was an iron kettle which once belonged to Parson Williams, who was taken to Canada by the Indians. John M. Smith deposited a family heirloom in the shape of a portmanteau which belonged to Nathaniel Smith of Sunderland in 1757.

During the afternoon the president and Jonathan Johnson of Greenfield were chosen to appoint a committee for field day if it was thought best to hold one.

Rev. Dr. Crawford read his paper on the life of his old friend Joseph White, to an attentive company and was formally thanked.

The evening session followed the serving of a supper to the visitors by the Deerfield women in the town hall.

Mr. Sheldon extended a greeting to the visitors, who by this time had comfortably filled the hall, and introduced Hon. John M. Smith of Sunderland. Mr. Smith's paper was a review of the old-time relations between church and town, and for this purpose he reviewed the early history of Sunderland, then Swampfield. He quoted from the ancient records of the town which was first settled in 1673, and extracted a large amount of valuable matter.

A volunteer choir sang at this point one of the olden hymns, and again

through the evening, closing with "America." Samuel O. Lamb of Greenfield occupied nearly an hour in the story of General James S. Whitney's life. General Whitney was born in Deerfield and was the father of William C. Whitney, secretary of the navy in President Cleveland's cabinet, and of Henry M. Whitney, president of the West End Railway Company of Boston. He was himself one of the sturdiest and most interesting characters Franklin County has produced, and for a long time he had a conspicuous share in the public life of the State.

The details of this interesting story and the varied events of General Whitney's crowded years receive careful treatment in Mr. Lamb's paper, and he is especially qualified to speak upon them by reason of his personal intimacy with Mr. Whitney, with whom he was for a time connected as his private secretary.

George B. Bartlett, the poet upon whom Deerfield has almost as much claim as Concord, sent a poem, inspired by President Sheldon's visit to Concord and it was read by Miss Baker.

The feature of the annual conclave of the antiquaries at Deerfield for several years has been the paper of Miss C. Alice Baker of Cambridge, embodying some romance traced to its completion in her research among old Canadian records. This year it was the story of Abigail and Thankful Stebbins. Miss Baker's reading added interest to the story and it was further enhanced by photographs of the old fort she describes, which were hung about her on the stage.

Following this paper Mrs. Lucretia W. Eels read a review of Deerfield bibliography, the result of a patient study of what books and papers have found their way from Deerfield pens into print. Accompanying the list of books in her address were appreciative sketches of the lives of their authors, and as she comes down the years from John Williams and the others of the old settlement to the men and women who are now living, the names of President Sheldon, Secretary Hitchcock, L. J. B. Lincoln, Miss Baker and others were greeted with applause.

MEMOIR OF THE HON. JOSEPH WHITE.

BY HIS COLLEGE CLASSMATE AND FRIEND, R. CRAWFORD, D. D.

The Hon. Joseph White of Williamstown was one of the early members of this Association, and by a contribution of one hundred dollars made himself a life director.

He was born November 18, 1811, and died at his home in Williamstown, November 21, 1890, aged 79 years and three days.

His death is a loss to this Association and calls for some fitting

tribute to his memory. For, though distance and, of late years, the infirmities of age, prevented his attendance at its meetings or taking an active part in its affairs, yet his influence was something and he had no little interest in its prosperity, as also in the special objects it seeks to accomplish. He was a lover of history, a studious investigator, having a good deal of the genuine antiquarian spirit.

At my last interview with him, only some three weeks before his decease, and when the shadows of that sad event were gathering over him, he spoke with deep interest of this Association, made inquiries about it, expressed himself with enthusiasm as to its growth and prosperity and seemed much pleased with the published volume of its proceedings which he had perused. It seems in place, therefore, being a college classmate of Mr. White, and knowing him intimately for many years, that I should present this memorial of him at this time.

His native place was Charlemont, some twenty miles west of us, as we all know; an agricultural town, rough and mountainous, but with much good pasture and tillage lands lying along the northern bank of the Deerfield river. It is somewhat secluded, but a good town for raising men, and women, too. Like some other of our Franklin county towns, it has a name for that. It can tell of its Leavitts and Rices, its Ballards and Giles, its Hawkes and Potters and White, not to mention others.

Being a frontier town during the last century, Charlemont was exposed to Indian raids, to guard against which, as also because it was on the travelled route between the Connecticut and the Hudson rivers, a line of forts was established in 1754, by Col. Ephraim Williams, some remains of which are yet visible. The very next year, 1755, near one of these, Rice's Fort as it was called, Capt. Moses Rice and Phineas Arms were killed by Indians while at work in a meadow near by. A monument to their memory was placed near the spot in 1871, in connection with which was held the annual field meeting of this Association. As was fitting, Mr. White was the chief speaker on that occasion, and gave a well-studied historical address, telling of that memorable event, and the times which then tried men's souls. He himself was personally interested, being a descendant, on his mother's side, of that same Rice family.

The published volume of our Association's Proceedings tells us that Orlando B. Potter of New York, a great-great-grandson of Moses Rice, has honored the memory of his ancestor in the erec-

tion of this monument, and also that it was erected under the direction of the Honorable Joseph White of Williamstown, also a descendant of Moses Rice, (Messrs. Potter and White were cousins, their mothers being sisters).

In digging for the foundation of the monument, the remains of the slain men were found in a remarkable state of preservation. The skull of Rice showed the marks of the Indian tomahawk, and the fatal bullet fell from that of Arms when it was being examined. I believe the bullet is now among the relics kept sacredly by this Association.

The parents of Mr. White were Joseph and Rebecca (Rice) White. They were descended, respectively, from John White and Edmond Rice, settlers from England, the latter at Sudbury, 1639, and the former at Lancaster, 1650. Joseph and Rebecca, his wife, had their residence in Charlemont all their married life. He was a farmer on a small scale, but his chief business was carding wool and fulling cloth. The mill, which he owned, was located on a brook near their dwelling, in the central village of Charlemont. They were worthy representatives of the good old New England stock, hardy, intelligent, industrious, frugal, conscientious, and self-reliant. They had three sons, of whom Joseph was the eldest, and who outlived all the others of the family many years. The parents, adding to their other virtues the fear and love of God, sought to lead their children in the same good paths in which they themselves were walking. With the household, it would seem, the family tie was very tender and strong. Even to the end of his life Joseph spoke of them all, parents and brothers, with warm affection and emotion. Even that last afternoon and evening I spent with him, he was full of reminiscences of his early family life. He told me how proud he was when about fourteen or fifteen years of age, his father in a confidential way said to him that he himself was getting old, and that now he, Joseph, must take his place in the management of things; and as it was now the time for him to lay in his yearly stock of drugs and dyes for the mill, he must go to Greenfield in his stead and purchase them. "I never felt so big in my life," said he, "as then. My father could trust me."

It is taking up time but I must tell one thing more. When he was leaving home for Bennington to begin his studies preparatory for college, his mother followed him to the door, and taking his hand at parting left a silver dollar in it, saying, "Here, Joseph, take that, it's all I have, I wish it were more." "I took it," said

he, "but poor as I was I did not spend it; it is among my keepsakes yet; I would not part with it for a thousand dollars."

He was then about eighteen years old, and making about as large a venture as a young man can well make; a country lad setting out to get an education — preparatory, college, and professional; poor and knowing that in some way, he knows not how, he must find the pecuniary means for a course of seven or eight long years. To begin with, he arranged with Mr. James Ballard, the principal of the Bennington seminary, who was a townsman of his, to carry him forward in his preparatory studies, and give him the opportunity to pay his bills in part by teaching younger classes. This, with teaching winter schools in the neighborhood, was all he had then to depend on.

I was living then in that neighborhood (it is now some sixty years ago) and young White came to teach our winter school. I was a mill-hand, and boarding in the house of my employer. The teacher must board around, and so for some weeks he was with us. The family were Scotch, Gordons, very intelligent, genial, social, especially the lady of the house, as was also the teacher, and very soon he found himself at home with us all.

At times he and I had pleasant talks together, comparing notes as to our past lives, our boyhood homes, experiences, etc. From him I first learned anything about Charlemont and its people. Our acquaintance, of course, was brief, and I think mutually pleasant. Then for some two years we pretty much lost sight of each other.

In the autumn of 1832, we both entered Williams College as freshmen. Our first meeting in the recitation room was a surprise to us both, though to him more than it was to me, for I knew he expected to enter college; but the mill-hand, with whom he had a brief boarding-house acquaintance, how surprising it was to meet him then and there! But greetings over, the acquaintance was speedily renewed, and soon ripened into a friendship that has continued to the last, unclouded by a single shadow.

In college Mr. White, like myself and some others of the class, was at first at a disadvantage for want of thorough preparation to begin with. But he was assiduous and persevering in his studies, and notwithstanding we had some strong men among us, he very soon took rank with the first. There, by dint of application, he kept all through the course. True, perhaps, he was not a genius; he was not specially brilliant in any particular line of studies, but

what is better, he was prompt and accurate in them all. And this has been characteristic of him in all the varied positions and offices to which he has been called in subsequent life. Not a genius, not sporadic, but a man of affairs, having a good judgment, and good, common sense, and the power of adapting himself to new duties and circumstances as they presented themselves. While in college he was highly esteemed by all, both as a scholar and as a man, correct and dignified in his deportment, a pleasant companion, and always on the side of right. He graduated with honor, having the first English oration.

Leaving college he went back to the Bennington seminary, and taught there several months. In 1837, he began the study of law in Troy, N. Y., and in due time was admitted to the bar. He returned again to college and served as tutor nearly two years. After this, he married Miss Hannah Danforth of Williamstown, who has since been his loving companion and helpmeet. Immediately he took up his residence in Troy and began the practice of law. In this he continued some seven or eight years with good success. During that period he was connected with the Presbyterian church, of which the celebrated Dr. N. S. Beman was pastor. With him Mr. White formed a warm and lasting friendship, and he became an active and useful helper in church affairs.

In 1848, he gave up his law practice and removed to Lowell, Mass., and was engaged as agent in charge of the Massachusetts cotton mills, one of the largest establishments of its kind in New England. The position was a most difficult and responsible one for any man, especially one new to the business; but Mr. White succeeded in it to the full acceptance of those interested, continuing there some ten years.

During that period, in 1857, he was elected and served as a member of the Massachusetts Senate, and was chairman of two of the most important Senate committees, and also chairman of a large special joint committee on retrenchment and reform and aided in securing the adoption of important measures relating to the objects and methods of legislation.

In 1858, he was appointed bank commissioner, and held that office until he resigned, in 1860.

About the time he went to Lowell, in 1848, Mr. White was elected trustee of Williams College, and held that office to the close of his life, a term of office extending over 42 years, a length surpassed by only three trustees since the college was founded. His

name has stood at the head of the board of trustees since the death of Dr. Hopkins.

Mr. White delivered the master's oration at commencement, when he took that degree, in 1839. In 1855, by request, he delivered an oration before the society of alumni, commemorative of Col. Ephraim Williams, the founder of the college, who just one hundred years before was killed in an ambush of French and Indians, near Lake George, in 1755. By request of the society the oration was published.

In March, 1859, Mr. White was elected treasurer of the college, and served as such till, admonished by the growing infirmities of age, he resigned, in 1886, a period of 27 years. On accepting that office he removed to Williamstown, purchased for himself a beautiful home, with some sixty acres of farm land adjoining, where he has resided and where he closed his long and useful life.

In 1860, he was appointed secretary of the State Board of Education, and for nearly sixteen years continued in the discharge of the very exacting duties of that office. He served also as member of the legislature in 1875, and was chairman of the joint committee on education.

From all this, it is evident that the life of Mr. White was not one of sloth or easy self-indulgence; nor was it one of mere self-seeking. He was a busy man, modest and retiring, but self-reliant and industrious. He was careful and saving in personal matters, but lived amply and was nobly generous. Few men during the course of a long life have held so many and important positions, and of such varied character, filling them all with ability and credit, exerting on each an influence healthful and lasting. He was a man of fine presence, a fair and genial countenance, and in his old age venerable with hair silken-white,—one who might well be called "a gentleman of the old school." He had a large acquaintance with men, and friendly tact in dealing with them, a high sense of honor and right, and throughout his long and varied career not even the suspicion of a dishonest or dishonorable act ever attached to his name.

He was greatly influential in his town affairs, took an active part in their management, and was often moderator of the town meeting, having the fullest confidence of his fellow townsmen of all parties. He had a like standing and interest in church matters; a devout member of long standing, and for a number of years deacon of the Congregational Church, active and useful and to almost the

close of his life a teacher of a large adult class in the Sunday School.

Withal, he was an attractive and elegant speaker, clear and forcible, and specially apt in impromptu efforts. He had made this a study, and his long experience in public life had given him ample opportunity for its practice.

Mr. White was a good type of the best New England manhood, proud of his origin and belongings, and a loving investigator all his life of New England institutions and history. Few men have been better informed, or could reason more intelligently, with regard to the things which have made the life of this section what it is. He had accumulated a large and valuable library that is especially rich in material relating to New England and its people. He prized his books as loving companions, and was never more at home than when leisurely perusing some one of them. This valuable library, or at least the bulk of it, it is understood, is left to his native town, Charlemont. The old house in which he was born and grew up to young manhood, with the lot, nearly an acre of land, in the centre of Charlemont village, he some time ago deeded to the town as a place for a town hall, library and other offices. The erection of the building, which he expected would be worthy of the place and its uses, he left to his cousin, Mr. Orlando B. Potter of New York, with whom he had some understanding about the whole matter; Mr. White was to give the lot and the library, Mr. Potter to put up a suitable building.

Mr. White's long identification with Williams College made him seem a part of it, and the service he has rendered that institution, aside from that of an official kind, has been very great. All through he was repaid by the loving confidence and friendly esteem of those in charge of its government, especially its successive presidents; each of them in turn trusted him, and found him a judicious and sympathizing counselor. With Dr. Hopkins from first to last, his intimacy was friendly, brotherlike and constant.

Mr. White left a widow and an ample estate, but no children. He will be greatly missed and mourned.

GEN. JAMES S. WHITNEY.

BY SAMUEL O. LAMB, ESQ.

James S. Whitney was, for many years, one of the most active, enterprising, energetic and successful business men, and one of the most prominent, influential and highly respected citizens of Franklin county. He was also called, from time to time, to high positions in his party, and in the State and National governments, which widely extended knowledge of his name and reputation through his own State and the country. It is therefore eminently proper that there should be some memorial of him in the proceedings of this Association in which he ever felt a warm interest, and of which he was a life member.

I do not propose, on this occasion, to attempt to give a full and complete history of the life and services of Gen. Whitney. The time allotted to me in the exercises of this evening will permit only a brief sketch and a few reminiscences of his active, varied, interesting and honorable private and public career.

My acquaintance with Gen. Whitney began in 1844, when I was a student in the law office of the late Hon. Whiting Griswold in Greenfield. It became more intimate after I assumed, in 1845, the editorial charge of the Democratic county paper, of which he was a generous supporter, and soon grew into a friendship whose ties remained unbroken till the day of his death. Our respective views of duty led us on different lines in the presidential election of 1860, but that temporary divergence of opinion on a political question never interfered with our friendly personal relations. We met for the last time on this side of the grave only a few days before his sudden departure, and the impression of his hearty grasp, his cordial greeting and kind words is still clear and bright on the page of memory.

James S. Whitney was born in that part of Deerfield then called "Bloody Brook," now South Deerfield, May 19, 1811. He was a son of Stephen Whitney, Esq., formerly of Nelson, N. H., a prominent merchant at Bloody Brook, and a man highly respected and esteemed in the community in which he lived. He was the representative from Deerfield in the General Court in the years 1834 and 1835. In 1834, he was Monitor of the first division of the House and a member of the Committee on Accounts. He was

also a Monitor in 1835, and in the same year, one of the Commissioners who had charge of the construction of the enlargement of the State Lunatic Asylum at Worcester.

Gen. Whitney was also fortunate on his mother's side. Her maiden name was Mary Burgess. She was a daughter of Dr. Benjamin Burgess, who was, for a long series of years, the country doctor in Goshen, Mass., and of whom it could truly be said,

"And a man he was to all the country dear."

An elder sister of Mrs. Whitney married Mr. Mitchell Dawes of Cummington and was the mother of Hon. Henry L. Dawes, whose long and distinguished career as a leader in his profession, and as Representative and Senator in the Congress of the United States, is well known to the people of Massachusetts.

The early education of James S. Whitney was such as he was able to obtain at home from the teaching of his parents, who were both well qualified to instruct and guide him, and in the common schools of that day and this vicinity. It does not appear that he had any advantages beyond these; but he faithfully improved all his opportunities, and, with natural abilities of a high order, by close application and diligent study, acquired that knowledge which enabled him to discharge in a highly creditable manner the duties of the various and important positions in which he was placed in the course of his active life. At an early age he entered the store of his father, in the capacity of a clerk, and by his industrious habits, his strict attention to his duties and his ready tact in dealing with customers, soon established a good business character. In 1832, when at the age of twenty-one years, he became, by purchase from his father, the proprietor of the business and he carried on the same at South Deerfield till about the first of January, 1838, when he removed to Conway. In that period of his life, though actively employed in his private business, he took a deep interest and active part in public affairs, and especially in the movement at that time in which his father also took an efficient part, for the organization, or the reorganization of the militia of the State, which, in the words of a journal of the day, "was in a deplorable condition." He entered into this work with that zeal and energy, and with such good judgment and success as gave him a marked prominence in military circles, and in 1835, when only twenty-four years of age, he was honored with an election and commission as Brigadier-General of the Second Brigade and Fourth

Division of Massachusetts Militia. By that title of General thus early and honorably earned and worthily conferred, he was known in all the following years of his life. He was an efficient and popular military officer. One who well remembers him says: "He was a superb horseman," and he was never seen on a poor horse. One interesting incident in his military experience is worthy of mention. He commanded the infantry escort that headed the procession at the celebration of Capt. Lothrop's battle at South Deerfield, September 30, 1835, and it is said that Hon. Edward Everett, who delivered the oration on that occasion and was a candidate for Governor, was so favorably impressed by his soldierly deportment and the efficient performance of his duty, that soon after his inauguration as Governor and of his own motion he forwarded to Gen. Whitney a commission as Justice of the Peace. The fact that the General qualified by taking and subscribing the oath of office, on the 10th day of May, 1836, tends to corroborate the statement.

Gen. Whitney removed from South Deerfield about the first of January, 1838, and then engaged in business in Conway, in company with his brother-in-law, Mr. Anson Shepard, under the firm of Shepard & Whitney. They soon gained an extensive and profitable country trade. There are those yet living who remember well that good old-fashioned country store, and the old stove around which the good citizens of Conway discussed and settled, in their own minds, the most important questions and measures affecting the destinies of their town, state and country, and around which, as one who well remembers it has recently said: "Selectmen, Assessors and Constables were made and unmade." The firm of Shepard & Whitney was in time followed by that of Whitney & Wells, Mr. Charles Wells being the junior partner, and that by Whitney, Wells & Co. The last-named firm, aside from their store, operated a large factory for the manufacture of seamless bags, in which they employed a large number of operatives. This was one of the important industries of the town and continued until Gen. Whitney left Conway.

The enterprising public spirit of Gen. Whitney, his general intelligence, his capacity for business and his superior tact in the management of men and affairs soon established his position as one of the leading business men and citizens of the town.

In 1843, he was chosen Town Clerk and was kept in that office till 1852. That was the only town office that he held, although

he was frequently chosen as agent for the town in important matters, and in all cases he was vigilant for the interest of his constituents.

Gen. Whitney represented Conway in the Legislature of 1851, and again in 1854. The Legislature of 1851 was controlled by that memorable coalition of the Democratic and Free-soil parties of the State which placed Charles Sumner in that seat in the Senate of the United States which he held till his death in 1874, and passed many important measures in the line of reform and progress. Among those measures may be mentioned, the act to establish a Board of Bank Commissioners; an act relating to joint stock companies, known as the General Corporation Law, which was especially advocated by Gen. Whitney; an act to change the organization of the Board of Overseers of the University at Cambridge; an act to provide for the better security of the ballot, known as the "Secret Ballot" law of 1851, a law quite as effectual and more simple than the present law for the same purpose; an act to amend some of the proceedings, Practice and Rules of Evidence of the Courts of the Commonwealth; an act relating to the calling a Convention of delegates for the purpose of revising the Constitution; an act to exempt from levy on execution the Homestead to the value of $500, of a Householder having a family, known as the Homestead Law; an act to secure to Mechanics and Laborers their payment for labor by a lien on Real Estate, known as the Mechanic's Lien Law; and an act providing for the election of Presidential Electors by a plurality instead of a majority vote and extending the same provision to the election of Representatives in Congress, after a failure to elect on the first trial.

In the discussions concerning those measures and in all the proceedings of the House, Gen. Whitney took an active and influential part, and displayed an acquaintance with public affairs, an understanding and appreciation of the true principles of legislation and government, and a readiness and power in debate that placed him among the first in ability and influence in a body which comprised among its members such distinguished men as Sidney Bartlett, Otis Clapp, Benjamin R. Curtis, Henry J. Gardner, Samuel Hooper, Moses Kimball, William Schouler, Nathaniel Seaver, Richard Frothingham, Junior, John Mills, Frederick O. Prince, Nathaniel Wood, John M. Earle, Caleb Cushing, Ensign H. Kellogg, Caleb Stetson, William Aspinwall, Ezra Wilkinson, Samuel H. Walley,

and others whose names were well known through the State and who participated in the debates and proceedings of the House.

The election of Charles Sumner to the Senate of the United States, with which the name of Gen. Whitney was at the time so often mentioned, was an event of too much importance and interest to be passed without special notice. Probably no election of a Senator in Massachusetts was ever attended with more intense feeling and excitement. Mr. Sumner was exceedingly popular with the Free-soil party, and in the arrangements of the coalition it was understood that he was to be elected United States Senator for the term which began on the 4th of March, 1851. The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, who had served with honor as speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives and of the House of Representatives of Washington, and who was eminently worthy of the confidence and support of his party was the Whig candidate. The election of Senator was then made by the concurrent vote of the two branches of Legislature, without vote in joint convention. In the Senate the coalition had the majority and Mr. Sumner was elected on the first ballot. In the House the contest was protracted and attended with much excitement. Several Democrats refused to vote for Mr. Sumner. Gen. Whitney was one of them. He was a Democrat of the Jackson school and ever had the courage to stand by his principles. He was no friend of the system of American slavery, but he was an earnest supporter of the Constitution of the United States, and regarded the agitation of the slavery question in Congress as detrimental to the peace and interests of the country. He regarded Mr. Sumner as an anti-slavery agitator, and while he acquiesced in the coalition in local matters and for the purpose of securing desirable reforms in the administration of state affairs, he felt that he could not consistently vote to place an anti-slavery agitator in the Senate of the United States, and cast his vote for a Democrat, in some twenty or more ballotings.

In the meantime efforts were made to convince him that he was mistaken in his views of Mr. Sumner's character and purposes. He was assured that while Mr. Sumner would not, pending the election, make nor permit to be made any pledges as to his future action on any particular subject or question, his course in the Senate would be that of a statesman and not of an agitator. On this point he desired further assurance, and it was finally by the efforts of mutual friends so arranged that Mr. Sumner and Gen. Whitney

should, apparently by accident, meet in the State Library for the purpose of an interview. The meeting took place, and without any express promise or pledge, Mr. Sumner assured Gen. Whitney in substance, that he was not disposed to act the part of an agitator in the Senate, that he was especially interested in the foreign relations of the country, which he had already studied with much care, and that he should hope to be in a position in the Senate in which he could follow his inclinations in that direction.

The result of the interview was reasonably satisfactory to Gen. Whitney, but knowing that the Democrats of Conway were generally opposed to the election of Mr. Sumner, and had approved his own course thus far, he decided to refer the matter to them for advice. He accordingly went to Conway; a meeting of the Democrats was called, at which he stated fully and candidly the situation in the House. After a free conference, the voice of the meeting was that he should vote for Mr. Sumner. With this expression of the sentiments of his constituents, he returned to Boston. On the 24th of April, the House proceeded to the 25th ballot; there was no choice, and on a call of the roll, it appeared that the number of ballots exceeded by two, the number of members present. On this, Mr. Mills of Springfield moved that the next vote should be taken by the *viva voce* system. On motion of Mr. Bartlett of Boston, the motion of Mr. Mills was so amended that the 26th ballot was taken by the secret ballot system, the ballot of each member being put into an envelope, the envelopes being uniform in size and appearance, which was then sealed and deposited. The result was, whole number of ballots, 384; necessary for a choice, 193. Charles Sumner had 193, and was formally declared duly elected. It was said that he was elected by the vote of Gen. Whitney. In due time he took his seat in the Senate, and an examination of the records will show that for some time, his course was in perfect accordance with the assurance given to Gen. Whitney.

In May, 1851, Gen. Whitney was appointed sheriff of Franklin county. He held the office about two years; and it is no disparagement of the other able and popular gentlemen, who have so well served the county in that position, to say that the duties of the office were never discharged by any one in a more courteous, dignified, efficient and acceptable manner.

In 1853, the town of Conway honored itself and Gen. Whitney by electing him as a delegate to the convention of delegates of the

people for the purpose of revising the Constitution of the Commonwealth. That convention was distinguished in a very high degree by the large number of delegates eminent for ability, public services and character. It represented the learning, the eloquence, the professions and occupations, the dignity and statesmanship of Massachusetts. It considered propositions and measures affecting directly the dearest rights and interests of the people. It met on the 4th day of May, 1853, and was in session seventy-two days. Time does not permit reference to details, but examination of the published proceedings of the convention shows that Gen. Whitney took and maintained a conspicuous and honorable position as one of its most able, industrious, practical and useful members.

In 1854, Gen. Whitney was interested and efficient in procuring the charter, and in the organization of the Conway bank, in which he was a director while he remained in Conway. In the same year he took an active part in procuring the charter and in the organization of the Conway Mutual Fire Insurance Company, of which he was one of the corporators and the first president. He also procured the passage of the act providing for the combination of stock and mutual departments, and, subsequently, for the passage of an act authorizing the separation of the two departments and the removal of the business of the stock department to Boston. He identified himself with all the public affairs of the town, and was ever prompt to aid with word and influence, with heart and hand, every enterprise that tended to promote the prosperity and best interests of Conway.

But while Gen. Whitney was thus devoting his time and abilities to the management of his extensive private business and the affairs of his immediate vicinity, events were, without thought on his part, preparing for him a different, and in some respects more public field of labor. By an act of Congress early in 1854, the President of the United States was required to appoint a civilian as superintendent of the national armory at Springfield, Massachusetts. This act was the result of a protracted and somewhat heated controversy between the advocates of civil and military rule in the armory. The return to civil rule was, under the circumstances, an experiment, the result of which, for good or otherwise, would depend to a great extent upon the character of the superintendent. There were sundry applicants for the position, whose respective qualifications and lack of qualifications were strenuously urged by their respective friends and opponents. The situation was peculiar, and a

source of anxiety to President Pierce, who found it difficult to make an entirely satisfactory selection from the several candidates. Gen. Caleb Cushing was then a member of the cabinet as attorney general of the United States. He was well acquainted with Gen. Whitney with whom he served in the legislature of 1851; Gen. Whitney, whose name had not been mentioned in connection with the superintendency of the armory, was one day surprised by a letter from Gen. Cushing, stating that the President wished to see him in Washington at an early day, in regard to a matter of business, the nature of which was not suggested. Gen. Whitney, of course, went to Washington and was again surprised when the President, after some conversation relative to the state of affairs at the armory, tendered to him the position of superintendent. In response to the offer and request of the President, Gen. Whitney said he would consider the matter and give an early answer, and after deliberation and consultation with friends, he decided to accept the appointment. He was appointed on the 13th and took charge of the armory on the 19th day of October, 1854. The first public mention of his name in connection with the appointment was, so far as I am aware, in the Springfield Republican of October 16th, which said:

> We have information to the effect that Gen. James S. Whitney of Conway is to receive the appointment of superintendent of the U. S. Armory here. He has been at Washington, made application, (this was a mistake; he made no application) and been successful. . . . Gen. Whitney is a politician of considerable ability and a gentleman of popular manners. He is probably indebted to Caleb Cushing's influence united to his own early advocacy and defence of the repeal of the Missouri compromise for his service in this matter.

The manner in which the appointment was received in Springfield is shown by the announcement in the Republican of October 18th, that:

> A salute is to be fired to-day in rejoicing over the selection of Gen. Whitney as superintendent of the armory. The expectants of the fat places are expected to pay for the powder. It must be quite gratifying to the General to know how popular his appointment is. Though not ten persons in the city probably had dreamed of him in connection with the place until his selection was announced in the Republican of Monday, we believe it is now conceded to be just the appointment that all the dissatisfied wanted.

Gen. Whitney continued in charge of the armory till the 1st day of March, 1860, when he resigned the superintendency, having been called to a higher position. To say that his administration of the affairs of the armory was successful, in the broadest and best sense of the term, is no more than just praise. It was eminently successful. Upon this point the public expressions made at the

time, of those whose acquaintance and knowledge well qualified them to judge, are both conclusive and interesting.

On the 3d of March, 1860, in pursuance of previous arrangements, the officers and armorers of the armory met Gen. Whitney, to present to him a testimonial of their respect and esteem. There was a full meeting. The testimonial was a very elegant set of silver ware, described as follows:

A pitcher and five goblets, all lined with gold, of original and unique pattern, elaborately ornamented, and altogether the most superb set of the kind ever seen in Springfield. Upon the pitcher was this inscription:

"Presented to Gen. James S. Whitney by the officers and armorers of the U. S. armory, Springfield, Mass., on his retirement from the superintendency Feb. 22d, 1860."

Each goblet bore the following:

"Gen. James S. Whitney, from the officers and armorers, Feb. 22d, 1860."

The Springfield Republican of the 5th of March gave a full report of the proceedings on this occasion. It said that:

> They were creditable to all parties, and that, few testimonials of esteem, few exchanges of compliments between parties having such relations to each other, have the heart in them that these contained. It was easy for the spectator to see and feel that on both sides it was no hollow farce, but that each meant all they said. Gen. Whitney's course as superintendent was singularly successful, both outwardly and inwardly. It has introduced great improvements in the buildings and the grounds, in the machinery and in the guns, and it has brought peace, order, harmony, and universal good feeling to the armory and the community, where before, for years had raged bitter controversies full of all manner of personal collisions and unkindness. It is enough, however, to say of his administration that though he was the first representative of the restored civil system, after a long and hard contest with the military government, the friends and representatives of the latter joined as warmly in his praise as anybody; and although he was the political appointment of a Democratic administration and has ever kept his political armor buckled on and bright, no political distinctions have been made in the employment of workmen, and Republicans are as ready to do him honor as the Democrats.

The Republican on the 9th of February, 1860, announced the appointment of Gen. Whitney as collector of the port of Boston, and said:

> Though not seeking the office, we presume he will accept it, as both in political honors and personal profit it is a much higher and more desirable position than he has at the armory. The appointment is but a just recognition of Gen. Whitney's leadership in the party, and places him substantially at the head of the Democratic organization in New England, and his sagacity and influence will undoubtedly enable him to retain it not only through the remainder of Mr. Buchanan's administration, but a further and full term if the Democratic party again succeed in maintaining its

supremacy in the government. The armory and the citizens generally will regret to lose Gen. Whitney from his present position. He has been popular and efficient in his superintendence of that establishment, and the announcement of his successor will be awaited with intense anxiety, lest the perils of political appointments shall be illustrated in his career, as they have not been in that of Gen. Whitney.

As stated by the Republican, the appointment of Gen. Whitney as collector at the port of Boston was not of his own seeking. He was content with the position which he held. He was familiar with its duties and labors, and had no desire to change for a place with duties more onerous and responsibilities more weighty. But the affairs in the Boston Custom House had drifted, as it were, into such a condition that in the judgment of President Buchanan, a proper regard for the public good required a change in the collectorship. As in the case of the armory in 1854, the situation was peculiar in both business and political respects, and required, if a change was made, the appointment of some one of distinguished character, ability, and administrative capacity. President Buchanan and Gen. Whitney were not particular friends. The General was not an original supporter of Mr. Buchanan for the presidency in 1856, and as a delegate to the national convention in that year, at first voted for another candidate. But his judicious and successful superintendence of the national armory, on Springfield Hill, had placed him in a position in which he could not be hid. It had, in fact, given him a national reputation, and when the President tendered to him, without solicitation or expectation on his part, the collectorship of the port of Boston, considerations other and more weighty than regard for his own personal preferences induced him to accept the position. The appointment and acceptance were honorable to both parties, and very few appointments, if any, ever received more general approval. The Springfield Republican has already been quoted. The following from the New York Journal of Commerce, not a partisan paper, shows how it was regarded in commercial circles:

It is eminently fit that we should give the President due praise for the selection of a new incumbent, so popular, so correct in his business habits, and so sound on the national questions of the day as the gentleman who has been nominated for the collectorship. There can be no doubt, we presume, of his confirmation.

Gen. Whitney's administration of the business affairs of the Boston Custom House was efficient and satisfactory to the government, as well as to all who had direct dealings with the collector or his subordinates, but it was cut short by the success of the Republican party in the election of 1860. He entered upon the duties of

the office about the 1st of March, 1860, and was removed very soon, I think within thirty days after the inauguration of President Lincoln, on the 4th of March, 1861.

After his removal from the collectorship, Gen. Whitney engaged in business in Boston, and soon became identified with enterprises of large extent and importance. He was for some years, and at the time of his death, president of the Boston Water Power Company and of the Metropolitan Steamship Company, whose steamers formed the "outside line" from Boston to New York. By his sagacity, energy and sound judgment, he soon gained, and maintained a high reputation as a business man among business men of the highest character.

The facts that Gen. Whitney represented Conway in the Legislature of 1851 and 1854 and that he was a delegate in the Constitutional Convention in 1853, have been mentioned. It is to be said further that in 1849 he was a Democratic candidate in Franklin county for State Senator; that in 1852 he was one of the Democratic candidates for presidential electors at large, Col. Charles G. Greene, for many years the well-known editor of the Boston Post, being the other; that in 1856 he was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention that nominated James Buchanan for President; that in 1860 he was a delegate at large to the Democratic National Convention which met at Charlestown, adjourned to Baltimore and divided on candidates; that in that year he acted with those Democrats who supported John C. Breckenridge for President; that in 1872 he represented the first Norfolk district in the State Senate; that in 1876 he was president of the Democratic State Convention that nominated Hon. Charles Francis Adams for Governor of Massachusetts; and that in 1878 he presided over the Democratic State Convention in Faneuil Hall, Boston, which nominated Hon. Josiah G. Abbott for Governor, in opposition to Hon. B. F. Butler, who had received a nomination from Democrats at Worcester. On the last named occasion he made an able and powerful speech which attracted much attention. That was the last public effort of his life, but there was nothing in it nor in his personal appearance — hearty and vigorous — that indicated that he was very near the end of his earthly career. He was active in his attention to his extensive business interests in Boston till and on the 24th day of October, 1878. On that day he had in the forenoon been in consultation with other gentlemen concerning the affairs of the Boston Water Power Company, to which labor he applied

himself very closely. He was in his customary health at noon, made a call at the headquarters of the Democratic State Committee and manifested his usual interest in the progress of the pending political campaign. Later in the afternoon he heard of the sudden death of Mr. James L. Thorndyke a friend and business associate. Still later, he met a friend on the street to whom he said that he had intended to go to the Democratic meeting in Faneuil Hall that evening, but had just heard of the death of Mr. Thorndyke and concluded to go home and keep quiet, instead of subjecting himself to the excitement of a political assemblage. He said, "I am getting to be an old man and perhaps better take care of myself." The two separated shortly before six o'clock. Gen. Whitney took a car on his way to his home in Brookline, where he had resided since his removal from Springfield in 1860. When near the end of the car route he became faint and was assisted from the car to a store near at hand. While crossing the street he asked that aid be sent for. Doctors were at once called, but before they arrived life was extinct. Heart disease was the cause of his death.

On Monday, October 28th, private funeral services were held at his house, followed by public services in the Harvard church, every seat in which was occupied by his friends and associates, among whom were many of the most prominent business men of Boston and Brookline. The services were conducted by Rev. Reuen Thomas, who pronounced an impressive and appropriate eulogy.

While fortunate and successful beyond most men in his business and public life, Gen. Whitney was also eminently happy in his family and private relation. He married early in life and "his home was a charming and happy place for him." At his death he left a widow, two sons and three daughters who still survive. The sons, Hon. William C. Whitney, an eminent member of the legal profession in New York city and secretary of the navy during the administration of President Cleveland, and Henry M. Whitney, Esq., of Brookline, the able president of the West End Railway Company, are well-known in all circles of business men. In this connection an extract from the eulogy of Rev. Mr. Thomas is appropriate:

My impression, said Mr. Thomas, is that those of us who knew him in his home life—knew him as a friend and neighbor—knew him at his best. Others can speak of him as a man of commerce, as a leader in politics far better than I can. That province is not mine—to me belongs the quieter life which he lived here in his home circle. Of that alone I shall speak. In his family he was of all men that I have known one of the most tender hearted. That little world seemed more to him than all the great world outside. He has talked with me again and again about his children, and

if I had taken literally all he said, I should have inferred that no man was ever blessed with such sons and daughters. His family seemed to be to him a perpetual feast that God had spread for his enjoyment. Their prosperity was his own and their griefs and sickness were peculiarly his. That strange idea, Pagan I think in its origin, of a family being a burden to a man, seemed never to have entered his mind. His nature was rich in the gift of fatherhood, as all noble natures are. You could detect it in the fact that those passages of Scripture which speak of God's pitying them that hear him as a father pitieth his children touched him immediately.

In concluding this imperfect sketch of the life of Gen. Whitney, I feel that it can be truly, and should in justice be said that in all the active and busy walks of life, as well as in the quiet home circle, his conduct was most exemplary. No question was ever raised, no doubt was ever suggested as to his integrity and honor in his dealings with his fellow-men either in public or private capacity. He was temperate in all his habits, and the open, avowed friend of temperance and good order, of industry and economy and of all the virtues that tend most to promote the prosperity and true welfare of a community. As to his worth as a neighbor and friend, the general voice of those among whom he dwelt for the greater part of his life was explicit and satisfactory. In relation to this we have the testimony of one who was for many years his fellow-townsman and associate to some extent in business affairs, who knew him well, who himself stood high in the estimation of his fellow citizens and who, after a life of usefulness has gone to his own reward. I refer to the late Dr. E. D. Hamilton, who, in a letter written soon after the death of Gen. Whitney, to his son, said:

Be assured that the many old friends of his earlier years who still remember him, feel deeply grieved at his departure and are freely expressive of their sorrow. Although for many years we have seldom had the privilege of meeting him here, yet we have all felt deeply interested in his public career, and though not always agreeing with him in matters of public policy, we were always glad of his success. The many noble, generous and genial traits of his character endeared him very much to his neighbors and friends, with whom he was so familiar in his earlier years, and there are very few of them who cannot recall to mind some acts of kindness which they have experienced at his hands, either of friendly advice and counsel in times of trouble, or of material aid. I do most thankfully acknowledge my own indebtedness to him on more than one occasion for valuable counsel and assistance, and I know of multitudes of other similar cases of indebtedness. As a town we owe him much for the spirit of enterprise which he infused into it and for the lead which he took in starting and carrying on the institutions with which we have been favored. We shall all entertain for him the highest respect and always hold him in grateful remembrance.

POEM BY GEORGE B. BARTLETT.

Old Concord's kindest greeting, to her dear old sister town,
Rival in ancient history, and literature's renown!
First Stoic and Philosopher and first in nature's rule

The Gentle Savage held in *each*, a famous summer school.
Old Deerfield's saint, whose blinded eyes saw hidden glories clear,
Came from old Simon Willard's stock (the first to settle here)
Who marched to Brookfield just in time to save the little band
From Philip's crafty ambuscade and bloody coward hand
As the wise antiquarian sage of the P. V. M. A.
Came down to help us celebrate our last memorial day.
Two gentle rivers gleaming bright through smiling meadows green,
To lure the early settlers on, in both old towns are seen
And while they glide in devious ways to the eternal sea
Deerfield and Concord heart to heart should close united be.

THANKFUL STEBBINS,

AN UNREDEEMED CAPTIVE.

By C. Alice Baker.

John Stebbins, son of John of Northampton, and grandson of Rowland Stebbins, founder of the family in America, was one of the earliest inhabitants of Deerfield at its permanent settlement. He was a carpenter by trade; a soldier under Capt. Lothrop, through Philip's War, and, according to Mr. Sheldon, "the only man known to have come out whole from the massacre at Bloody Brook." His homestead was that known to the present generation as David Sheldon's. In the assault of February 29, 1704, his house was burned, and he and his wife, with their six children, ranging in age from five to nineteen, were carried captives to Canada, whence the father, mother and eldest child returned to Deerfield.

How Abigail, the girlish bride of Jacques de Noyon (one of three Canadian bushrangers, unaccountably living in Deerfield at the time of the attack), thus doubly a captive, went with him to his boyhood's home in Boucherville; how, later, she sent her oldest child, René, a lad of ten, with a hunting party of French and Indians, to visit his grandparents in Deerfield; how, on the return of the hunters, René stayed behind, and grew up there as Aaron Denio, inheriting his mother's share of his grandfather's estate; how Abigail, his mother, after her father's death, probably accompanied by her brother Samuel, returned to keep the twenty-second anniversary of her marriage and her capture, with her widowed mother in Deerfield; how, though our records are silent concerning the interesting event, the parish priest of Boucherville, in November,

1726, records the baptism there of Marie Anne, her thirteenth child born at "Guerrefils" February 27, 1726—all this is a twice-told tale, romantic enough to bear twice telling.

Samuel Stebbins probably remained in Deerfield. His name does not appear in Canada. Of his young brother Ebenezer, I find nothing later than his baptism in Boucherville as Jacques Charles.

In General Hoyt's Antiquarian Researches we read, "A gentleman who recently resided in Montreal stated that at the Lake of The Two Mountains, near the mouth of Grand River, he saw a French girl who informed him that her grandmother was Thankful Stebbing, who was one of the captives taken from Deerfield in 1704." Since the day of her capture we have had till now only this echo faintly sounding through the ages.

One October day I had lingered long over the portrait of Bishop Plessis, in the sacristy of the Parish church of St. Rochs, a suburb of Quebec. The sunset gun boomed from the citadel. Broad-hatted peasant women chatted noisily as, late from market, they bumped along homeward in their quaint little carts. I was hurrying up the steep zigzags to the upper town, when I saw in a tailor's window a pile of old pamphlets. Hoping to find among them some printed memorial of Plessis, I entered. "You are then a bibliophile?" was the eager question of the handsome young tailor, in answer to my inquiry. Without waiting for my answer he urged me to visit his private library, and I followed him to his dwelling above the shop and was ushered into a long, narrow room, with bare floor and no furniture but a common table and two wooden chairs. The back of the kitchen stove protruded through the wall at one end (a usual arrangement for heating two rooms in Canadian houses), at the opposite end a large window, the two long sides of the room literally lined with the rarest books in choice editions and elegant bindings. The pride of the young shopman in his books and his delight at my surprise were interesting. He flew from drawer to drawer, pulling out here a rare engraving, there an autograph; finally he tossed me a ragged scrap of discolored paper. "What is it?" I asked. "Oh, nothing much—autographs," he said. Vaudreuil and Raudot, Governor-General and Intendant of Canada. The names were suggestive. The paper, dated Quebec, October 30, 1706, proved to be the petition of certain English and Dutch in Canada for naturalization. I ran my eye down the list: Louis Marie Strafton, Mathias Claude Farnet, Pierre Augustin Lit-

refield, Madeline Ouarem, Christine Otesse, Thomas Hust, Elizabet Price, Marie Françoise French, Elizabeth Casse, Thérèse Steben.

How many desolated homes these names recalled. Too well I knew them all, disguised as they were by their French names. Amended, the list would read: Charles Trafton of York, Me.; Matthew Farnsworth of Groton, Mass.; Aaron Littlefield of Wells, Me.; Grizel Warren and Margaret Otis, wife and child of Richard Otis, blacksmith, of Dover, N. H.; Thomas Hurst, Elizabeth Price, Freedom French, Elizabeth Corse, Thankful Stebbins, all of Deerfield.

Fancy these New England boys and girls, Baby Otis and the rest of them, wrecked on a foreign strand by the storms of war, beseeching His Majesty, the High and Mighty Louis XIV., to be graciously pleased to grant them citizenship, — declaring that they have established themselves in his colony of Canada, and that they wish to live and die in the Holy Roman Catholic faith! Much excited by my discovery, I sat there in the twilight, telling the story of the captives to the young Frenchman.

This was my first introduction to Thankful Stebbins, citizen of Canada, robbed of her Puritan name, member of the Apostolic church in good standing. A year elapsed. I found her next at Boucherville, in 1708, Thérèse already, and godmother to one of her sister Abigail's children — the record of her baptism not there, nor yet her marriage; neither at Boucherville, nor at Montreal, nor at Quebec. Yet Thérèse she was, and a grandmother she was to be (according to General Hoyt), before my quest could cease.

On the parish register of Longueuil, the old Seigniory of Charles Le Moyne, stands the following: "February 4, 1711, after the publication of the usual bans made at the mass in the church of La Sainte Famille at Boucherville, on the 25th of January, and the 1st and 2d of February, to which no legal impediment has been found, I, the undersigned, priest, *curé* of Boucherville, have married in the above said parish church of Boucherville, Adrien grain, called La Vallée, inhabitant of chambly, aged 23 years, son of the deceased Charles le grain, and louyse la fortune, living, inhabitant of Chambly, to Thérèse louyse Stebens, aged 21 [19] years, daughter of John Stebens and Dorothy Alexander his wife, inhabitant of the village of Guiervil in New England, and have given them the nuptial benediction in presence of Joseph Maillet, cousin of the groom, of Sieur Jacques de Noyon, brother-in-law of the bride, and others."

Thus at last Thankful Stebbins, of Deerfield, our little petitioner for citizenship, having obtained her naturalization papers, in 1710, under her new name of Thérèse Louise, did "establish herself in His Majesty's colony of Canada" as the wife of Adrian le Grain, nicknamed La Vallée, habitant soldier of Chambly.

In my rambles among the records there have been many red letter days, notably that at Chambly, in search of Thankful Stebbins, wife of Adrian le Grain, bride in her twentieth year — and grandmother to be.

In the time schedules of suburban service on Canadian railways the interest of the tourist is neglected. Properly enough trains are run for the accommodation of the rustic who must be in the city at early morn, and out in the late afternoon. This prevents the student from looking up the parish records, even if he or she were bold enough to face the possibilities of a night in a Canadian village inn. However, the will makes the way, and one who is not too nice may avail himself of a mixed train, heavy freight with a comfortless caboose attached, and crawl to his destination at the rate of six miles an hour, subject to tiresome waits at intervening stations. However we go from village to village up and down the noble river, we can never forget that we are treading the path once trodden by our footsore and sorrowing kinsfolk, listening to the same accents that fell so strangely on the ears of the forlorn and homesick captives.

In 1665 the Marquis de Tracy arrived in Quebec as Lieutenant General of Canada. The famous Carignan regiment had been given him by the king with orders "to subdue or destroy the Iroquois." "The Mohawks and Oneidas were persistently hostile, making inroads into the colony by way of Lake Champlain and the Richelieu, murdering and scalping, then vanishing like ghosts."

Tracy immediately built a picket fort at the foot of the rapids of the Richelieu. Sorel, an officer of the Carignan, later built a second fort at the mouth of the river, where now is the town of Sorel, and Salières, "Colonel of the regiment, added a third fort two or three leagues above that at the rapids." No fort, however, could "bar the passage against the nimble and wily warriors, who might pass them in the night, shouldering their canoes through the woods," and Tracy prepared to march in person against the Mohawks, "with all the force of Canada." This expedition against the Mohawks is the subject of one of Mr. Parkman's finest pictures, and, says that author, "was of all the French expeditions against the

Iroquois the most productive of good." Tracy's work being done, four companies of the splendid regiment were left in garrison, and the Marquis, with the rest of "the glittering *noblesse*" in his train, went back to France. Many of the officers, however, weary of their life in the corrupt French court, and stimulated by promises and money from the king, who had the peopling of the colony much at heart, remained to marry and settle in Canada.

The lands along the Richelieu were allotted in large seigniorial grants among these officers, who in turn granted out the land to their soldiers. "The officer thus became a kind of feudal chief, and the whole settlement a permanent military cantonment. . . . The disbanded soldier was practically a soldier still, but he was also a farmer and a landholder." Tracy's picketed fort below the rapids of the Richelieu, then known as Fort Pontchartrain, with the land adjacent, was awarded to Captain de Chambly. After his death the seigniory of Chambly passed to Marie de Thauvenet, his betrothed or his sister-in-law (authorities differ on this point), through whom her husband, François Hertel, "the Hero," father of Hertel de Rouville, became its owner, being known thereafter as Hertel de Chambly.

From that day to this Chambly has been closely connected with our history. The fort was the point of departure and arrival for most of the expeditions against New England. Hardly a New England captive but was at some time sheltered within its walls. On Saturday, March 25, 1704, Parson Williams of Deerfield reached "Shamblee, a small village where is a garrison and fort." "The French were very kind to me," says Mr. Williams. "A gentleman of the place took me into his house, and to his table, and lodged me at night on a good feather bed. The inhabitants and officers were very obliging to me the little time I stayed with them. . . . Here I saw a girl, taken from our town, and a young man, who informed me that the greater part of the captives were come in," many of them three weeks before his arrival. Stephen Williams did not reach Chambly till the next August. There the French were kind to him. They gave him bread, which he had not tasted before since his capture, and dressed his wounded feet, and later Hertel de Chambly tried to buy him from his savage master. Quentin Stockwell stayed four days at Chambly and was kindly treated by the French, who gave him hasty pudding and milk, with brandy, and bathed his frozen limbs with cold water. One young Frenchman gave the poor sufferer his own bed to lie

on, tried to buy him, and went with him to Sorel, to protect him from abuse by the Indians.

Chambly was a village of but ten houses when Ben Waite and Stephen Jennings hurried through it in agonizing search for their beloved ones, whom they found in the Indian lodges not far away.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings as I walked alone through the village of Chambly, on my way to the priest's. Aside from its associations, Chambly has a beauty of its own. A long line of Lombardy poplars defines the *côte*, which, with its low red roofs and broadly overhanging eaves goes straggling along the bend of the swift flowing river. Opposite, two picturesque mountains, then gorgeous in their autumnal colors, complete the circle formed by the lake-like expanse, called Chambly Basin. Half way round, the circle is broken by the river, which comes roaring and tumbling down in a series of rapids, at the foot of which the ruins of the fort, which in 1711 succeeded Tracy's palisade, advance boldly into the current.

The *curé* received me with a kindness which seems to be proverbial to the place, and I was soon absorbed in the records.

They begin in 1706, and on one of the first pages stands the baptism of Thankful Stebbins. The spelling and the grammar would puzzle a school girl of to-day.

"This 23d of April 1707, I, Pierre Dublaron officiating in the parish of Chambly, certify that I have administered the rite of baptism to Louise Thérèse Steben, English girl and baptised in England [*sic*]. Her godfather and godmother were Monsieur Hertel, Seignieur de Chambly, and Madame de Perygny, wife of the commandant of the fort of Chambly."

As we have already seen, it was in February, 1711, that Thankful, or Thérèse Louise Stebbins was married in the parish church at Boucherville to Adrian le Grain. In March, 1713, her first child, Françoise Thérèse, was baptized at Chambly. The child's godparents were Hertel de Beaulac and Thérèse, wife of Hertel de Niverville. In due succession follow William, Marie Jeanne, Marie, Charlotte, Isabelle, Antoine, Marie Thérèse. On the 4th of July, 1729, Véronique, the ninth and last child of Adrian le Grain and Louise Thérèse Stebbins was born and baptized. Two children of Abigail Stebbins de Noyon stood by the little one at her baptism, and just a week after followed Thankful Stebbins to her last resting-place on earth,—only 38 when the end came. My labors for her were finished. Listlessly turning the leaves of the register,

I found the marriage of her brother Joseph Stebbins, and learned from the *curé* that there are still in his parish descendants of Joseph, possibly, also, of Thankful.

Fifty minutes to train time! Too little to prove my kinship to my new-found cousins, if found! — enough, perhaps to give me a nearer view of the old fort. Could I reach it? Father Le Sage, glancing at the muddy road, at me, impeded by my weight and my long skirts, prudently answers, "I have done it in twenty minutes."

The cassock notwithstanding, thought I, and bade him a hasty adieu. The little children stared, and the little dogs barked, as I flew through the town. Nor stopped I, nor stayed I, till trying a short cut to the fort, I crossed a swollen creek, on a shaky plank, and brought up, breathless, at a high picket fence, painted black and bearing the date 1707.

By a special Providence, my steps had been led to the ancient burying ground of the Seigniory. Wading through the wiry, brown grass, plunging into pitfalls, caught among the brambles, and stumbling over hummocks and half-buried fragments of old head-stones, I ran about the place. Would the grave give up its dead? Should I find here any of the long-lost ones of Deerfield? No answer came to my eager question. Time and the annual overflow of the turbulent river have levelled all the mounds. Here and there, a deeply furrowed slab of weathered oak, in form and color like the slates of our old burying ground, totters to its fall, — not a jot of its legend remaining. Two gaunt, wooden crosses, lately reared by the reverent hand of the village antiquary [Mr. J. F. Dion] — to whose zeal we owe also the preservation of the ruins of the fort — recall some noted names of the old régime. Here lies Marie de Thauvenet, the fair devotee, who came with Mother Mary of the Incarnation to dedicate herself to the education of the Indian girls of Canada. Turned from her purpose by the fascinations of a handsome young captain in the Carignan regiment she became his betrothed. Bereft of her lover by death, so runs the tale, and inheriting his fortune, she became the lady of Chambly, which with her hand she bestowed upon the hero, François Hertel. Her romantic life ended here in 1708. The other cross commemorates the death, in 1740, of the wife of their son, Hertel de Beaulac.

Three or four small tablets of wood, affixed above high-water mark to the fence posts of the inclosure, bear the names and date of death of French soldiers.

What gracious impulse had led the same kind hand to write there this name and date, unknown to fame, —

THÉRÈSE STEBEN, 1729.

So I came to the last page of the story. Back and forth the shuttle flying had carried the thread weaving the web of her life. Deerfield to Chambly, — Chambly to Boucherville and back again to Chambly. Warp and woof, in texture firm, and colors bright and clear, — a tale so plain that the dullest might have traced it. Carried in her thirteenth year by Hertel de Rouville, or one of his three young brothers, who marched with him to Deerfield, to the fort at Chambly in the Seigniory of their father, Thankful Stebbins was given in charge to one of the ladies of the Hertel family, and probably domiciled in the Hertel mansion. The Seigniory was well stocked with sheep and cattle, and the house was a good one.

It brings us very near to the old régime in Canada, to remember that François Hertel, the Hero, and Marie de Thauvenet, his wife, must have talked with the child and questioned her about her home and people. Unable to comprehend or pronounce her outlandish name and perhaps induced by the similarity of the initial letters, the family of the Seignior called her Thérèse, after the wife of Hertel de Niverville. Becoming fond of the child, wishing to keep her in Canada, and conscientiously believing that her salvation depended on her becoming a good Catholic, they put her name on the list of petitioners for naturalization in 1706.

The next year Father Dublaron baptized her in the chapel of the fort, her godfather being either the Hero himself or his son. Her godmother, Louise de Perygny, wife of the commandant of the fort, added her own name to that by which the girl was already well known in the neighborhood.

We may fancy the feelings of the maiden of sixteen on that summer day of the same year when she saw Mr. Sheldon, Nathaniel Brooks and Edward Allen of Deerfield, with seven more redeemed captives, escorted by young Hertel de Chambly and five French soldiers, set out from the fort for home. Standing on the very spot nearly two centuries later, I seemed to hear the plaintive voice of the girl pleading with the captain to let her go with them, and her bitter wailings when the boat put out from shore without her.

It was, perhaps, to spare her the recurrence of such scenes, that she was sent to Boucherville in 1708, to live with her sister Abigail. Here she gradually resigned herself to her lot.

Citizenship, with all its privileges and penalties, having been graciously accorded to her, in 1710, by His Majesty, Louis XIV., she married, the following year, Charles Adrian le Grain, habitant soldier of Chambly, returning there to live with him.

There I find her faithful friend, Thérèse, wife of Hertel de Niverville, with Hertel de Beaulac, standing as sponsors to her first child, and there, at the birth of her ninth child, she died in 1729.

The spirit of the unredeemed captive, ransomed at last and safe in its eternal home — her dust lies there with that of the old *noblesse*, her friends and protectors. Gentle breezes whisper softly among the grass that waves above the sod; the rapids of the Richelieu cease their angry roaring as they draw near the spot; and the beautiful river sings its sweetest cadence as it flows by the place where Thankful Stebbins sleeps.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF DEERFIELD.

BY MRS. LUCRETIA W. EELS.

If one sheaf has been left ungarnered in the historic field of Pocumtuck, it is that of its bibliography, a product of its fertile soil, of such rare luxuriance, that the gleaner is embarrassed with the abundance of material.

It is difficult to make a distinction between authors who were born in Deerfield, but whose life work was elsewhere, and those, not natives, but who became residents and their personal and literary career identified with the town. And those, also, neither natives nor residents, but who have been incidentally concerned in the commemoration of its historic events.

I shall, therefore, treat these writers without discrimination.

The earliest literature of the town is comprised, mainly, in the writings of its first minister, Rev. John Williams, who was settled, A. D. 1686, and consists of sermons and discourses on special occasions, which that eventful period afforded; and of these, there remain but few printed productions. Among them is a sermon preached at Springfield, upon a tragic event in 1698, and two sermons delivered at Boston, one of these soon after his return from Canada, December 5, 1706, from the text, "Return to thine own house and show how great things God hath done unto thee." The other preached before the Governor and the General Assembly,

March 6, 1706–7, "God in the Camp, or the Only way for a People to Engage the Presence of God with their Armies." Mr. Williams was a constant attendant upon the annual convention of ministers in Boston. In 1728 he preached a sermon at that convention which was probably not published. Among his manuscripts are found various essays, including mathematics, geology, astronomy, hydrostatics, pneumatics, zoölogy, etc, "showing," in the words of his biographer, "a greater taste for the abstruse sciences than was usual at that period." His most important work is "The Redeemed Captive," written and published soon after his return from Canada, in which is told the story of his captivity from that ever memorable morn, quoting his own words, "Tuesday, the 29th of February, 1703–4, when, not long before the break of day, the enemy came like a flood upon us," to that day in November, 1706, when the white-winged vessel bore into the bay of Boston, its precious freight of fifty-seven captives redeemed.

This invaluable work has passed through not less than eleven editions. This book is dedicated by Mr. Williams, March 3, 1706–7,

"To His Excellency,
Joseph Dudley, Esq.,
Captain General and Governor in Chief,
In and over His Majesty's Province of
The Massachusetts Bay in New England." *

Stephen Williams, D. D., son of the Rev. John Williams, was taken prisoner with his father, at the age of eleven; he left also a journal of his captivity in manuscript, which was afterwards published.

He was a clergyman and was settled minister at Longmeadow, Mass., from 1716 to 1782.

Rev. Jonathan Ashley succeeded Mr. Williams in the ministry at Deerfield. Two of his sermons on the Jonathan Edwards controversy can be found in Memorial Hall Library.

Rev. John Taylor succeeded Mr. Ashley. His ordination sermon was preached by Rev. Noah Atwater, February 14, 1787. It was printed at Northampton and is preserved in Memorial Hall with other memorable records of which Mr. Taylor was the author.

Dr. Samuel Willard, D. D., followed Mr. Taylor in the ministerial succession of the First Congregational church in Deerfield. His

* The sermon preached at Boston Lecture December 5, 1706, was printed and bound up with the above at this time. [Ed.]

ordination sermon was preached by Rev. Nathaniel Thayer, September 3, 1807; the pastorate of its first three settled ministers having extended over one hundred and nineteen years. Dr. Willard was a graduate of Harvard, and studied theology at Cambridge. He was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and received the degree of D. D. from Harvard in 1826.

A list of his published works include religious, educational, scientific, musical, poetical, political and controversial subjects. He wrote a series of school books which were quite extensively adopted, receiving unqualified commendation from the highest educational authority in this country, and also in foreign reviews. His valedictory discourse to the parish was delivered December 22, 1829, but he preached occasionally until the close of his life at the age of eighty.

William Bull, born in Deerfield, 1762, son of John Partridge Bull, was the author of a work entitled, "Music Adapted to Language." "A book of no small value," says Dr. Willard, and to which he acknowledged himself indebted for original hints.

Mrs. Susan B. Lincoln, daughter of Dr. Willard, contributed poems to the *Monthly Religious Magazine*, and the *Unitarian Review*, one of which, entitled "The Peace of God," was copied into the "Hymns of The Ages," a collection of poems of the highest order. She contributed to her father's collection of Hymns, but the largest proportion of her writings were intended for personal friends. She possessed superior mental endowments, and rare spiritual insight.

> "Albeit in our ears her silver song is ringing.
> The footfall of her parting soul
> Was softer than her singing."

Miss Mary Willard, with the same poetic genius as her sister, Mrs. Lincoln, has contributed articles to the same periodicals frequently for many years, some of which, also, were copied into other publications. A number of the *Unitarian Review* contains an article from her pen "On the Early Unitarian Movement in Western Massachusetts."

She writes for the *Christian Register* and other papers. She has furnished several odes for public occasions, one of them for the dedication of the Soldiers' Monument in Deerfield, and one for the bi-centennial celebration of the settlement of Rev. John Williams. She is now writing the life of her father, Dr. Willard, which will

be a valuable addition to the Lives of Eminent Divines, sketched by a truthful, competent and loving hand. She is a native of Deerfield as was also her sister, Mrs. Lincoln.

Samuel Willard, Jr., born in Deerfield, a graduate of Harvard, has left comparatively few published articles. Deeply interested in national politics and the current local affairs in town and state, his trenchant and humorous pen did valiant service in frequent communications to the newspapers. One, published in *The Boston Daily Advertiser*, while the re-election of Senator Hoar was pending, elicited special commendation.

A comic lyceum lecture upon animal magnetism called forth a reply, not through a medium from the world of spirits, but from our own Francis Bacon, then a resident of Deerfield, and a writer of no small ability. A letter written upon the Fourth of July following the close of the Civil War and published, is glowing with the patriotism of a Henry, the beauty of Everett, and the eloquence of Webster.

Mr. Luther B. Lincoln, son-in-law of Dr. Willard, a graduate of Harvard, was principal of Deerfield Academy for many years. As a teacher he has left an influence upon the minds and hearts of his pupils more enduring and beneficent than the imprint of a thousand volumes, but he has left little of published literature. He lectured in different places on special occasions. An address upon the completion of the Bloody Brook monument and a New Year's address before The Society of Adelphi at Deerfield, January 1, 1837, were published. He wrote, also, hymns and occasional poems. He served in the State Legislature in 1855, the closing labor of his saintly life.

Miss Mary W. Lincoln, daughter of Luther B. Lincoln, has contributed both prose and poetry to the *Christian Register*. Although an accomplished writer, her time is more especially devoted to the profession of music. She studied in Germany under eminent instructors, who made honorable mention of her proficiency in the science and art of music.

She has given a series of lectures in Boston, New York and Brookline, upon "The Traditions of Music," of which the subjects are "Musical Myths," "Monks and Troubadours," "Phantom Dances" and "Story of the Sonata." Besides these, another course on "Peasant Life, its Songs and Superstitions," with the subjects of "The Wooden Spoon," "The Gypsy Trail," "The Silent Pilgrimage." These, although illustrated by music, are not

less historical. She has written many beautiful unpublished poems for friends and especial occasions.

With the name of Luther J. B. Lincoln I close the record of this gifted family. He was born in Deerfield, is the founder and president of "The Deerfield Summer School of History and Romance," and is president of the Connecticut Valley Unitarian Conference. He devotes the autumn and winter and a portion of the spring seasons to the instruction of classes in literature, and in lecturing in New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia and other places. The products of his extensive literary labors have not been published.

Miss Martha Munn was born and died in Deerfield. She published poems under the nom de plume of Dame Durden. A promising young writer, who passed from among us in her youth — "a fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by our side."

Returning to the colonial period, I must not omit the name of a remarkable woman, a negro minstrel, and once a slave. Her maiden name was Lucy Terry, known after her marriage to Abijah Prince as "Luce Bijah." Her songs are preserved more for their historic value than literary merit, although in this respect they compare favorably with other local poetical productions of that time. Her pleadings before the faculty of Williams College for the admission of her son, as a student to that institution, were powerful and pathetic, but unavailing on account of color, but a plea of several hours before the supreme court of Vermont respecting some question of land boundary was more successful.

Her name, and that of her family, has left no trace in our annals, but that applied to the well known rivulet called "Bijah's Brook."

General Epaphras Hoyt was born in 1765, in the "Old Indian House," which was owned and occupied by his father, David, the son of Jonathan Hoyt, one of the captives redeemed by Major Dudley, when a boy of sixteen, and whose father perished on that fearful journey to Canada, by starvation, in May, 1704. As the subject of this sketch had reached the years of manhood before the Deerfield Academy was established, and never attended school elsewhere, his only instruction must have consisted of the simplest rudiments of education. By self-culture he became master of many of the abstruse sciences; a thorough mathematician, a practical surveyor, an eminent philosophical, historical and antiquarian writer. He held many civil and military offices and was a

member of the legislature. He was Major General of the Massachusetts militia and devoted much time to the study and perfection of the military system.

He received an appointment under General Washington, which circumstances compelled him to decline.*

Besides his many published works, he left completed, with maps, a work entitled "Burgoyne's Campaign," and had partly finished a "History of the French and Indian Wars."

He kept a diary of current events with comments upon them, and of the wonderful progress, in his later years, of the arts and sciences, and their application to the comforts of life, and to the advancement of civilization. He died February 8, 1850, in his 85th year.

His son, Arthur Wellesley Hoyt, named for his father's favorite general, Lord Wellington, was educated by his father, and became an eminent civil engineer. He made and published a map of the county of Franklin, which, if not a writer of books, may entitle him to mention in this connection.

Col. Elihu Hoyt, like his brother Epaphras, was born in the "Old Indian House" where he lived and died. With no opportunities for education but those afforded by the village or town school, yet through a long and honorable life there was no apparent deficiency in literary attainments for want of what is termed a higher education. Conversant with books, thoroughly informed and a participant in local and general affairs, noble in physique, dignified and gentlemanly in manners, accomplished in statesmanship, he represented the town and senatorial district in the State Legislature for twenty successive years. He must have accumulated a vast amount of documentary matter during this time, but he has left but one published book, "The History of the First Settlement of Deerfield." The products of a genial and poetic pen were confined to his family and personal friends.

Henry King Hoyt, son of Elihu, was born in the "Old Indian House" and was the last of the generations that were reared beneath this time worn historic roof.

Gifted by nature, his pen was ready for impromptu verse on any occasion and many poetical effusions in print and manuscript are preserved. I recall one prose contribution to the famous *Knickerbocker Magazine*, so associated with the name of Washington Irving, and whose pages admitted nothing but of genuine merit.

*This was a commission in the U. S. army, in view of an expected war with France. [Ed.]

He was entrusted with responsible public duties. On one disputed Cheapside occasion he was sent to Boston to enlighten the legislature with regard to the rights of Old Deerfield.

He died in the prime of manhood, and it was written of him by one of our poets: —

> A man has fallen in the ranks,
> That fight 'gainst wrong and error;
> One who was strong to do and dare,
> Nor knew the name of terror.

Rev. Rodolphus Dickinson, born in Deerfield in 1787; died in 1863 in his native town. A graduate of Yale, he studied law in Northampton, was admitted to the bar in 1808 and practiced in Springfield, and was clerk of the courts of Franklin County for eight years.

He abandoned the legal profession for that of the ministry and settled in South Carolina, over parishes at Greenville and Pendleton. Among his parishioners were the Calhouns, Pinckneys, Mavaricks — the autocracy of slavery and hotbed of nullification. With such environment his experiences were replete with political and romantic interest worthy the delineation of the pen of Fouqué.

Mr. Dickinson was a voluminous writer. A list of his publications would testify to his varied acquirements in literature, the languages, law, politics and theology. He preached some years after his return to the North.

Rodolphus Dickinson Campbell, grandson of the Rev. Rodolphus Dickinson, in his secluded abode upon Pine Hill, surrounded by, and overlooking a world of beauty, and communing with nature in all her varied aspects, like Thoreau, has caught her subtlest meanings, and given to them expression in appropriate verse. He has offered nothing himself for publication, although some of his writings have appeared in print, and his poetic talent is entitled to recognition in the bibliography of Deerfield.

Rev. Hosea Hildreth, A. M., theologian and teacher, was principal of Deerfield Academy and subsequently professor of mathematics in Phillips Exeter Academy. He delivered a Dudleian lecture at Harvard and published various sermons, but is best known as the father of Richard Hildreth, the historian.

Hon. Richard Hildreth, historian, was born in Deerfield, in the

Willard house, June 28, 1807; died in Italy, 1865. He graduated at Harvard at the age of nineteen. He studied law, but journalism seemed more congenial to his tastes. He edited a paper, and in the words of his biographer, "his connection with the Boston Atlas gave it a decided preëminence among the political journals of New England." His principal work is his "History of the United States," six volumes, published in New York from 1849 to 1856, to which he devoted many years of thorough deliberation and study.

The subjects of his voluminous writings embrace almost every theme within the scope of journalism — finance, morals, religions, politics. He wrote articles for the American Cyclopedia, a novel of two editions, and made various translations. He was consul at Trieste. He married in Deerfield Miss Caroline Negus of Petersham, who was quite distinguished as an artist.

President Edward Hitchcock born in Deerfield, 1793; died at Amherst in 1865. Scientist and theologian, he was a descendant on the maternal side from David Hoyt, who perished a captive on his way to Canada in 1704. His mother was born in the "Old Indian House," and was the sister of David, Elihu and Epaphras Hoyt. Mr. Hitchcock's entire school education was obtained at six winter terms of the Deerfield Academy, of which he became the principal at about the age of 22. He wrote at this time a drama, "The Downfall of Buonaparte," which was performed on an improvised stage in the old meetinghouse by native actors. Its celebrity extended, and it was played in adjoining states. It was his only venture in this direction. His favorite studies were astronomy and geology. From 1814 to 1818 he calculated and published the "Country Almanac." He corrected mistakes in the calculations of European astronomers. He subsequently took some studies under an eminent scientist, also studied theology, and was settled as a minister.

In 1845 Mr. Hitchcock became president of Amherst College, where he passed the remainder of his life. He was appointed state geologist of Massachusetts and his official scientific reports include the New England States and New York.

A complete bibliography of his works includes the titles of some twenty-six volumes, twenty-five pamphlets of sermons and addresses, ninety-four papers in scientific and literary journals, and eighty newspaper articles.

He received the degree of A. M. from Yale, D. D. from Middlebury, and LL. D. from Harvard.*

Prof. John Hubbard, a principal of Deerfield Academy, afterwards professor of mathematics and natural philosophy at Dartmouth, was author of "Rudiments of Geography," "American Reader," and other publications. A graduate of Dartmouth, 1785; died in 1810.

Robert Crawford, D. D., the reverend and beloved pastor of the Third Congregational Church of Deerfield, was born in Scotland in 1804. There are preserved in Memorial Hall a series of fifteen letters from England and Scotland, written in the season of 1852, which were published in the *North Adams Transcript*. Besides these, he has published sermons and discourses on special occasions. He was state senator from Franklin County in 1863. His sons, James D. and Lyndon C. Crawford, graduates of Williams College, have published addresses. James D. is professor in Champaign (Ill.) University. Lyndon C. is a missionary at the present time in Turkey.

Stephen W. Williams, M. D., physician, naturalist, historian and biographer, was born in Deerfield, educated in her schools, studied medicine with his father, Dr. William S. Williams, and practiced his profession, for the greater part of his life, in his native town. Natural history and botany were favorite studies. He lectured upon "Medical Jurisprudence," was professor of Materia Medica Pharmacy, etc.; president of different medical societies, member of many historical societies, lecturer on scientific subjects. His books include historical, biographical, botanical and other scientific subjects. He died at Laona, Ill., in 1855.

John F. Moors, D. D., was pastor of the First Congregational Church in Deerfield. In addition to his clerical work he has delivered many discourses in a wide field of denominational service and, also, historical addresses on special occasions before this association and elsewhere; was chaplain to the 52d Reg. Mass. Vols. in the Civil War and published a history of the regiment.

Rev. John Williams, bishop of Connecticut, was born in Deerfield in 1817, prepared for college in the academy here, entered Harvard College at the age of fourteen, graduated at Trinity College, ordained deacon in 1838. In 1848 he was made president

* Of all the scientific labors of President Hitchcock, none attracted such world-wide attention as his exploitation of the fossil footprints newly discovered in the valley of the Connecticut. [ED.]

of Trinity College, and has filled many high offices in the Episcopal church. He received the degree of D. D. from Union in 1847, from Trinity in 1849, from Columbia in 1851, from Yale in 1883, and that of LL. D. from Hobart in 1870. He was consecrated Bishop in 1851.*

He delivered a poem before The Society of Adelphi, at Deerfield in 1837, which is preserved in Memorial Hall — the beginning of a long and distinguished literary career. A list of his writings include contributions to the *American Quarterly Review*, the *Churchman*, and other periodicals, besides addresses and occasional sermons.

Jonathan A. Saxton, Esq., born in Deerfield, graduate of Yale College. He studied the legal profession, but, literature proving more congenial, he followed his natural inclinations and wrought out in quiet meditations, grand and beautiful ideals, far in advance of the age, not heeded then, but which, in the progress of the world, have been adopted as theories, upon which depend the advancement of civilization, and the good of mankind. In allusion to an ode written by Mr. Saxton for the centennial celebration of Washington's birthday in Deerfield, one of our own poets, Miss Starr, has said, "It was written by one whose father, grandfather, and great-grandfather had kept alive the traditions of town, county and village, to be transmitted in an ode, worthy of the best days of heroic verse, and which in Greece would have won the laurel crown." Mr. Saxton edited a newspaper. He contributed to the *Boston Quarterly Review*, and the *Dial*. He published "The Child's Book of the Atmosphere." He wrote other prose articles and occasional poems.

Brig. Gen. Rufus Saxton, U. S. A., son of Jonathan, was born in Deerfield; attended the Academy until he received the appointment of a student at West Point, where he graduated. He was distinguished in the early events of the Civil War at the west, and was made Military Governor of the Department of the South, 1862. He delivered an address to the people of South Carolina, on the first anniversary of the proclamation of the freedom of the slaves. This document is in Memorial Hall. It would be difficult in his case to decide which was mightier, the pen or the sword.†

Prof. James K. Hosmer, a graduate of Harvard, in 1860

* Died February 7, 1899. [Ed.]

† See History of Deerfield for more items of his military career. [Ed.]

succeeded the Rev. John F. Moors as minister of the First Congregational Church of Deerfield. Feeling that his services belonged to his country in the hour of her peril, he enlisted in the 52d Mass. Vols., and while serving in the Civil War kept a journal which was afterwards published with the title of "The Color Guard," one of the most popular productions of the so-called "war literature." He subsequently wrote "The Thinking Bayonet," and published in the *Atlantic Monthly* a story founded upon the traditions of Deerfield and the history or myth of The St. Regis bell. These were followed by a series of biographical, historical and scholastic works which have placed him in the foremost ranks of our American authors. He is at present professor of English and German literature in Washington University at St. Louis, Mo.

Rev. Edgar Buckingham, a graduate of Harvard at the age of 19, settled in Deerfield in 1868 over the First Congregational Society; resigned his pastorate in 1891. He possessed rare scholastic attainments. In addition to his innumerable discourses in manuscript, he has written for the leading denominational periodicals and other publications. He delivered an address at the bi-centennial celebration of the settlement of Rev. John Williams, and valuable addresses before this association. If collected, his writings would comprise volumes. Deeply interested in the cause of education, he is active and efficient in his official connection with our academy and schools. It was written of him, "Such as he, with a heart full of love toward God, and charity for his fellow men, are worthy the imitation of those who seek to draw from life its noblest lessons."

Hon. George Sheldon, graduate of Deerfield Academy. Born and living under the same roof that has sheltered six generations of his family, he is entitled to the distinction, unquestionably, of belonging to Deerfield.

Not to know the writings, speeches and arduous labors of the founder and president of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association argues one's self unknown, or, at least, unknowing, to what the most critical research has accomplished among the historical archives of our valley.

Mr. Sheldon is a member of several historical societies and proposed trustee of a society, being organized, for the preservation of [illegible] beautiful and historic places, etc., in the State of Massachusetts.* He has been a member of both branches of the Legis-

* Trustees of Public Reservations. [Ed.]

lature. He has published, besides many papers, the history of Northfield and Deerfield, and edited two volumes of the history and proceedings of the P. V. M. Association.

Mr. Nathaniel Hitchcock, Secretary and Treasurer of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, was born, and is living in the house of his ancestors of several past generations. He was educated at the Deerfield Academy.

In his official connection with the P. V. M. Ass'n, he finds ample employment for his pen, but more in a business capacity than in so-called literature; but in this department he has not been wanting. He delivered an address before the Association upon "A Journey Through the State of New York," in early days, and has written "The Recollections of the Indian House," with which he was familiar in his boyhood, as the birthplace of his grandmother. This article is published in "The History and Proceedings of the P. V. M. Ass'n."

Miss C. Alice Baker, by ancestry, education and estate, and by every other claim except that of birth, belongs to Deerfield. The Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, of which she is a councilor, needs no recapitulation of the fruits of her persevering research among "the footprints on the sands" of Canada, and her labors on that interesting historic ground consecrated by the associations with the captivity and sufferings of her fathers.

Miss Baker is a member of the New York Historical Society and of similar institutions of the British Dominions. She was the pioneer in the popular lecture course of the "Old South," in Boston. On one impressive occasion there, she told the story of the Civil War, where perched upon the platform beside her was "Old Abe," the eagle that was borne by a Wisconsin regiment through its campaign on its banner staff, and which gave, while Miss Baker was speaking, responsive screams to her eloquent and patriotic words.

Mr. James A. Pratt was born in Deerfield, in descent from an ancient and honorable lineage. He was educated at the Deerfield Academy. From his youth he was a journalist, a profession for which his tastes and mental endowments were peculiarly adapted, possessing a well stored mind and remarkably retentive memory. He edited a newspaper for some years at Henderson, Minnesota. The responsible offices that he held while there, and as a candidate for higher offices of state, show him to have been an esteemed and influential citizen. He had edited, also, *The Weekly Journal*, at

Chicopee, Mass. Deeply interested in the politics of town, state and nation, and thoroughly informed, he was authority in all matters concerning them. He was one of those who called a conference, that organized the Republican party. He was a man of unimpeachable integrity. He has delivered many public addresses, and left innumerable newspaper contributions.

Miss Eliza A. Starr, a luminary in our constellation Lyra, was born, educated and passed her childhood and youth in Deerfield, where, for nearly two centuries her ancestors had been a part of its history, and shared in its most tragic events. From her grandfather, a soldier of the Revolution, she had listened to the story of Valley Forge, where, upon its snows, he had left his bloody footprints, and who had fought with Washington at the battle of Monmouth. Notwithstanding the complete change in the environment and the religious sympathies of Miss Starr, after leaving her native place, its formative influences are still very apparent in her writings, and "the scent of its roses hang round them still." An article in a recent publication of *The American Catholic Review*, illustrates this fact, where she alludes to incidents in her child life in Deerfield, that left ineffaceable impressions upon her sensitive soul, and in speaking of her "old friends, the trees," she says, "the shadows of whose leaves stir my heart, as no shadows of other trees can ever do, and," she adds, "it is not all imagination, when I fancy that I have never seen the summer so beautiful, never so glorious in its violet-tinted atmosphere, in its dreamy softness of distant hills, in its richness of foliage, in its fertility of cultivated meadows, in its freshness of river and rivulet, as in Deerfield," and so we claim a right to the fame that is busy with her beauteous name. Her artistic works are numerous, and a long list of her published writings could be appended to this biographical sketch.

Mrs. Maria B. Barnes, another of our sweetest singers, daughter of Mr. John G. Williams, was born and educated in Deerfield. She wrote under the nom de plume of "Kate Cameron." She married Dr. Barnes, of Rochester, N. Y., and edited, while there, *The Journal of the Home*, and was a constant contributor to the *Rural New Yorker*, with which her father was concerned.

She was the author of many hymns set to music, which have been sung in almost every Sunday School in the country. Her contributions to journals and various periodicals, and poems for special occasions and for personal friends, would constitute a large

volume and are worthy of such an enduring memorial. Her words of another are appropriate for herself:—

> With cheerful trust and earnest faith
> She sang life's solemn psalm.

Many of her scattered poems are preserved in Memorial Hall.

Miss Caroline S. Catlin born in Deerfield, the home of her fathers from its earliest settlement. She inherited the poetic genius of her mother, who was of an eminently literary family.

Miss Catlin has added another fair name to the bibliography of her native town. She now occupies, and has held through several administrations, a position in the Pension Department at Washington, whose responsible but prosaic duties have diverted her poetic pen from its more congenial work. She is much employed in translating foreign papers.

She has written "Midsummer Eve," a story for children, published in *The Christian Witness*, poems for children in *The Nursery*, a paper read before the P. V. M. A. upon the olden times in Deerfield, odes for the dedication of monuments at Charlemont and Northfield and published in the proceedings of the P. V. M. A., as well as many others which are as yet uncollected.

Mrs. Elizabeth W. Champney, not born in Deerfield, but the only apostate in that respect in the long line of descent from the "Redeemed Captive,*" but she has atoned, as far as possible, for this dereliction by making her home in the house of her fathers, to which is added the studio of her artist husband, James W. Champney, whom I venture to mention in this connection because he can *write* as well as paint.

Mrs. Champney is a graduate of Vassar. Her abode in France and travels in other countries of Europe, as well as through Mexico and our west and southwestern territories, have supplied abundant material for her versatile pen and poetic imagination. Her writings are very voluminous and it would be only necessary to name her works and their publishers to appreciate their high standard and popularity.

Mrs. Catherine B. Yale, although but lately arisen in our literary horizon, and like the Pleiades, whose sweet influence we cannot bind, is a lost star to us, during a part of the annual revolution

*Error. The "Redeemed Captive" was descended from Samuel Williams, born in 1633, son of Robert, the emigrant, while Mrs. Champney is descended in two lines from Isaac, another son of Robert, born in 1638. [Ed.]

of our planet, but she belongs to this sphere, and is luminous in our summer heavens. A practiced hand must have sketched the graceful story of the "Willard House," which was read by her before the P. V. M. A., and afterwards published in book form. This, with a letter from Chicago, written to the *Gazette and Courier*, is all at our command from her graphic pen.* I have learned that Mrs. Yale was a former liberal contributor to the *Independent*, and being a personal friend and correspondent of N. P. Willis, the poet laureate, at that period of American literature, she doubtless wrote for the periodical of which he was editor.

As our contemplated bibliographical sketch has drifted into biography, it will include the name of one of our most talented and distinguished women.

Miss Sarah J. Barnard, although she has left no published books, poems, or public manuscripts, her work was literary and educational. She was born in Deerfield, where for more than two centuries, her ancestors were conspicuous in its annals. One of the family, John Barnard, fell with Lothrop at the massacre of Bloody Brook in 1675, and her great-great-great-grandfather, Joseph Barnard, was killed by Indians at Indian Bridge in 1695. She was educated at the Deerfield Academy, of which corporation, Joseph Barnard, her grandfather, was a member, and also one of its building committee, nearly one hundred years ago. After leaving school, she taught some years in Cuba. Returning to Deerfield, she established a select school for young ladies, which continued for ten years with success. She was chosen on the board of the school committee, the first woman in Massachusetts who attained to that distinction, and she filled this office for eleven years.

Miss Barnard was well informed, public spirited and energetic, and better qualified to discharge responsible civil duties than are thousands of men who hold official positions, and yet she could not vote. I quote, with reference to her, the words of Prof. James K. Hosmer: "As was fitting, the last work in which she was engaged was work of especial dignity, requiring for its successful prosecution much power and self sacrifice. In the Spring of '64 she was sent by the Unitarian Societies at Greenfield and Deerfield to Port Royal, S. C., as a teacher and missionary to the freedmen. She had just cleared the ground to take vigorously hold of her work, when she was summoned home by a domestic sorrow, and

* To the Editor. Mrs. Yale has published at least one book since this paper was written. L. W. E.

soon after was smitten herself with a fatal sickness." She died in her prime, honored and beloved.

Miss Barnard's ladies' institution in Deerfield was succeeded by a private classical school, taught by her brother-in-law, Mr. Richard Jenks, a graduate of Harvard, an accomplished scholar, and a successful educator for many years previously, in the city of New York.

Many names, worthy of being recorded, I could add to this almost endless list. Especially those of our academical teachers, our clergymen, lawyers, and physicians, and many of our citizens, who do not claim to be authors, but who have written on current topics for the papers and have addressed our literary societies and spoken on many special public occasions, but I must close with only an allusion to our young aspirants for literary fame, whose articles are now appearing in popular journals, and those, also, whose biographies and bibliographies are to be written in the future. Among those whose names are recognized are Miss Isabelle H. Williams, contributor to *Harper;* Miss Grace T. Pratt and Mrs. Helen S. Wells, to the *Springfield Republican;* Robert H. Fuller, for the *Albany Journal;* Misses Fanny and Mary Allen, for various periodicals, and Miss Jane Pratt has contributed to the *Christian Register* and other papers. These names are becoming known to the literary public and may be distinguished in the future.

Note to the Editor. "Since writing the above, other luminaries have appeared in our horizon. Misses Margaret C. Whiting and Ellen Miller, authors of an illustrated work upon 'The Wild Flowers of the Northeastern States.' Miss Margaret Miller has published a book entitled 'My Saturday Bird Class.' Contributors to magazines and other current literature are Messrs. Robert and Henry B. Fuller, Philip Wynne, Mrs. Madeline Wynne and Misses Julia and Margaret C. Whiting."

[Mrs. Eels, with her accustomed modesty, has omitted her own name from the above list of writers. But she must be ranked as the leader of those furnishing short poems for special occasions, and particularly, as the readers of our published proceedings can testify, to the meetings of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association. Ed.]

FIELD MEETING

OF THE

POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,

AT SYLVAN GROVE, BERNARDSTON, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 9, 1891.

COMMEMORATING THE SETTLEMENT AND HISTORY OF FALLS FIGHT TOWNSHIP.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

1. Singing, by a Select Choir.
2. Address of Welcome to the Association, by Rev. Stillman Barber of Bernardston.
3. Response, by Samuel O. Lamb, Esq., of Greenfield, Vice-President of the Association.
4. Music.
5. Prayer, by Rev. David Strong of Bernardston.
6. Original Ode, by L. J. B. Lincoln of Deerfield.
7. Historical Address, by Mrs. Lucy Cutler Kellogg of Greenfield.
8. Music.

COLLATION.

IN THE AFTERNOON.

Short Addresses, by Members and Guests of the Association, and a Paper by W. C. Severance, on the Settlement of Leyden, with singing interspersed.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:

Hon. Geo. Sheldon, Chairman; L. J. B. Lincoln, Jonathan Johnson, Herbert C. Parsons, for the Association; Stillman Barber, R. L. Crowell, F. B. Burrows, H. A. Slate, E. B. Hale, for the Town of Bernardston.

REPORT.

The Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association held its annual field day at Sylvan grove in Bernardston, Wednesday, September 9, to commem-

orate the origin of Falls Fight township, a tract of land granted by the colony to the survivors of the battle with the Indians that gave Turners Falls its name. The attendance was large and the people enthusiastic. Samuel O. Lamb, Vice-President of the association, presided, in the absence of Hon. George Sheldon, the President; Rev. Stillman Barber gave the address of welcome and the important feature of the day was the historical paper by Mrs. Lucy Cutler Kellogg of Greenfield. An ode written by L. J. B. Lincoln was read, and after the collation, speeches, more or less historical, were delivered by C. W. Severance and David Mowry of Leyden,* Captain George H. Davenport, George W. Davenport, Dr. W. H. Pierce and Hon. A. C. Parsons, singing being furnished by a Bernardston quartette.

The historical interest of the celebration centered upon the grant in 1734 of a tract sufficient for a township, to the survivors of the Falls Fight, a famous episode in the early history of the Connecticut Valley. The fight occurred May 19, 1676, and no story of the heroic period of Massachusetts frontier settlement is more familiar than the surprise sprung upon the Indian village on the west side of the Connecticut, close to the falls, by Captain Turner and his company, after their night's march from Hatfield, the flight of the Indians, the retreat of the military under the fire of the savages, the death of Turner, and the loss of the soldiers in the swamp of northern Deerfield, now Greenfield. No particular event inspired the celebration this week, but the Association accepted Bernardston's invitation and undertook to follow out its declared purpose of awakening interest in local history and saving it from oblivion. The day was a perfect September success as to weather, and the pavilion in the grove was filled throughout the exercises, which began at eleven o'clock with singing by a quartette of excellent singers.

The address of welcome by the Rev. Stillman Barber made the greeting to the association as cordial as words could express. "It is meet," said he, "that I or some other resident of Bernardston should extend the right hand to you, for we stand in the direct line of those who fought the Falls battle. Our lines are 'fallen in pleasant places; yea, we have a goodly heritage.' Our fathers came into a trackless wilderness to build their homes and to lay the foundation of a better civilization than they had known. We enter into the rewards of their labor and enjoy their fruits. What they did was no small work, we have but to look about us and to consider the transformation of the face of the country within our view to realize its smiling fields and its homes filled with plenty. To the memory of those men we have no monuments of stone or brass, but their memorial is before us in the names of their descendants." Mr. Barber then mentioned the names of Bernardston men and families that have become permanent in the

* These addresses I am unable to obtain. [Ed.]

annals of the town or have become memorable elsewhere. They were Powers, the founder of the Powers Institute; Cushman, a family whose most conspicuous member was the Lieutenant Governor, Henry W. Cushman; Allen, a family furnishing Samuel C., the member of Congress for many years, and his distinguished sons, Elisha H., the Sandwich Islands diplomat, Frederick H., who went to Congress from Maine, and others; Newcomb, Brooks, Carpenter, each represented widely now in good and useful men.

Samuel O. Lamb, in his response, spoke the sentiment of the people in regret for the illness of the President of the association, who was absent from its annual field meeting for the first time. He returned thanks for the cordial greeting of the Bernardston people, and stated anew the objects of the association, reading from the constitution. "The last of these objects," said Mr. Lamb, "has been secured; the Memorial Hall has been provided and filled with precious antiquities. So full is it that it will soon need enlargement, and I trust that a fund will be raised to accomplish this necessary object. Those memorials of a time that has vanished are too valuable to be lost, and it should be the rule of every household that no ancient papers or documents should be destroyed, until they have been examined by an expert to discover if they are not worthy of preservation. Again, there are many historical places that it is desirable to mark permanently. There is on record in Greenfield, a deed of land, with the bounds beginning 'a little north of the place where the still of Samuel Pickett used to stand.' I have only known one man who could tell where that still was. It had been a landmark in former days, and it may be that I am the only man that can point to its site to-day. How many are there who know the location of the four forts in Bernardston, important as they are in local and historic interest? How many persons can point to the spot where Joseph Slate was plowing on West Mountain, June 17, 1775, and heard the guns of Bunker Hill, placing his ear to the ground to make sure, and being so well satisfied, that he left home and went to Boston to join the army and serve through the rest of the Revolution? These would be places within Bernardston's limits to mark, that they might forever have 'a local habitation and a name.'"

After another song, Rev. David Strong of Bernardston made a prayer, and the following ode, written for the occasion, was read, its author, L. J. B. Lincoln of Deerfield, being absent.

ODE BY L. J. B. LINCOLN.

It is not ours,
To hold these hills by watch and ward,
By sacrifice of life to guard
Our hearths and churches battle-scarred;
This is not ours.

It is not ours,
To dread each golden sunset's flight,
Forerunning fearsome, direful night,
With burning homes and weary flight;
This is not ours.

Nor is it ours,
To tread the wood-path, green and dim,
With shadows of the savage grim
Lurking 'neath every branch and limb;
This is not ours.

But rather ours,
To meet in village and in wood,
And in uplifting, reverent mood,
To honor that for which *they* stood;
This duty ours.

The historical address by Mrs. Lucy Cutler Kellogg of Greenfield occupied just an hour, in her pleasing delivery. It was an admirable production, reviewing with excellent judgment, as to the value of the facts at her command, the early history of the town, and relieving what was capable of being uninteresting matter, except to the historian, with such a selection of personal incidents, and her own observations, as to make it entertaining to those whose interests were only passive. Mrs. Kellogg is a native of Bernardston, a daughter of Nahum S. Cutler, the Greenfield shoe manufacturer, and a maternal descendant of the Hoyt family of ancient name in the town's annals. Her interest in Bernardston's past was not occasional, as she had been engaged for some time in the preparation of a history of the town for publication.

The poem written for the celebration of the Falls Fight some years ago by J. D. Canning of Gill was read by Homer Chapin. The collation followed, the Bernardston women providing a bountiful table for the invited guests, and the other visitors spreading their own dinners about the grove. The exercises were resumed in the pavilion at two o'clock, and continued for an hour and a half with miscellaneous speaking.

Capt. George H. Davenport, as the first speaker of the afternoon, made things glow with patriotism. C. W. Severance of Leyden read a paper on the early history of his town, telling some good stories and enlarging in passing on the past of the town in Shays's insurrection, and the objects of that singular and short-lived outbreak. Dr. W. H. Pierce of Bernardston followed in a systematic biographical review of the doctors of Bernardston, past and present. He mentioned Dr. Polycarpus Cushman, the head of the family of later fame, who acquired such medical [illegible] in Connecticut, and in 1772 reached Bernardston, where, strange to say, he acquired a large property; Dr. Gideon

Rider, father of W. E. Ryther, as the name is now spelled, who resides in Bernardston, the doctor being remembered by some men still living, and known in history as the first postmaster; Dr. Caleb Chapin, one of a family of noted men, and a successful practitioner, who was opposed to Dr. Rider in politics, and so warmly, that physical arguments had sometimes to be employed; Dr. John Brooks and Dr. Elijah Carpenter, whose contemporaneous terms of practice, both long, successful and honorable, marked an epoch in the town's progress, Dr. Brooks filling, for a time, a double station as physician, and preacher in the Universalist church, a believer in heroic doses; and Dr. Carpenter, whose method of practice was a precedent to the modern idea of only assisting nature in the remedy of disease; Dr. William Dwight, for eighteen years settled here, and followed in confidence and regard to Amherst, where he now practices; Dr. Combs, doctor and druggist as well; Dr. Bowker, for many years, and still a valued resident of the town; Dr. Wheeler, now in California, a contributor during his stay, not only to the health, but greatly to the social delight of the town, a man of more than ordinary ability. Dr. Pierce only indirectly and cautiously referred to himself as the junior in the list of honored physicians, and drew a pleasant picture of Bernardston's doctors as a succession of good and able men. David Mowry of Leyden next read a paper on Leyden's early history. George W. Davenport made a few minutes' sport in his peculiar fashion, and made a display of an antiquated pair of hinged eyeglasses, generations old in the Whithead family. Following him, Hon. A. C. Parsons of Northfield pictured the sufferings of Deerfield and Northfield in their early days, and the injustice of these historic towns, being deprived of territory accorded them in recognition of their trials. He recalled a visit to a camp near Greenfield, of a portion of the tribe of St. Francis Indians, into which had been absorbed the blood of the captives from Deerfield, who had intermarried, but who displayed no modification of their savage characteristics, except in the case of one girl in the camp, whose face and manner had traces of civilization. He paid a tribute to the name of Powers, and passed upon the value to the town of the institute Powers established. In closing he expressed earnest wishes for Bernardston's future, for the success of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, and for the restoration to long-continued usefulness of its President.

A numerous list of speakers was in Mr. Lamb's hands when the approach of train time brought a close to the proceedings. The following poem, written for the occasion by the "Peasant Bard," was not reached, although Mr. Canning was present and would have delivered it himself.

POEM BY JOSIAH D. CANNING.

To-day is all that we can call our own,
For yesterday on pinions swift has flown;
To-morrow is not here,—unborn, unknown;—
To-day is all that we can call our own.

And yet, the God-illumined mind of man
With wise conception has devised a plan
The fleeting phantoms of to-day to hold,
And to inquiring future eyes unfold.

The press, that mighty power, speaks as we spoke;
The camera, the vanished can evoke,
And, favored thus, by their conjoining aid,
Oblivion's darkness is transparent made.

All honor to Pocumtuck's sons! whose zeal
Will to the future what is past reveal;
This noble work, and their unselfish aim
The praise of coming time and men shall claim.

SETTLEMENT OF BERNARDSTON.

BY MRS. LUCY CUTLER KELLOGG.

Members of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association and Friends:—As you are assembled to hold here, for the first time, your annual field day meeting, it seems most appropriate that your attention should be centered upon the history of this locality. By these gatherings in different places, you are accomplishing an important work, and with a degree of thoroughness well-nigh impossible to otherwise obtain. Until the advent of this association, extended systematic historical research in northwestern Massachusetts seemed practically at a standstill, and that, too, in a section most richly stored with valuable materials and reminiscences. Incidents in our daily lives, seemingly most trivial, may, in the light of subsequent developments, assume an unexpected importance; and when we recall that it is the sum total of individual experiences, which in reality constitute the national history, the value of all such circumstances is at once apparent. To many of the elders of this generation, much which I have to present, may, may, must be familiar, but it cannot be otherwise than that history should repeat itself.

Bernardston's early history is peculiarly interesting in that her territory constituted one of the original grants, and the adventures that befell her founders were those experienced by an independent, frontier colony. The origin of the township properly antedates the grant of land made in 1735, by the General Court, 58 years, when, at the present site of Riverside, near Turners Falls, occurred the Falls fight. This was but one of the many combats of King Philip's War, and was provoked by the lawless depredations of the Indians in and about Northampton and Hatfield. It was at the time of the fishing season, and from information received from two escaped captives, it appeared that the Indians, feeling themselves secure from all attacks, had relaxed, somewhat, their accustomed vigilance, and were celebrating a feast. The moment seemed auspicious, and therefore upon the evening of May 18, 1676, a company of volunteers, under command of Capt. William Turner of Boston, marched northward from Hatfield, reaching the sleeping Indian encampment near daylight. Here they silently awaited the advancing dawn, and the first intimation given of their presence was a heavy firing of their muskets into the wigwam doors. The Indians, terrified not only by the suddenness of the onslaught, but also by the supposition that their old enemy, the Mohawks, were upon them, made scarcely a show of resistance, thus enabling the colonists to score a comparatively easy victory. Contemporary writers estimate the Indian losses at 300, while the attacking party escaped with one man killed, and he by mistake, by one of his own comrades. The wigwams and their contents were burned, and the possessions of the Indian blacksmiths, including forges for mending arms, and "two great piggs of lead (intended for making bullets) were thrown into the river." While this was being accomplished, the Indians upon the river above and below gathered and rendered the return march of the conquerors a most harassing one. Capt. Turner was shot near the mouth of the brook upon which now stands Nash's Mills, and the command then devolved upon Capt. Holyoke, to whose skill and bravery the success of the retreat was attributed. The entire loss of the colonists was placed at thirty-eight or thirty-nine.

The services and sufferings of this intrepid band of Capt. Turner's certainly merited a fitting recognition from the government they sought to protect. In November, 1734, presumably the early part of the month, Samuel Hunt of Billerica, in behalf of himself and others, petitioned for a tract of land above Deerfield,

suitable for a township. The reply was dated the 28th of that month, and granted a tract of land six miles square, to the survivors and descendants of the participants of the Falls fight, subject to the following conditions: That within four years the grantee should settle sixty families and have each of them a house eighteen feet square, and five acres of land brought to English grass, or broken up by plowing. That they should build a convenient meetinghouse and settle a learned orthodox minister, lay out a home for the first pastor and another for the ministry, each of which was to be equal to a seventieth part of the township. A lot of 100 acres was to be appropriated for a school and the remainder to be equally divided among those admitted. As we review these conditions, it would almost seem that the grantors exacted full as much as was justifiable, considering the uncivilized condition of the country and its consequent difficulties and inconveniences, but upon a second consideration, we can but admit the necessity of establishing a community—so far removed—sufficiently large to be, in a great measure, self-supporting and, more than all, self-protecting. So far as possible, these conditions were fulfilled, but from the records now extant, there were not sixty families settled within the four years prescribed, although proprietors to that number did give bonds to become inhabitants of the new town. Among these names we recognize those of Atherton, Newcomb, Connable, Scott, Field, Chapin and Burke as being familiar ones in town to-day, while from research in the old place of burial, we gather these, less known, perhaps, who were directly descended from the proprietors: Wright, Bennett, Sikes, Sheldon, Severance and Smead. Among those who settled within the first twenty years of the town's existence, and whose representatives are associated with us daily, occur the well-known names, Cushman, Slate, Allen, Foster, Rider (now Ryther), Hale, Warner, Green and Parmenter. The first census of the town was taken in 1765 when the population numbered 230. In 1760 there were but twenty-five families located there, therefore if the original number of sixty, as called for, did settle, many of them must have removed permanently from the place during the years of war which had intervened. John Stoddard, Joseph Dwight, Charles Church and Samuel Danforth were appointed a committee to receive the claims of all such as should challenge by the grant. This grant included what is now within the limits of Bernardston, Leyden, a portion of Colrain, and a small belt, which was after-

ward proven to have belonged to New Hampshire (which at that time included the territory of the present State of Vermont). A previous grant to a Mr. Fairweather of 500 acres, situated in the east part of the new township, together with the mountains and waste land included, so reduced this in value, that in 1741, as the proprietors increased numerically, they petitioned for and received another tract not yet covered by any prior grants. Concerning who Mr. Fairweather was, or what was the occasion of his having received this grant, neither the records searched nor tradition bears witness.

Considering the circumstances of its origin, what could be more appropriate than that the name of Fall Town should be bestowed, thus commemorating the Falls fight of a half century before. This name the hamlet retained until its formal incorporation as a town in 1762, at which time the name of Bernardstown was adopted in honor of Gov. Bernard, a Provincial Governor of Massachusetts Colony under King George the Third of England. From this name by contraction is derived the present name of Bernardston.

The grant was confirmed January 21, 1736, and six days later, January 27, according to a notification issued by the House of Representatives, the proprietors held their first meeting at the house of Benjamin Stebbins at Northampton. Ebenezer Pomeroy was chosen moderator and proprietors' clerk. Thomas Wells, Esq., Samuel Field and Jonathan Hoit of Deerfield were elected a committee to view the location of the new town, get it surveyed and prepare a plan subject to the acceptance of the proprietors and ultimately to confirmation by the General Court. The land was laid out in four divisions; the first was planned in such manner that each proprietor received a home lot of not less than fifty acres, exclusive of all meadow lands. The committee having this division in charge was Ichabod Allice of Hatfield, Wm. Dickeson of Hadley, Hezekiah Wright of Northampton, Samuel Field, Benjamin Mun, Jonathan Hoit and Eleazer Hawks of Deerfield. A commendable spirit of fairness and honorable dealing with each other was most excellently portrayed by the minute instructions given these gentlemen. Among other things they were particularly requested to note in all cases the quality of the land, and wherever they found that which seemed inferior, to offset the same by an additional quantity, that all might be as nearly equal as possible. According to the instructions given by the General Court, a plan of the township was prepared by Surveyor Nathaniel Kel-

logg and presented by the proprietors to Ensign Jonathan Hoit for safe-keeping. At a subsequent meeting it was ordered to be passed to Mr. Elijah Williams. June 13, 1739, Messrs. Williams and Kellogg were desired to prepare a plan upon parchment of the first division home and meadow lots. July 2, 1807, this parchment plan was referred to by Epaphras Hoyt of Deerfield as being used by himself in preparing a plan of that portion of the town known as "Frizzell Hill," and which was a part of the territory set off as Leyden. A communication from William Tudor, Secretary of the Commonwealth in 1808, and found among Gov. Cushman's papers, states that the original papers on file between the years 1734 and 1737, and also the plats of grants had been examined and that no "location of a township of the contents of six miles square, granted to Samuel Hunt and others northward of the Town of Deerfield, in the unappropriated lands of the province of Massachusetts Bay has been found." This letter of Mr. Tudor's, together with the fact that diligent search and inquiry has proven fruitless, strongly indicates the non-existence of the original plan, unless it was placed on file at a much later date. A plan drawn by Dr. Caleb Chapin is now in the possession of his grandson, Mr. S. W. Chapin of this town, and is an interesting and valuable document. That this plan must have been made at a much later date is evidenced by its containing all the four divisions of land.

In 1734, there had ninety-seven proven their claims to a proprietorship in the new town, consequently it was deemed advisable that the land be divided into one hundred lots, ninety-seven proprietary and three to be known as public lots, *i. e.*, devoted to the use of the church and school. The minister's lot chosen was No. 6, the school lot No. 60, the ministry lot No. 26. Thus we see that amid the hardships incident to the settling of a new and hostile country, our sturdy ancestors did not for a moment lose sight of the fact that in a religious and educational development lay the means of facilitating their own and their country's progress.

The importance attached to the early establishment of a place of worship is indicated by its being made one of the conditions of the grant. At a meeting held in Deerfield in June, 1739, the proprietors voted to build a meetinghouse which should be fifty feet long, forty wide and twenty-three between joints; and in the summer of 1739, two years after the arrival of the first settlers, the church was constructed. It was located on the south part of

Huckle Hill, just south of the farm now owned by Mr. John Field, and probably near the center of population at that time. The building was but partially finished inside and no money expended on what would now be considered the most necessary adjuncts. In October, 1740, it was voted that £20 be paid out of the proprietor's treasury for the support of preaching the ensuing winter, and at an adjourned meeting that "a committee be chosen to cut the brush and burn them ten rods around the meetinghouse." September 23, 1741, was rendered memorable by the proprietors holding their first meeting within the limits of their new township, at the house of Lieut. Ebenezer Sheldon. At this meeting it was determined to settle a pastor and out of the forty-eight votes cast Rev. John Norton (a native of Berlin, Conn.) received forty-seven. A committee, with Eleazer Hawks as chairman, was chosen to confer with Mr. Norton and draw up plans for his settlement. The terms proposed were, the seventieth part of the township, the use of the ministry lot during his pastorate, and £200 to be paid, one half in money and one half in work or materials for building within one year. His salary was placed at £130 yearly for the first five years, and then to advance £5 per annum until it should amount to £170 a year, the bills to equal silver at 29s an ounce, and his firewood brought to his door. These proposals as drafted by the committee were accepted by the proprietors and ultimately by Mr. Norton. He was settled November 25, 1741, the exercises occurring at Deerfield, and at this time the present Unitarian Church of Bernardston was organized. The ordination sermon was preached by Rev. Jonathan Ashley. It was published and the only known copy is to be found in your rooms at Deerfield.

The years 1744–1748 will be remembered as marking the duration of King George's War against the French and Spanish. Previous to this time there had been a few settlements made at Fall Town. The first four houses, or forts, as they were called, were located as follows: At what is now North Bernardston stood Mr. Samuel Connable's Fort. On Burke Flat was the Burke Fort, on the site now occupied by the house opposite Mr. Frank Slate's. Lieut. Ebenezer Sheldon's Fort was in the east part of the town between the Huckle Hill road and the Robert Cushman farm, while the Deacon Sheldon Fort stood upon Huckle Hill, near the Seorem Slate place. The construction of these forts was much the same as of others of the colonial period; they were built of hewn logs,

provided with portholes and watchtowers. In fact every precaution possible was taken to guard against the peculiarities of the Indian warfare, to which a frontier settlement, as Fall Town then was, must necessarily be exposed. One method of escape as devised by Samuel Connable in his fort was related by his grandson, Joseph Connable, to the late Gov. Cushman in 1835, as follows: "In the northeast room of the house in one corner of the floor were certain short boards. Originally these were left unnailed and were concealed by a bed, so that in case of a sudden Indian attack these might be displaced at a moment's warning, a secret escape made into the cellar and thence by a private way. By this means the inmates hoped to be saved from a capture and merciless destruction by the Indian foe. According to Gov. Cushman, these forts formed a part of a cordon or line of defence, extending from Fort Dummer on Connecticut river in Vernon to Dea. Sheldon's Fort on Huckle Hill, thence to a fort in Colrain, Morrison's Fort, and thence across Hoosac Mountain to Fort Massachusetts in Adams."

During this war there are no records either of meetings or settlements by the proprietors, and this circumstance, together with formal oral testimony and the known hostility of the Indians throughout the colonies, leads to the conclusion that the settlers either returned to more thickly populated districts, or betook themselves to the forts for better protection. Because of the "trouble of the times," Mr. Norton was invited to "remove from the ministry in this town for the present." During one year of this war the government stationed a sergeant and eight men at both Burke's Fort and Dea. Sheldon's Fort. Maj. Burke held the office of sergeant and had command of a fort and soldiers. During an attack by the Indians, in 1747, he was wounded, there being but two men with him at the time. Their small force, however, did not prevent their repulsing the foe and mortally wounding two. During this struggle the wives of Maj. Burke and Serg. Caleb Chapin loaded each two guns until the barrels were so hot they could not bear their hands upon them. Thus in times of war as well as peace, did these fearless women prove themselves indeed helpmeets. In 1746, the Dea. Sheldon Fort was the scene of hostilities. One day Lieut. Sheldon at his fort heard the report of guns and rightly concluded that Dea. Sheldon's Fort was undergoing an attack. There being but two or three men with him they mounted their horses, and with their muskets, their constant com-

panions, rode hastily to the assistance of their brethren in danger. Having arrived near the place he found the Indians so numerous that to fight them openly would be folly and ensure his own defeat. Here the quick, penetrating mind of the warrior is seen in the stratagem he laid. Being within hearing of the fort but concealed by the woods, he began to give his commands to his men in a loud voice and to ride from one direction to another as though he had a large force with him, directing the other men that were with him to do the same. The stratagem succeeded admirably. The Indians, supposing they were attacked by a force superior to their own, soon began their retreat, and with their accustomed war-whoop and setting fire to one house, left the brave Lieut. Sheldon and the people of the fort free from further molestation.

July 15, 1747, Eliakim, son of Lieut. Sheldon, while at work in a field just without the walls of the fort, was fired upon, receiving wounds from which he died the following night. His body was buried near by, beside the present road leading to Huckle Hill.

1754 marks the beginning of the French and Indian War which brought terror and desolation to so many homes in the Connecticut Valley. Fall Town suffered, as did so many towns, although not to so great an extent. In so much danger were the inhabitants that they again removed to the forts for better protection, most of them going to the Burke Fort. Those who lived there for the ensuing five years were Maj. John Burke, Samuel Connable and James Couch (one family), Lieut. John Severance, Zebulon Allen, David Rider, Sr., Caleb Chapin, John Foster, Deacon Aaron Field and Deacon Sheldon, in all about fifty persons. This fort is described as being about six rods square and with pickets ten feet high. It contained eight houses and the people who sought refuge there were indeed fortunate in not being molested. In connection with this war there are two incidents well worthy of perpetuation; the first shows the self-sacrifice and forethought for others so often required, and the second the courage so often displayed by the mothers of the race.

In 1755 a regiment was raised in western Massachusetts by Col. Ephraim Williams, the founder of Williams College. In one of the companies of that regiment were Serg. Caleb Chapin and his sons, Joel and Hezekiah Chapin of Bernardston. The principal seat of the war at this time was in the vicinity of Lake George. Col. Williams's regiment was ordered to make an attack on the French forces under Baron Dieskau. In passing through a ravine

the regiment was ambuscaded by French and Indians, defeated, and Col. Williams killed. In the fight which succeeded, Serg. Chapin and his sons kept together for some time, but being wounded the strength of the former began to fail and realizing that his sons remaining with him meant, for them, certain death, he sternly commanded them to leave him to his fate, saying, "Go and save yourselves. Your lives are more useful than mine. Go and take care of your mother and her family. Go at once and God bless you all." By this most noble and heroic act of Serg. Chapin the lives of his sons were saved. They returned the next day to find him near where they had left him, dead and scalped, with the tomahawk buried in his head. The instrument of death was preserved, and some years ago presented to Gov. Cushman, who in turn deposited it at the rooms of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester.

Among the early settlers was Zebulon Allen, who, with his family resided in a log house. One summer day, having loaded his gun, he went out to his cornfield, within as he supposed a safe distance from his house, leaving his wife and two or three small children. Having completed her household tasks, Mrs. Allen began spinning flax. Upon hearing a slight noise at an open window behind her, she turned and to her horror beheld two Indians dressed in warrior's costume, and armed with guns and knives. Instantly recognizing the utter impossibility of either defence or flight, also the uselessness of attempting to alarm her husband, she by a seemingly superhuman effort, returned to her work, which she pursued apparently as calmly as before. To her unspeakable relief the unwelcome visitors soon glided away as noiselessly as they had approached. Thus by sagacity, heroism and self-control did Mrs. Allen preserve the lives of herself and little ones. A possible explanation of the unusual conduct of the Indians may be found in the fact that they, being cunning and wary themselves, and consequently looking for stratagem in others, may have imagined from Mrs. Allen's unlooked-for and unusual demeanor that they were threatened by some near and unseen danger and judged discretion to be the better part of valor. These two incidents forcibly illustrate the many and great dangers through which the inhabitants of the town passed during the first twenty years of its settlement. Between the years 1755 and 1760 there are no existing records. About the latter date peace again reigned and the settlers again resumed their wonted occupations, removing

to their homes so long deserted. In 1760 there were twenty-five families in town, located as follows: In district No. 1, Serg. Joseph Allen, Zebulon Allen and Caleb Chapin; No. 2, Remembrance Sheldon, Joshua Wells (P. L. Cushman's place), Lieut. Rider, Serg. John Foster, Lieut. Howe (on Gamaliel Kingsley's place), Capt. Scott and Mr. Frizzell; No. 3, Samuel Connable and James Couch; No. 4, Maj. John Burke, Dr. Ezekiel Foster and Benjamin Green, the latter a settler that year; No. 5, Job Wright, Joel, Hezekiah, Selah and David Chapin, Deacon Ebenezer Sheldon, Aaron Field, and Lieut. John Severance; No. 6, Capt. Amasa and Elijah Sheldon, Charles Coats and Moses Tute (elsewhere spoken of as "Old Tute").

Since the removal of Mr. Norton at the beginning of the Indian troubles, there had been no settled pastor. March 5, 1761, it was voted to extend a call to Rev. Job Wright of Easthampton, and to offer him, in addition to his regular salary of £66 13 *s.* 8 *d.* in money and his firewood, the sum of £133 6 *s.* 8 *d.* The succeeding May the committee reported Mr. Wright's acceptance of the call and July 1, 1761, was chosen as the date of his ordination. One committee was appointed to provide entertainment for the expected guest, and another to carry and lay "3000 of board" in the galleries of the church that people might "set with more conveniency." Although but twenty-three years of age at the time of his settlement, Mr. Wright's long pastorate of twenty-one years proved his worthiness for his chosen profession. At its close he remained in Bernardston, identifying himself closely with her interests, and in return, recognized by her citizens as one of their most useful and honored residents. At his decease, his remains were interred in the old cemetery of this place, but were later removed to the new place of burial.

Up to this date the territory including Bernardston, Leyden, and a part of Colrain had been known as Fall Town. Now the question of incorporation arose and speedily found many adherents, the settlers feeling no doubt, that if they were invested with the privileges arising from a town government, they would be materially benefited and taxes lightened. The result of this agitation was that an act of incorporation was passed in the House of Representatives, and the council, on the 5th day of March, 1762, receiving the next day the signature of the Governor. At the same time, as a recompense for the land surrendered to New Hampshire, a grant of 7,544 acres was made, which land is now within the

township of Florida, upon Hoosac Mountain. Bernardston now took its place beside other towns in the state, and its first town meeting was called in the church, on Tuesday, May 11, 1762, with Mr. Joseph Allen as moderator, but beyond the choice of moderator no business was transacted until the adjourned meeting a few days later. We can readily imagine the feelings with which the town received the news of its establishment. Naturally a friendly spirit of criticism and comparison with its neighbors of a like age might have been indulged in, and quite likely some degree of rivalry as regards the town officers was witnessed, tempered perhaps by the fact that there were more officers and a less number of aspirants for them then than now. At this time, in most places, only church members were eligible to vote, and so long as but the one society was in existence, church and town matters were all adjusted at the annual town meetings. Indeed, at these meetings the people in their corporate capacity endeavored to regulate all which ever did, or was in any manner ever likely to occur within the limits of their jurisdiction. Bernardston's town officers for the year 1762 were: Town clerk, Major John Burke (which office he held 22 years); town treasurer, Dea. Ebenezer Sheldon; selectmen and assessors, Maj. Burke, Moses Scott, Remembrance Sheldon; constable, Aaron Field; tithingman, Joseph Allen; wardens, James Couch, Remembrance Sheldon; surveyors of highway, David Ryder, Moses Scott, Samuel Hastings; deer-reaves, James Tute, Samuel Hastings; hog-reaves, Moses Scott, John Foster, Joel Chapin; fence viewers (for which office it was the custom to choose the tallest men), Samuel Connable, Joel Chapin; sealer of weights and measures, Serg. John Severance. The next year the offices of surveyor of wheat and of shingles and clapboards were added. In 1764, Maj. John Burke was elected to represent the town's interest in the General Court. Bernardston did well to thus honor one of her founders, and one who had always done so much for her protection. He probably did "more for the improvement of the town and for advancing its reputation than any other man. He went through all the regular grades of military offices from that of corporal to that of major, and let it be remembered a military title in those days was a mark of superiority."

In 1768, the question of moving the meetinghouse was agitated. As the west part of the town became more thickly populated, its inhabitants felt that their convenience ought to be consulted in

some degree. Practically the town was divided into two districts, each striving for the supremacy. At that time they were not able to reach a decision, but in 1772 the subject was revived and a committee chosen from abroad, consisting of Capt. Joseph Root of Montague, Capt. Nathaniel Dwight of Belchertown, and Capt. Wm. Lyman of Northfield. They, having no personal interests to consult, chose a spot about half a mile south of the original site, near the house now owned by Albert Chapin, and thither the building was removed in December. As the original records expressed it, "Mr. Samuel Connable shall have the whole ordering of the affair with respect to drawing the meetinghouse. It was moved whole, by means of capstans and rollers, and by men alone, the time occupied being about a month. The ground over which it was moved was hilly and rough, ill-suited in every way for such an undertaking, and much credit is due Mr. Connable's skill in bringing the affair to so successful a termination. The church now stood about fifty rods west of Rev. Job Wright's residence, and here it remained till 1791, in the mean time having the interior nearly finished. In 1779, it was voted to nail up the windows, put on the boards that had come off the building to "make it more comfortable," also that "ye windows in the lower part be made so as to slip up." As the town grew and became more evenly populated, the question of a second remove was brought forward, and in 1788 a committee was appointed to determine the center of the town. March, 1791, saw a new location agreed upon and £150 raised to carry on the work of removal. This time the building was taken down, moved and put up again in the same shape and size. Dea. Jonathan Sheldon, Hezekiah Newcomb, Esq., and James Couch were the ones having the matter in charge. The church was near the point of intersection of three roads, and near the subsequent residence of two of its ministers,—Revs. Cook and Rogers. It was finished off inside and furnished with a pulpit and thirty square pews. There was also a gallery for the accommodation of the choir and children. The latter were not allowed places by their parents, that being considered improper. They were accordingly placed in the gallery, the boys on one side and the girls on the other, while order was enforced by the tithingman. Whether the youth of the congregation gleaned more of benefit from the sermons in those days, and under such discipline, remains an ethical problem to be solved. Among Gov. Cushman's papers is found this comment upon the structure: "The meetinghouse

as at last completed had one appendage which we in this possible degenerate age (?) have entirely omitted. I refer to the circular 'sounding-board' suspended over the preacher's head in the pulpit. I remember well in my early days the very natural inquiry, for what possible purpose that could be placed there. And the only satisfactory answer (the science of acoustics I was not quite old enough to understand) was that if the minister did not preach sound doctrine, it would fall on him and crush him to atoms. How far it kept the clergy of that period from the adoption of any heresy, neither the church records nor the traditions of the time give any reliable information." For thirty-three years the church remained untouched by the builders, except that in accordance with a vote in 1794, it was "colored yellow."

The annals of the town have now been briefly brought down to the momentous Revolutionary period; a period fraught with dangers and deeds of patriotism never to be obliterated. The beginning of this war properly marks the commencement of a new epoch, and perhaps one of more general interest to us, occurring as it does within the recollection of some of our childhood associates. The people of this town have always been zealous for the cause of liberty, and in the colonial struggle we can but recount with pride the part taken. Although the town had scarcely recovered from the effects of the Indian wars, it raised its full quota of soldiers and furnished largely of funds and provisions. They were among the first to resist by force the oppression of a foreign power and to plant the tree of liberty in a soil which they had defended by their arms and which had been watered by their blood. In common with their countrymen, their motto was, "We determine to die or be free." Truth compels us to record the existence of six Tories in town, but in the face of so much enthusiasm their sentiments were kept to themselves. At this time Bernardston numbered not far from 500 inhabitants. January 30, 1775, when war was an almost assured event, a committee of inspection was appointed, consisting of John Connable, Elisha Burnham, Joseph Slate, Joel Chapin and James Couch. Aaron Field, Elisha Burnham, Stephen Webster, Jonathan Sheldon and Hezekiah Newcomb comprised a committee of correspondence. Later these two committees were united and were as follow: 1776, Capt. Elisha Burnham, Aaron Field, Lieut. Joseph Slate, Daniel Newcomb, Caleb Chapin; 1777, Capt. Elisha Burnham, Major John Burke, Remembrance Sheldon, Stephen Webster, Joel Chapin, James Couch, Jonathan Sheldon. In May

of this year a second committee was chosen and authority was transferred to them. They were Capt. Elisha Burnham, Lieut. Daniel Newcomb, Serg. Elijah Kingsley, Lieut. Severance; 1778, Lieut. David Ryther, Thomas Edwards, Jason Parmenter, Elijah Kingsley, William Fox; 1779, John Connable, Jason Parmenter, Elijah Kingsley; 1780, Lieut. Joseph Slate, Lieut. Joel Chapin, Samuel Hastings. These committees were possessed of almost unlimited power; they could cause the arrest of suspected persons, or their confinement within the limits of their farms, as, we are told, in some cases they did. In 1776, they made an example of one, Jacob Orcutt, who was found guilty of altering a 6 penny bill to a 6 pound note. He was tried before the committee of safety of that year and sentenced to receive thirty lashes on the bare back at the hands of the constable, Samuel Connable. The courage of the latter proved unequal to the task, and the punishment was finally administered by Lieut. Ezekiel Foster. This occurred in May at Major Burke's house. After the chastisement the culprit was given a glass of rum and—it is needless to add—quickly took his departure.

Eleven pounds, 5 *s.* 2 *d.*, a sum equal to the province tax, was ordered raised and paid into the town treasury, there to remain until ordered out by the town. The Provincial Congress urged that the towns and districts within the State hasten to comply with the important demands laid upon them. Then, May 10, 1775, the collectors in town were instructed to gather the province money within three weeks and pay it over to Henry Gardner, Esq., of Stowe. They further showed their patriotism by voting that the province rate of all enlisted persons, or of those who might enlist during the year, should also be forwarded to Mr. Gardner. Sixteen men were to be secured to serve in the continental army in addition to those already in the campaign at Cambridge. The names of those from our town, given collectively, cannot be found, but from a careful perusal of the treasurer's book we learn that some who served their country, or hired substitutes, at this time, were Jabez Dennison, Henry Lee, Samuel Connable, Benjamin Cook, Ebenezer Nims, Ezekiel Foster, Samuel Green, Lieut. John Severance's son Daniel, Daniel Davis, Owen Briggs, Records Wilbur, Daniel Chapin, Samuel Guild, Isaac Smith. Joseph Hale or Benoni Brown and Moses Scott, each received £10 10 *s.* for the hire of soldiers. These were presumably the sixteen men secured, and this only a month after the battle of Lexington. It was also voted at this

time that "those persons who took powder from the common stock last spring in the alarm (undoubtedly the Lexington alarm) and returned home soon after from Cambridge, are to be accountable to the town for the same."

Soon after, June 17, 1775, occurred the battle of Bunker Hill, the news of which rapidly spread throughout the colonies. All the peaceful arts were laid aside and every one assumed the defensive. "Almost every man old enough to carry a musket repaired without delay to the vicinity of the action. An example of this kind occurred within less than a mile from this place, a fact which, though it may seem to border on the marvelous, is, however, well authenticated. Captain Joseph Slate, a hero of the French and Indian war, was plowing that self-same day on West Mountain. At different times during the day he heard, or thought he heard, the sound of cannonading, although at the distance of 100 miles. Often he applied his ear to the ground to satisfy himself. He predicted that that day blood was again spilt in defence of his country. And he was right. So sure was he that he heard firing, that before night he left his plow and went to Deerfield to learn the fact, and the next day was on his way towards Boston, where he remained most of the season. Those who read this statement may be disposed to think that in this instance 'coming events cast their shadows before,' and that something akin to a spirit of prophecy might have stirred the blood and quickened the ears of the brave old soldier. I content myself with recording the fact without undertaking to explain it. If it proves nothing else it proves the feverish excitement to which men's minds had been worked up." (Gov. Cushman.)

Capt. Caleb Chapin commanded a company of four months' men in Col. Ezra Badlam's regiment, and from the old pay roll until recently in possession of a descendant, L. P. Chapin of Bernardston (and by him donated to the P. V. M. A.) are gathered the names of some who quickly responded to their country's summons. Among these there are comparatively few Bernardston names to be found, although doubtless most of them came from this vicinity. The records—meagre though they are—are sufficient to show that Bernardston has no cause to feel otherwise than proud of her part in the country's crisis. Appropriations of money and drafts were frequently made and in the aggregate would have done much credit to an older and more thickly populated community.

In February, 1778, the town voted £50, nominal value $167, as

bounty to any person enlisting for a term of eight months. Owing to a depreciation in continental currency at this time the real value was not far from $35. In the succeeding May it was voted to pay for all rations for those sent from town to serve in the army. July 6 of that year it was voted that Serg. Joseph Allen and Corp. William Fox be allowed to join the army, also that Maj. Stephen Webster receive the sum of £63—or about $50—for serving eight months in the militia ; that the west part of the town make Joshua Wells, Jr., a reasonable satisfaction for serving as a militia soldier for eight months, and that they furthermore find one man as a military soldier for six months to go to Albany, as their proportion of the two drafts before the last spring.

September 8, 1778, a company of thirty men under command of Major John Burke—he then acting as captain—was ordered "to be ready equipped with arms and ammunition upon any emergency to oppose our enemy." Again in June, 1780, it was decreed that nine men should be engaged in the war six months and that they should receive 40 shillings ($6.67) per month silver money or "wheat, rye, Indian corn, wool, flax, neat cattle, or sheep, at silver money prices." The next month—July—thirteen additional men were called for, but who they were is unknown.

The response for provisions for their fellow citizens and countrymen was equally ready and generous. In 1775 there were sent 445 pounds of bread and 116 pounds of pork to Capt. Agrippa Wells's company, while in October, 1780, in accordance with a call made by the General Assembly were forwarded 3,360 pounds of beef, and the ensuing January, 6,454 pounds additional were sent. All of this added to the amount of the province taxes levied, constituted a heavy demand upon the resources of our ancestors, but one which, by their uncompromising integrity and fervent belief in their own and their country's rights, they were enabled to meet most heroically.

When the formation of the new government was projected Capt. Elisha Burnham was chosen to represent the town in the General Assembly of the State, and to him at a later date were given instructions respecting the Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union of the American States. Two years later, April 15, 1778, the draft of the constitution was received, and that its import was foreign to the views of the people is shown by there being but 15 votes, out of a total of 71, cast for its acceptance. August 19, 1779, the question of voting for a new constitution or form of

government came up again, and this time there were 68 for and 2 against it. The representative for the next year was empowered to vote for the calling of a State Convention for the sole purpose of forming a new constitution provided that when one is formed it shall be sent back to the people and if two thirds are for it, it shall be established, and if more than one third are against it, then it shall become null and void. The fall following a convention was called at Cambridge for the purpose of forming a constitution. To this convention Bernardston declined to send a delegate. July 14 of that year a similar convention had been held at Concord, the transactions of which were obnoxious to our good people. They accordingly chose a committee to "write the committee of convention to convene at Concord the first Wednesday of October next and show reasons for their disproval of the doings of the convention." Capt. Elisha Burnham, Lieut. John Severance and Robert Riddle constituted this committee. May 10, 1780, 30 out of 39 voted for the "third Article in the bill of Rights," and 26 out of 29 favored the remaining articles of the constitution. Thus we see the constant self-sacrifice and the ready responses made for and to the demands of the war. In exchange for these came the merited satisfaction and pride in a self-formed government. No longer must the people bow themselves to a monarch's caprice. In matters social, civil or religious they were answerable only to their own people and the official whom they chose to place in power.

In 1780 the assessors returned for Bernardston 33,477 acres, from which a deduction of 5,000 acres was made for ponds, rivers and unimproved lands, leaving 28,477 acres, ratable at £12,489 12 *s.* The value of the grain on hand was £117 4 *s.* The polls returned were 119, while the houses numbered 117.

Scarcely had peace been regained after the fiercely contested Revolution before Massachusetts, especially the western counties, was called upon to suppress the "Shays Rebellion." In the feverish condition of mind succeeding the war many did not comprehend the exact situation of public affairs and it needed but one bold and unscrupulous enough to assume the command to obtain a ready following of insurgents, and such a leader was found in the person of Daniel Shays, who was born in Hopkinton, Mass., 1747, and died in Sparta, N. Y., in 1825. Although not prominently connected with the first movements of the rebellion, he was finally placed in command, not impossibly because of his having become somewhat familiar with martial duties while serving as sergeant at

Bunker Hill, and afterwards as captain in the Revolutionary army. There were numerous causes assigned by the insurrectionists for their action, among which were the following: that the salary paid the Governor was too high, the Senate was aristocratic, the lawyers extortionate, and most of all, the existence of partial taxation, especially as applied to Western Massachusetts. As a redress of their grievances they demanded an issue of paper money and the removal of the General Court from Boston. An effort was made by the authorities to allay their discontent by the abatement of certain back taxes and debts, but without success. In August, 1786, the trouble began, the malcontents having as one of their primary objects, the abolishment of the courts, beginning thus early to assail the power of the government so recently established, and that too, at such a cost to human life. Enough of victory favored the rebelling forces to enable them to carry on the insurrection until the last of the February following, when the movement was quelled and the leaders fled. This affair is of local interest inasmuch as among Shays's followers were some from Bernardston. In an engagement at Springfield, in the beginning of 1787, the troops for the defence, under command of Gen. Shepard, fired upon the Shays party, killing four, Messrs. Spicer, of Leyden, Ezekiel Root, of Bernardston, Hunter, of Shelburne, and Webster, of Gill. This repulse, followed closely by the retreat to Pelham and the desertion of many of their number, dispersed the already confused mob. Their leaders fled the State and the insurgents themselves were speedily brought in by the cavalry. In attempting to secure one, Jason Parmenter, of Bernardston, in the east part of the town, fired upon one of the capturing party, killing Jacob Walker of Whately. Parmenter was tried, convicted and sentenced to the gallows. All the preparations were made and the criminal brought out, ready for execution in accordance with Gov. Hancock's orders. Then, and not until then, was a pardon produced and read, and this pardon was afterward extended to Shays and his leaders.

About 1770, settlements began to be made in the extreme west part of the town, the first on what is now known as "Frizzle Hill," in Leyden, by a Mrs. Frizzle. About this same time "Beaver Meadow" was also first inhabited. In 1779, according to a vote of the town, all their possessions west of Green river, comprising 2,576 acres, were set off to Colrain. This territory had always proven a source of annoyance, as the residents were

unwilling to attend town meetings or pay taxes to Bernardston. They had applied for annexation to Colrain, but hitherto the parent town had successfully opposed this. Now they gave their assent and by an act of the Legislature in 1779, it became a part of Colrain. During this same year, dissensions which had been constantly increasing between the east and west parts of the town, reached a climax and it was voted that the territory east of Green River be divided into two districts. This was done by the Legislature in 1784 and the western part was known as the district of Leyden, there not being inhabitants enough to constitute a township. This district still continued to unite with Bernardston in their choice of a representative, but their town officers were chosen independently. After being thus shorn of her territory Bernardston's town limits were narrowed down to four and one half miles on the north and east, five on the south and five and five eighths on the west, according to a survey made in 1830 by order of the Legislature.

Returning again to the ecclesiastical history, we find that the third pastor in Bernardston was Rev. Amasa Cook, who remained in charge of the church until 1805. In 1809, Rev. Timothy Rogers was settled as his successor, and it was under his teachings that the society changed from the Calvinistic to the Unitarian doctrines. In 1824, following the town's concentration, the church was again taken down and rebuilt upon its present site, Major Orra Sheldon being the architect and builder. To Rev. Mr. Rogers must also be given the honor of founding the Sunday school library. He originated the idea and gave $5 as a nucleus of the library fund, asking that the society contribute the sum of $10, which they did. Could the founders of the church view it to-day, with all its modern conveniences and comforts, great would be their astonishment, and with their strict, puritanical ideas, it would be doubtful if they would consider some of our modern places of worship as justifying the end sought. When we consider that in former times such a thing as heating the house of God was unknown, the difference between the past and present is the more striking. The nearest neighbors were expected to furnish coals for the foot stoves at noon, during the moderately cold weather, while in mid-winter, when the cold became too intense, services were held in private dwellings, and at the annual town meetings places were appointed for the purpose.

Chronologically the Baptist society ranks second. January 7,

1782, the town voted "that those persons who are professed Baptists and have attended that particular form of worship, shall be freed from paying minister's taxes, so long back as they have been of the Baptist persuasion and have attended said worship." Up to this date there having been but the one religious society, all were taxed alike for the support of the common church. This vote of the town indicates their willingness to extend to others what they themselves sought in their emigration from England — freedom to worship according to the dictates of one's own conscience. Such toleration of new sects or denominations was not then so common and renders this incident all the more praiseworthy. In 1789 a Baptist society was organized and the year following a church built on the "east corner of Meetinghouse and Church Streets," near the present Philander Slate place. The same year Elder Levi Hodge was ordained as their first pastor. Subsequently the church — a small, one-story building — was sold, the society having grown much smaller, because of internal dissensions, and the meetings were finally discontinued. January 1, 1808, an ecclesiastical council met at the house of Wm. Fox and measures were taken for the reorganization of the society and thirteen subscribed themselves as members. As evidence of their prosperity in 1817 a new church was built a few rods west of the former one. The interior remained unfinished until about 1835. This may perhaps be accounted for in some degree by the parish records, which show that from 1822 to 1831 the society was without a settled pastor, and during this time the Congregationalists met with them, each furnishing preaching half of the time, when they could do so. About 1835 the building was completed and used until 1851, when it was sold and is now owned by Mrs. Ashley and occupied as a dwelling. In the summer of 1851 the present house of worship was erected and dedicated December 10, 1851.

The greater number of the original members of the Orthodox Congregational Society belonged to the first Congregational Church and withdrew from that when it became identified as being of the Unitarian faith. Clinging to the religion endeared to them by long association and training, they soon sought a new home where they might carry out its observance. With this end in view a council was called at the house of Hon. Job Goodale — now owned by Willis Stratton — at which Rev. Samuel Taggart was chosen moderator, and resulting in the formation of a society, January 9, 1823,

with fifteen members. Not owning a place of worship an arrangement was made with the Baptist society whereby they obtained the use of their church alternate Sabbaths. In 1835, Judge Goodale erected a small building, just east of his residence, securing to them the land by will. It was dedicated August 18, 1831, a sermon being preached by Rev. Aretas Loomis of Colrain. Judge Goodale also gave to the society the parsonage and the adjacent building, then known as Goodale Academy. The latter was disposed of, together with the greater portion of the land bequeathed. In 1846, the church was thoroughly repaired and enlarged, some of the alterations being executed in a novel manner. A belfry was added, within which, through the generosity of Mrs. Lydia Goodale (widow of Judge Goodale), a bell was soon placed. The church was rededicated July 2, 1846.

The early history of the Methodist society it is well-nigh impossible to obtain, from the fact that the first church records were destroyed by the burning of a dwelling within which they were kept. This loss is greatly to be deplored, as much of value and interest is irrevocably gone. It is known that a Methodist class was formed in town as early as 1799, but of its prosperity tradition does not say. From that time until 1831 all facts are lost. Probably there were some devotees of that denomination, although not enough to enable them to found a church. According to the historical notes now extant, the first record of Methodism in town is found in an old class book bearing the date of 1831, at which time Humphrey Hains and Philo Hawks were the ministers, Orange Scott, presiding elder, and Joseph Connable, leader. In May, 1842, the members and friends of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Bernardston met at the house of Hosea Aldrich and formed themselves into a society of twenty-one members. In 1852, the church was built during the pastorate of Rev. Solomon Cushman. The land upon which the church stood was purchased of Miss Mary Chamberlain and the building erected by Philip Traver of Greenfield. It was completed and presented July 1, 1852, to the following named gentlemen, trustees of the society: John Nelson, Charles S. Park, R. Park, Jr., T. P. Slate and H. Smith.

The Universalist society was gathered in 1820 and three years later the church was built, but a distinct church organization was not effected until many years later.

In 1769 there was some discussion as to the foundation of a school system, but nothing seems to have been accomplished until

December, 1770, when £6 were appropriated for the use of a school and the town fathers were instructed to provide a teacher and appoint a time and place for keeping the school. Two years later it was voted to "raise 1 *s.* 6 *d.* for each scholar," which made a sum of £7 10 *s.* Boys from 6 to 16, and girls from 6 to 12 years of age were to be reckoned as scholars. The places assigned for the schools to be kept were Remembrance Sheldon's, Serg. John Severance's and Samuel Connable's houses. The people in the west part of the town were privileged to support a school wheresoever they could agree. Nothing appears to have been done further until 1784, when it was ordered that the town be divided into four school districts, and that each one should, at its own expense, build a schoolhouse. In 1786, appropriation of £20 was made, the first for educational purposes since 1772. From such humble beginnings did the present efficient school system, in which the town takes such justifiable pride, spring.

Concerning our progenitors many interesting anecdotes might be given would time admit. From the carefully kept town records much of value and interest is gleaned concerning the part each played, officially, but of their daily lives and deeds all records are conspicuous only by their absence; but from the memories of our old men all should be gathered which may be. They, who have been with us so long, are daily passing to "that bourne whence no traveler returns," and ere they go let us make an effort to preserve those facts which their retentive minds have thus far so faithfully perpetuated, that in years to come our successors may say, and say it most heartily, "Thanks be to God that such have been."

ANNUAL MEETING—1892.

REPORT.

Without Hon. George Sheldon and without C. Alice Baker the annual meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association must suffer in interest and in value. But the absence of these two, its chief pillars, did not prevent the session of members in the comfortable ancient kitchen, Tuesday afternoon, February 27, nor the transaction of the usual round of business, nor the public addresses on local history in the early evening. Mr. Sheldon is in Boston trying to recover the strength lost in an extended illness and his guiding hand was seriously missed.

The president's duties were performed by Samuel O. Lamb of Greenfield, and the secretary and treasurer, Nathaniel Hitchcock, was ready with his painstaking annual reports. His report as secretary showed that the association had gone through the year with its usual faithful work. The Field day at Bernardston in September commemorated the origin of Falls Fight Township and added the valuable paper of Mrs. Lucy Cutler Kellogg to the association's proceedings. The members who have died during the year are Mrs. C. W. Hoyt and Miss Fannie S. Ware, both of Deerfield, Curtis B. Wells of Springfield, and Henry Wells of Shelburne. The new members are Robert R. Bemis of Chicopee, Miss Ellen Chase of Brookline, Miss Hattie E. Freeman of Boston, John A. Aiken of Greenfield, John Lewis Hildreth, M. D., of Cambridge, Henry R. Plimpton, 2d, of Boston, O. P. Allen, Palmer, and Nahum S. Cutler of Greenfield. The treasurer's report showed a balance of $889, a slight increase over last year. The principal receipts have been from memberships, $72, and interest, $33, and the expenditures, janitor, $50, binding, $30, other purposes, $17.

In the election of officers the report of a committee nominating the following was accepted: President, Hon. George Sheldon, Deerfield; vice-presidents, Samuel O. Lamb, Esq., and Francis M. Thompson, Greenfield; recording secretary, Nathaniel Hitchcock, Deerfield; corresponding secretary, Rev. E. Buckingham, Deerfield; treasurer, Nathaniel Hitchcock; councillors, Rev. Dr. Robert Crawford, James Wells Champney, Charles Jones, Robert Childs, Mrs. C. B. Yale, Miss Martha G. Pratt, Albert Stebbins, Deerfield; Rev. P. V. Finch, Hon. E. A. Hall, Hon. James S. Grinnell, Greenfield; Arthur Williams, Boston; Prof. J. K. Hosmer, St. Louis; Henry W. Taft, Esq., Pitts-

field; Walter T. Avery, New York; Hon. Henry M. Phillips, Springfield; Gen. J. F. B. Marshall, Kendal Green, Mass.

A feature of the meeting was the presentation of a collection of rare old pamphlets by Jesse L. Delano of Sunderland; and Rev. P. V. Finch later appeared with mementoes of the Gettysburg battle field in the form of bullets and minie balls picked up there. The invitation of the Oak Tree Association of Charlemont, to hold the Field day in connection with its annual gathering, was accepted, and this committee of arrangements named: R. W. Field of Buckland, Jonathan Johnson, Frederick Hawks and H. C. Parsons of Greenfield. The proposition to make loans to any committee of the World's Columbian Fair in Chicago was vigorously discussed and finally referred to a committee with President Sheldon for its chairman.*

In the evening, after an excellent supper served by the Deerfield women in the town hall, the literary exercises were listened to by a smaller audience than usual.

Rev. Mr. Wilby of the Unitarian Church asked the blessing at the table. Mr. Lamb presided and read a paper by Hubbard S. Allis of Rochester, N. Y., on personal reminiscences of Whately. Rev. Mr. Munroe of Deerfield read a paper by the president on canals and transportation on the Connecticut River before the advent of railroads.

OLD TIME TRAFFIC AND TRAVEL ON THE CONNECTICUT.†

BY GEORGE SHELDON.

In the closing years of the eighteenth century Deerfield was an active center of operations for internal improvements. New roads and bridges were built; the earliest canals in the country found projectors, stout defenders, and actual constructors; manufactures were fostered, and new avenues of trade opened. Men of brain and brawn were at the fore, men who had weathered the tempests of the Revolution, mostly cultivating their own broad acres, and

*The upshot of the whole matter was that the committee were unanimous in the view that as the relics were given the association by the donors, on the expressed or implied condition that they were to be forever kept in Memorial Hall for the benefit of the public, we, therefore, had no moral or legal right to run the risk of loss in transit or other consequent accident. Notwithstanding the managers of the Columbian Fair agreed to cover all expenses and loses, any such losses money could not replace, and we declined all solicitations. [Ed.]

†In editing this paper some small changes have been made, in conformity with newly acquired facts. G. S.

thereby growing rich, as wealth was then reckoned. The people were free from kingly and ecclesiastical rule. In them dwelt the spirit of self-reliance, the habits of self-control and self-denial, the habits of industry, frugality and economy, all engendered by the hardness and suffering of the seven years' war. A generation grew up with these cardinal virtues, under the teachings of stern necessity, when each man must stand or fall by his own energy or lack of it; when every man, woman and child was enrolled in the ranks of industrial production. This generation was in its prime. They were thinkers as well as doers. They had become emancipated from the trammels and traditions by which they had been shackled. The early years of the French Revolution had a stimulating effect which its subsequent tragic horrors could not wholly efface, and the rigor and success with which they embraced their opportunity, opening up new avenues for thought and business, was but the natural outcome of these circumstances. And if they made the wilderness blossom as the rose, they also set free thought in their high places, and sent adrift on the sunless sea of oblivion barks freighted with the enfeebling superstitions and harassing fears,—the heritage of a gloomier age,—and the eternal ebbing of that tide carried them away forever.

In 1785 a convention met at Deerfield to consider the question of dividing Old Hampshire County. It was held at David Hoyt's tavern, the "Old Indian House." The Deerfield delegates were Samuel Field and David Saxton, who opposed the scheme which was to incorporate in a new county the eastern towns of Hampshire and the western towns of Worcester. John Williams and Samuel Barnard, Esquires, were chosen by the town to oppose the project before the Legislature, and it came to naught. In January, 1787, another convention was called to meet at the tavern of John Burdick, in Shelburne, to represent the northern towns of Hampshire County. This favored a division by an east and west line. It may have been one result of these movements that in 1787 there was, in one respect, a practical division; a Registry of Deeds for Northern Hampshire County was established at Deerfield by the Legislature. John Williams was elected the first register. This office was continued here until Franklin County was organized, in 1811.

Shays Rebellion culminated in 1787, Deerfield taking a prominent part in its suppression. In 1788 the State Militia was organized. Capt. Joseph Stebbins, of Revolutionary service from

Deerfield, was commissioned Colonel of the local regiment, and David Hoyt, Ithamar Burt and Seth Catlin commissioned officers of the Deerfield company. In 1789 another company was formed, with Abner Cooley, William Tryon and Elijah Arms for officers.

In transporting from the seaport towns, salt, molasses, liquors, iron, steel, glass and other heavy necessaries of life, two methods were adopted; one by baggage-wagon, overland, the other by the waters of the Connecticut River. By the latter route passengers were also carried, before the invasion of the stage coach. At first thought it sounds a little queer to talk of embarking at Deerfield for the Delaware Bay, but Gen. Epaphras Hoyt records that in 1791 he went from Deerfield to Philadelphia by water; by boat from Cheapside to Hartford, and thence by sloop to his destination. But such communication was expensive and prodigal of time.

In the revival of business which followed the adoption of the Constitution, and settlement of a stable government in the State and Nation, there arose a demand for better facilities for travel and transportation. In the traffic on the Connecticut there was a large item of expense in transshipping and carting around the falls at Enfield, South Hadley and Montague. To meet this trouble in part, a canal company was organized in 1791. The leading spirits of the enterprise here were John Williams and David Saxton of Deerfield, and William Moore of Greenfield. On petition, the Legislature passed an act February 22, 1792, incorporating the "Proprietors of the Locks and Canals of the Connecticut River." By this act the rates of toll established were at South Hadley 4 *s.* 6 *d.* a ton for goods in a boat, and 4 *s.* 6 *d.* per M. for sawed lumber; at Montague, 5 *s.* 6 *d.* for merchandise, and 2 *s.* 6 *d.* per M. for lumber, and in addition a tonnage rate of 1 *s.* a ton for the boats, loaded or empty. Williams took a leading part in raising the necessary bone and sinew for the enterprise. He interested the capitalists of the valley and secured strong support. He also interested Stephen Higginson of Boston, agent of several firms in Holland, then the financial center of Europe, who made substantial investments. Higginson was ancestor of the Stephen Higginson so long an honored citizen of our town.

No grass grew in the footpath of the agents. Mr. Williams was physically weak, and by general consent given over to an early grave, but he had an indomitable will that took no heed of this pessimistic view. On the 29th of May he took the field to look out a route for the canal at South Hadley Falls. His chief

surveyor was Christopher Colby of New York; his assistants were Benjamin Prescott of Northampton; Epaphras Hoyt, Jonas Locke and Elisha Mack of Deerfield. July 3, this work having been completed, the survey at Montague began. Several routes were considered. Engineer Colby reported July 22 "that amazing perpendicular and high ground keeps so close to the river, that it appears necessary to make a more particular investigation of the ground before any feasible design can be proposed." Those of us familiar with the ground will see that this report refers to a route on the west banks of the river, above Montague bridge. A second route examined was from the mouth of Miller's River across the plain to Lake Pleasant, and thence to "Bardwell's Hole," on the Connecticut. It is not easy to see why the location finally pitched upon was not selected at once. To the unofficial mind its advantages seem incomparably greater. Probably there were occult reasons, for two French experts, M. du Fareau and M. Roberdeau, were there to look over the ground, the latter, "who," wrote Gov. Strong, "knows more about canals than any man in the country," came on from Philadelphia to give his aid. John Hills, of New York, who was at this time making a survey for a canal from Boston to Deerfield River, at Cheapside, was also invited. The united wisdom finally agreed, unanimously, I believe, on the middle route.

At this date canals were an experiment in America and it was difficult to secure American capital outside the valley of the Connecticut, but as I have said, canal-building Holland responded freely. However, at this time, aliens could not hold real estate in the United States, and the Dutchmen asked further security for their investments. In response, the Massachusetts Legislature passed an act, February 23, 1793, making the canal company stock personal estate instead of real estate.

February 27, 1794, the corporation was divided, and the "Proprietors of the Upper Locks and Canals," took possession of the works at Montague. The stockholders were largely the same in both corporations. There were 504 shares in each. John Williams and William Moore held more than half of the stock in the upper company. To Capt. Elisha Mack was assigned the contract to build the necessary dam at Montague. This was finished in 1794. The corporation now rested on its oars, and awaited the results of the operations at South Hadley. I have not ascertained when the work there began, but December 28, 1793, Jona-

than Dwight of Springfield, Benjamin Prescott of Northampton, and John Williams of Deerfield, the building committee of the South Hadley Canal, advertised for 75,000 feet of lumber and seventy-five workmen. Prescott was superintendent of the job, which was probably well advanced at this date.

On a blank sheet for certifying ownership of shares is an embossed seal one and one fourth inch in diameter. In a circle by the margin, we read: "The Proprietors of the Locks and Canals on Connecticut River in Massachusetts." In the center of the seal is a curious device representing a mode of passing a boat from one level to another; it is an inclined plane upon which is a kangaroo-shaped frame on wheels bearing a loaded flatboat; from this a cable extends to a large cogwheel at the top — the whole being drawn up or lowered on the incline. On a line above this is "Sic Transit;" on a line below is "Public and Private Good." All the lettering is in capitals. As the style of the lower company after the division in 1793, was "Proprietors of Locks and Canals at South Hadley," this seal must have been cut for the original company. No contemporary account of the method of using this devise has been found. A modern writer says the boat was drawn up the incline by two large waterwheels at the top, moved by the current. It was probably in use until locks were substituted, 1803–4. At that date Arial Cooley took charge of the canal and operated it for many years for a percentage on the tolls. About 1815 he built the brick "Canal Hotel" for the accommodation of rivermen and fishermen, and at some seasons he entertained a hundred men in a single day.

In 1795 a line of boats was running from Hartford to Cheapside. "Cheapside Landing" had come to the front as the head of navigation for a considerable reach of country, and a village was growing up about it. The question of a bridge over the river there was agitated. It was an era of improved roads; within ten years more than twenty turnpike companies had been incorporated in Massachusetts and a dozen bridges crossed the Connecticut or its affluents. New roads were being built everywhere. The town voted in 1795 that "if Col. Stebbins would erect a gristmill in South Meadows said mill shall be tax free so long as water runs and grass grows." The mill was built in "South Meadows," and the "Mill Village" sprung up about it. The power was water, brought in a canal from a dam at the foot of Stillwater. This was for generations the famous "Meadow Mill."

In March, 1796, a line of stages was established on the west side of the Connecticut from Hartford to Hanover, N. H.; it passed through Deerfield Street and across the ferry at Cheapside. Another line of stages was running on the east side of the river. North and south traffic and travel centered in the valley of the Connecticut — a great wave of emigration was surging up the river. A current from Boston westward was passing through Deerfield at Cheapside. Projected canals and turnpikes east and west intersected the northern tide at Cheapside. In 1798, David Smead, Jonathan Hoyt and others bridged the Deerfield River there. Jonathan Hoyt wrote in his diary, "October 29, 1800, this day the first boat up the canal at Montague." So the "Proprietors of the Upper Locks and Canals" had, after seven years, fulfilled their mission and another great obstacle to the navigation of the Connecticut River had been overcome.

In 1801, the fifth Massachusetts turnpike, chartered in 1799, was in operation through Cheapside. November 26, 1802, a bridge over the Connecticut was opened at Montague; another at Brattleboro in 1804; one at Sunderland in 1812. Companies had been chartered to build bridges from Northampton to Hadley, and from Hatfield to Hadley, in March, 1803.

The freight boats running on the Connecticut were of a class of shipping now extinct in this region. They were called in river parlance Fall boats, and were of two classes, "Oak boats" and "Pine boats." The latter of twenty tons burden or under, were built high up the valley, perhaps about Wells River or White River; they took the productions of the locality, potash, shingles, clapboards, etc., down to Hartford or a market short of there; they were not very substantially built, and were often sold for pine lumber at the conclusion of the trip, to be replaced by new ones built during the winter. This class of boats had no floor before the mast, and no cabin, the crew boarding along shore. The oak boats, on the other hand, were strongly built of two-inch white oak plank, spiked to stout white oak knees and ribs. They were provided with a cabin with bunks for the crew, a captain and three bowmen who lived on board. These boats were about seventy-five feet long, fourteen feet wide at the mast, and ten at the stern, with a capacity for thirty-five to forty tons, and were too large to pass the locks at Montague, so that Cheapside was the head of navigation for them. They were rigged with a mast about twenty-five feet high, which stood about twenty-five feet from the bow,

with shifting shroud and forestays, a top mast to run up at need; these supported a square main sail thirty by eighteen feet, and a top sail twenty-four by twelve. They had no keel, and the pine boats had neither keel nor rudder, and these were steered by a long plank set on edge between two pins. The floor of the oak boat rose gradually from the mast to the bow, from the mast aft to the cabin it was level with a gradual rise to the stern. In the pine boats, and sometimes in the oak boats, the space before the mast was open, and the central part used for heavy freight not injured by the weather, casks for wet goods, etc. The sides were reserved for the operations of the boatmen in rowing or pulling. There were two pairs of rowlocks. Oars were used to aid the current in getting the craft down, but were of little or no use in going up stream; unless there was a south wind, nothing availed much but the "white ash breese" *i. e.* the setting poles with which the crew pushed the boat up by main force. The poles were of the best white ash, fifteen to twenty feet long, with a socket spike at one end, and at the upper end a head fitted for the shoulder. The bowsman sets the spike of his pole firmly on the river bottom, then with the upper end against his shoulder and his face turned aft he walked as far as the mast board, his feet bracing against the bare ribs, or in the oak boats, the cleats fastened to the floor, as step by step the boat was forced up stream; another followed him; the first lifting his pole over the second, walked back to the bow and took another "set;" the same thing was being done on the other side, so in this sort of a treadmill the men tugged with might and main, hour after hour, and the craft crept slowly on its way. Passing rapids or swift water, an extra force was taken on; at the Enfield Falls, the rule was one hand for every ton of freight. At Willimansett the work was done by hitching a team of six oxen and two horses on the shore to the boat with a long chain. At other hard places, but less difficult, the passage was made by "tracking," that is, several men took the place of the ox team. Abaft the mast the sides of the boat were raised as high as the mast board, making a room about seven feet high, thirty-three feet long, and as wide as the boat; this being covered by an awning, was as snug and dry as a house, and was called the Tent. Here the common freight was securely stowed. At the rear end of this was the cabin with its four bunks which turned up on hinges, and the cooking stove with its pipe protruding through the board roof. Five feet of the stern was open for the use of the steersman and

his tiller. The cabin was lighted by a small square window on either side, and bore on one side the name of the boat. It may have been "Dispatch," "Flying Fish," "Clinton," "Vermont," "Downer," "Franklin," "Free Trade," "Cheapside," or this poser for the boys along shore, "VOYAGERMCINDOOSFALLSNEWHAMPSHIRE." The boats were about three feet deep, and when full loaded the wale was dangerously near the surface of the water. So loaded, the crew pushed it up stream a mile and a half an hour, but with a spanking south wind the boat would make a good five miles with a bone in its mouth. Then the heart of the bowman rejoiced within him, and the banks of the river echoed his songs of cheer while the farmer leaned upon his hoe and listened as the boat and the voice passed by. At night, and at meal time, the anchor was thrown out, the tired captain and his bowmen slept or rested securely, while the boat swung lazily in the stream and the stout cable held fast the gain their persistent toil had won. Freighting on the Connecticut was found profitable, and in time rivalry grew up between the capitalists of Hartford and New Haven. Into whose lap should the golden stream fall? Hartford was the natural head of sloop navigation, and the terminus of the fall boat traffic, but New Haven projected a canal which was to divert this trade to her own wharves and warehouses. February 4, 1823, the Farmington Canal was chartered to run from New Haven north to the state line at Southwick, and in 1825 on through Westfield to Northampton. In 1827 a continuation to the Vermont line was obtained, and a charter from Vermont carried the canal and the New Haven party to Wells River. This project excited great interest in Northampton. April 3, 1826, Gen. Thomas Shepard of that place made a rose-colored report in its favor; he said that the canal could be continued on a single level from there to the Deerfield River at Cheapside, where it would intersect the proposed canal from Boston to Troy. The route selected was substantially that of the present canal railroad. Deerfield opposed this canal as a nuisance, but the railroad is a worse one. From Greenfield to Brattleboro was to be another long level. For this Gen. Shepard said the feeder was to be the Deerfield River, but he did not explain how its waters were to be got over the high lands of Wilmington and Halifax. Agents were busy, conventions were held. Guilded promises to those who would engage in the project were abundant, and circulars to the same effect were sown broad cast up and down the country. This

was an era of canals. The great Erie Canal was opened November 4, 1825, and Albany and New York City were jubilant thereat.

The success of the New Haven party meant death to Hartford, and none knew it better than her business men, and they had not, meanwhile, been napping; a counter move had been put on foot. The "Connecticut River Navigation Company" had been organized, and charters obtained from all the four States on the river. This company proposed to improve the facilities for navigating the river by cutting down bars where necessary, making canals at impassable places, building dams at other points for slack water navigation, and so reach Barnet at the mouth of the Passumpsic, 219 miles above Hartford. February 16, 1825, 200 interested delegates met in convention at Windsor, Vt., and held a two days' session. A petition was sent to Congress asking aid, and an engineer from the War Department was sent to Barnet to survey the river towards Canada and Lake Memphremagog, and also from Barnet down the river. He could not accomplish all this work, but during the summer a careful survey of the Connecticut, from Barnet to Hartford was made by Holmes Hutchinson, a man who had seen service on the Erie Canal. December 20, he made a detailed report with plans and estimates. Early in 1826, Alfred Smith, of Hartford, president of the river company, came up to Greenfield to interest people in the project. One result was a popular convention. Smith made an address in favor of it, while Judge Leavitt, Daniel Wells and General Shepard spoke in opposition, favoring the canal company. Shepard was an enthusiast and he made it appear to his own satisfaction, that in addition to the transportation facilities the canal would have water to rent in Northampton alone worth $20,000 a year. And more than that, he proceeds to find customers, tells what they will manufacture, and the amount of tonnage they will furnish the canal as freight. In *Chronicles of New England*, chapter 900, a Greenfield wit, probably William Wilson, reported the doings of this convention in print. The canal reached Westfield in 1829. The "General Sheldon," the first boat on its basin, was launched there in November. The work finally reached and ended at Northampton in 1834. The result of this enterprise is known to you all. The rails of the Canal Railroad are laid upon its lifeless remains.

The war between Hartford and New Haven was warm and neither held up for winter quarters. Each felt sure it could best

serve the public, and incidentally itself. May 17, 1827, Governor Clinton, of New York, the great mogul in canal matters, was in Greenfield with Judge Hillhouse, and both went on an exploring expedition up the Connecticut, in the interest of the canal party. The result does not appear.

The age of steam had just begun, and both parties proposed to use this new power in towing freight boats. In 1826 the river men built a steamboat at New York. It was named the "Barnet," from the town at the upper end of their operations. It was seventy-five feet long, about fourteen feet wide, with wall side and flat bottom, and in working condition drew twenty-two inches water. On its trial trip on the Connecticut, the Barnet arrived at Hartford November 15, 1826, and soon after started for the upper waters. The first night she rested at Warehouse Point; the next day, taking on board an extra crew of falls men, she essayed the rapids, but was baffled and obliged to return crestfallen to Hartford. The managers, however, could not be so baffled, and November 27th, the Barnet was headed north again. On the 28th, with a fall boat fastened on either side, and a force of thirty falls men with their stout setting poles, she conquered the rapids and arrived at Springfield. The worst was now over; on the 29th she passed the swift waters at Willimansett, and laid over for Thanksgiving. December 1st she went through the South Hadley Canal and December 2d arrived at Cheapside where a glad welcome awaited her. She came in gala dress, and with enthusiastic cheers from a barge in tow loaded with the river party. A salute of fifteen guns from the old Deerfield cannon was backed by rousing cheers from an assembled multitude and the rattle of small arms. This was returned with twenty-six guns from the victorious boat as she steamed slowly to her moorings just above the bridge, where she lay over Sunday. Monday, December 4th, she probably entered the Montague Canal. The people of Greenfield generally sided with the New Haven party, and had been jubilant at the news of the Barnet's first defeat at Enfield Falls. The tables were now turned, and they sulked; the newspaper published there had not a single word to say of this most important event in the commercial history of the valley. A couple of narrow-minded slurs, a few weeks later, was all this vehicle of news ever gave the public upon this notable enterprise.

A sharp frost held the Barnet in the canal about a week. When she was released by a thaw, she took her adventurous way north-

ward. December 12 she steamed safely by the "French King" and the swift water at Geese Rocks, and arrived at Brattleboro amid great rejoicing. December 13 she reached Bellows Falls, and the 14th turned back and was in the canal on the 15th. The next day she passed Hadley Canal and arrived at Hartford the 19th. That night there was a banquet at Morgan's Coffee House to celebrate the success of this first attempt to navigate the upper waters of the Connecticut by steam. We have no report of what the fishes thought or did on the advent of this noisy monster in their midst, but how the apparition affected the land animals appears by this true story. As the Barnet, leaving the "French King" behind her, steamed slowly northward by Northfield Farms, the report of her exhaust steam, each blast sounding like a musket shot, reached a herd of cows standing on the river bank at West Northfield; they pricked up their ears, faced about and steadfastly stared down the stream. The noise came nearer, a cloud of steam was in the air, some moving object dimly appeared, black smoke and sparks of fire came from her dark nostrils. What did all this portend! Had they been familiar with the Bible, or with Pilgrim's Progress, they would have exclaimed, "The Devil!" They had quietly cropped the sweet grass or chewed the cud in peace while the fall boat, propelled by man power, passed; they had seen the boats rush by, with their great white wings gleaming in the sun and swaying in the breeze, with the white foam under their bows—but what uncanny thing was this! As the monster came nearer and nearer, their eyes dilated, their nostrils expanded, they trembled in every muscle, their curiosity gave way to wild fear. With one general snort, with head and tail erect they wheeled and set into a gallop, heading westward, and never halted till they reached the village of Bernardston, three miles away.

Little is gathered of the subsequent career of the Barnet. She was at Hartford Nov. 11, 1829, whence she towed the "Safety Barge Lady Palmer" with a large party to witness the opening of the canal at Enfield Falls. Here we lose sight of the first steamboat to navigate the Connecticut above that place. Tradition says that in the mean time she had worked her way up to her namesake, Barnet, Vt. She drew only 22 inches of water, and there appears nothing in the report and plan of Engineer Hutchinson why, at some pitch of the water, she could not have done so. In accordance with the eternal fitness of things, I hope it may be proved that the plucky pioneer made the trip once, at least.

May 8, 1829, the "Vermont," the first steamboat built in Massachusetts, was launched at Springfield. August 3 she appeared in the mouth of the Deerfield River. She passed the locks at Montague and was at Brattleboro the 4th, and at Bellows Falls the 5th. She was at Windsor, Vt., in October, 1829, and at Springfield Nov. 11, when she took a party to Enfield Falls to celebrate the opening of the canal. In 1830 the Vermont was running regularly with passengers between Springfield and Hartford, in competition with the stages. The "Blanchard," built likewise at Springfield, was also on the river. In 1831 we hear of a fleet of steamboats afloat—the "John Ledyard," the "Massachusetts," the "Agawam," the "Hampden," "William Hall," "James Dwight," and not long after, the "Franklin," the "Phœnix," the "Arial Cooley," the "Greenfield," and the "Adam Duncan." It was in one of these boats — authorities differ as to which — that Capt. David Hoyt of Deerfield, the famous story-teller, conveyed Charles Dickens from Springfield to Hartford in February, 1842. Dickens, in his account of the trip, made fun of the boat, which he said was of "half a pony power." Capt. Hoyt highly resented this, and I have often heard him roundly denounce his distinguished passenger in consequence.

On the completion of the canals and introduction of steamboats, old-fashioned boating generally disappeared. The fallsman and the setting pole became nearly obsolete. The fall boats were towed in fleets of from three to six, from one canal to another.

The business at Cheapside increased with the growth of the towns within the watershed of the Deerfield River. About 1830 the Abercrombie brothers, Isaac, Ira and Asahel, went there and bought the storehouse and wharf built by Edward Houghton in 1810, and carried on a large wholesale and retail business. In 1834 they began freighting on the river. In August they bought the "Voyager" from McIndoos Falls and changed her name to "Free Trade." They paid for her $140, expended $40 for rigging, etc., and October 10, with Captain Stebbins and a crew of three men, she began her new career with her bow towards Hartford. The cost of the round trip was $92, the chief charges being: wages, $30; towing, etc., $9; canal tolls, $26.05. Before the closing of the river, three round trips had been made with a net profit of $128.90. Down river freight was from $2 to $3, and up river $5 to $6 a ton. They took down ash plank and turned ash lumber, farmers' produce, potash, leather, chairs, brooms, cider

brandy, stove frames, axes, hats and general miscellany. Fire wood in large quantities was also transported and often delivered directly on board the steamboats on the lower river. They brought back English and West India dry and wet goods, New England rum from Boston, flour from Albany, cotton from the South for the up-river mills, salt, hardware, plaster of Paris, clover seed, codfish, tea, coffee, and everything necessary to stock a country store.

In or about 1835, Allen & Root, traders, of Greenfield, built a storehouse and a wharf at Cheapside at the old ford, and established a line of freight boats on the river. For towing their boats from South Hadley they owned and used the steamboat "Greenfield."

But change was in the air. A new era in internal improvements was about to dawn. The railroad was dealing death blows to stage and freight boat. One quiet afternoon in October, 1846, when the pale sun hung low in the west, while husking corn in my barn, a fearful and continued screech, as if from the infernal pit, suddenly tore the air and smote the ear of man and beast. The effect was both serious and comical; the latter, regardless of fence or field, fled for their lives; one specimen of the former, Seth Jones by name, was sitting by my side, husking. At the first note Seth was on his feet with a bound, as though a bomb had exploded in the pile of corn. Upsetting his chair, he wheeled towards the door, and with bulging eyes and a startled voice he cried out wildly, "*I swear, there's a fire!*" This spontaneous outburst of my man, anticipated by a generation, the use of the steam whistle for a fire alarm. The effect upon me was such that I went over backward into the husks and rolled and roared with laughter at the panic of my companion. I had heard the sound before. It was a blast from the whistle of the first locomotive that followed the completion of the Connecticut River Railroad to Deerfield, and the whistle did its very best to celebrate the event. Its success was such that compared with its notes, the tootings of the steamboats on the river and the warning voice of the stage driver's horn, were but as the cooing of a mother dove to her unfledged nestlings. The echoes for miles around were stunned at the terrific sound and responded but in a dazed sort of way. That whistle was indeed the trump of doom. It announced a new order of things. The business at Cheapside withered, and traffic and travel on the Connecticut and Pocumtuck Rivers soon became only a memory.

FIELD MEETING—1892.

FIELD MEETING

OF THE

POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,

AT THE OLD OAK TREE, CHARLEMONT, WEDNESDAY, AUG. 17, 1892.

COMMEMORATING THE SETTLEMENT AND EARLY HISTORY OF CHARLEMONT.

Order of Exercises.

1. Singing, by a Select Choir.
2. Prayer, by Rev. Ira D. Smith.
3. Address of Welcome to the Association, by Rev. Lyman Whiting, D. D., of East Charlemont.
4. Response, by Samuel O. Lamb, Esq., of Greenfield, Vice President of the Association.
5. Singing.
6. Original Ode, by Rev. Lyman Whiting, D. D.
7. Historical Reminiscences, by Miss Helen A. Hawks, of Greenfield.
8. Singing.

COLLATION.

IN THE AFTERNOON.

Short Addresses, by Members and Guests of the Association, and a Paper by H. C. Hayden, a former resident, with singing interspersed.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:

Jonathan Johnson, Herbert C. Parsons, Reuben W. Field, Frederick Hawks, George D. Crittenden, for the Association; W. H. Booth and wife, C. W. Fairbanks, L. S. Gale, for the Oak Tree Association.

REPORT.

The annual field meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association was held on Wednesday, August 17, with the Old Oak Tree Association in Charlemont. The day was delightfully pleasant and a large number of people from Charlemont and its vicinity assembled to enjoy the exercises, which were of more than usual interest.

The Old Oak which has been identified with Charlemont from the beginning of the town's history, is located about two miles east of the village, just off the road now leading to East Charlemont, beside what was the stage road before a new location was made through the meadows and nearer the river. The venerable tree is 21 1-2 feet in girth and its branches have a spread of 100 feet. The oak was a familiar place of rendezvous in early days and under its shade public meetings were held and here the militia assembled for the annual training. To do honor to the old tree and to perpetuate its memory, an association was formed a few years ago and annually its members meet to recall the story of the past and in poetry and song render their praises to the old monarch on the hillside.

It was eminently fitting that this association should invite the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, which is doing so much to perpetuate our local history, to hold its summer field meeting with them under this grand old oak. At least 300 people gathered upon the ground where the committee of arrangements had provided a platform and seats, as well as every needed convenience for the picnic luncheon, which was a pleasant feature of the occasion.

Deacon John H. Smead, the president of the Oak Tree Association, called the assembly to order. After the audience had joined in singing "America" and prayer was offered by Rev. Ira D. Smith of Charlemont, Rev. Lyman Whiting, D. D., delivered the following address of welcome: —

Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, Members and Associates, Invited Guests, Men, Women and Children here assembled: — A welcome to you all! The inhabitants of Charlemont, the owners, guardians, and neighbors of this famed ancient oak, sent to the worthy members of the Pocumtuck Association an invitation to come up to this "historic tree" for their yearly field day meeting. They have come! They bring with themselves the dignity and display something of the rare historic worth of that eminent association. They have enriched this valley with a treasure-house filled with the tools and household gear of our fathers, not equalled in the land. They bring also with them men and women who have messages befitting the [illegible]. To you then, worthy Pocumtuck guests, be our early and fervent words of welcome. Sincere and grateful they are. We are all glad to see you here, and don't you think our good old tree takes comfort in your coming? Why, 'tis glad to the bottom of its dear old heart that you would come and make it a visit now it is so old and gray-headed. So we all of the family join in its welcome to you.

And who are we to give such welcomes? Why, all Charlemont—a people proving their love to a precious past and their high historic sense by making this venerable tree a kind of town hearthstone for a yearly family gathering, as they for a decade and more have done. Such home makers and home lovers welcome you.

Then lift up your eyes to these royal hills, these sturdy sons and comely daughters of our beautiful Charlemont! Don't you feel their breath of welcome? See it, too, smiling through their verdant vales, and hear it in the soft salutes of the waving grains and grasses of our meadows! And, list to our—your—songful river—beauteous maiden of these hills—she attunes her silvery voice to the same glad word in ten thousand cadences and ripples of welcome.

But chief of all, the dear old oak, stretching out its mutilated arms (once five score feet in span, 'tis said) and their every leafy branch, every wrinkle in its seamy face, every jolly young acorn on its twigs, these are all so glad you've come. Don't you hear the titter of all the leaves? They can't keep still for very joy; and see the bows and courtesies of the young shoots up there! Can you, one and all wish any warmer welcome?

Samuel O. Lamb, Esq., of Greenfield, vice president of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, responded, thanking the Oak Tree Association and the people of Charlemont for their hospitality in cordial terms. He was reminded of the field meeting held in Charlemont twenty-one years ago, when the monument was dedicated to the memory of Moses Rice, and of the address of Hon. Joseph White in 1855. It was in 1836 that Mr. Lamb came to Charlemont, and he indulged in reminiscences of the men he then knew, and many of whose names are found on the stones in the town cemeteries. Among them was Sylvester Maxwell, who was admitted to the Old Hampshire county bar in 1804. He practiced many years in this county—a man of education and high character. Alexander P. Maxwell, a farmer, was a student, well read and well informed. Rev. Joseph Field was the pastor of the Congregational Church. It is related that when he became changed in his religious views, Rev. Mr. Huntington of Hatfield, came to remonstrate with him, and after laboring several days returned converted to Unitarianism. Mr. Field was a student in his later years of the original Hebrew, and although not an animated preacher, his published sermons are well worthy of reading to-day. Emory Greenleaf and Waitstill Hastings were engaged in business, and Josiah Ballard was prominent in the affairs of the town. There were Silas, John, James, and Gershom Hawks, Edward Beckwith and his son Ebenezer, Isaac J. Hawks, Joseph Upton, Jr., and Elias Upton, Jr., who were in the war of 1812. Ebenezer Thayer ("Uncle Ebe"), was illiterate, but nevertheless an intelligent man. Several anecdotes were related of him. Samuel Potter was deputy sheriff, and raised a fine family of sons. There were Uncle Moses Barber, Leonard and Roswell Rice. Eugene Field was the first and only man brought before any court of the county for contempt of court. Mr. Lamb defended him and secured an acquittal. When the modest bill of $5.00 was rendered for the service, Mr. Field declined to pay it because he thought the honor gained by

the young lawyer was enough compensation, and "honor was all he got." There were Eli Todd, and Hezekiah Tuttle, and Uncle John Fuller. The latter was an excellent blacksmith, but a man of peculiarities, and a capital story teller. Rev. John D. Smith, a pastor of the Congregational Church, was scholarly and of high character. He it was who examined the speaker for a school-teacher. Phineas Field was a man of a good deal of learning; Allen Barnard was an excellent house carpenter; Capt. William Ballard was a well-known brick mason, and his son, James Ballard, a distinguished teacher, while his daughter, Eliza, died a missionary in Japan. William Patch always drove a good horse. The speaker then recalled, in pleasant words, Dea. Elihu Smead, David Houston, Col. R. H. Leavitt, Obadiah Dickinson, Abner Avery, Ephraim and Stephen Leonard, Thomas and Robert Legate (the fox hunters), John and George Veber, as well as others.

Next on the programme was a poem by Rev. Lyman Whiting, D. D., —an historic song to the venerable oak. The principal historical paper of the day was by Helen A. Hawks of Greenfield. The paper was prepared with care and is gracefully written. It was listened to with interested attention from beginning to close.

Charles Dudley Warner, the distinguished writer, a portion of whose boyhood had been spent in Charlemont, where he has since been an occasional visitor, was recognized in the audience and called to the platform. He said that there could be nothing more delightful to him than this occasion. He pronounced Miss Hawks's paper a thorough résumé of the life of the town. He had been here a day or two looking about, trying to recall the places he had known when a boy of ten or twelve. He went to church to listen to Pastor Smith. The town meetings were also held in the church, and he hoped the voting was as pure now as then. He remembered one elderly man who on week days was very shrewd in horse trades. He used to think it was very fortunate that that man had got religion and belonged to the church, as otherwise his horse trades might interfere with his salvation. The stove at the church did not give out much warmth, but it served to thaw the frost out of the mince pie brought for the noon time lunch. It was in the schoolhouse over the hill that he learned to lie. One day, having a difficult task before him, he told the teacher that he was sick. In response to her inquiry he said he had the stomach ache, which was then common in Charlemont. He was sent home and then had to tell lie number two. They gave him a dose of picra and sent him to bed at four o'clock. He then learned that the way of the liar was hard, and he quit it. The speaker alluded to the charming view from the Patch house, and said that in going about the world he thought that on the whole Charlemont was the most beautiful place he had ever seen. The air was good, the water pure, and the people honest. He was

delighted with the faces before him. This habit of coming together was a good thing. We are generally all pulled up by the roots. He liked to think there was one place where people had taken root and could hang on.

After singing "Auld Lang Syne," the secretary of the Oak Tree Association read a report of the meeting a year before. On motion, E. J. Albee, E. P. Smead and E. J. Davenport were appointed a committee to nominate a list of officers for the coming year and to make their report after dinner.

The collation occupied the intermission between twelve and one. A well supplied table was furnished the guests of the day and the committee of arrangements furnished an abundance of tea and coffee for all upon the grounds. Plenty and good cheer made this feature of the day very pleasant, and much credit is due those who had the affair in charge.

Being called to order in the afternoon, the first business was voting to make Frederick L. Ames, of Boston, a Life Councillor of the P. V. M. Association, he having signified his willingness to contribute $100 as required. The committee of the Oak Tree Association reported the following list of officers, which was adopted by vote: president, J. H. Smead; vice president, L. S. Gale; secretary, H. C. Booth; committee on music, W. H. Booth; committee of arrangements, Horace Manning and wife, L. B. Leonard and wife, H. B. Chapin and wife.

A motion was made by Dr. Whiting that a suitable tablet be erected to designate and commemorate the old tree. J. H. Smead, Rev. Lyman Whiting and J. U. Houston were appointed this committee.

The literary programme was resumed and first in order was the following poem by H. C. Hayden of Boston, a resident of Charlemont fifty years ago:—

POEM, BY HENRY C. HAYDEN, OF BOSTON.

Without the walls of Rome, a league or more,
To fair Egeria's vale, a pious king,
Numa Pompilius, his burdens bore,
There found relief and left his offering.

Among the sacred oaks that there abound,
'Tis said he met a goddess wise and fair,
With whom he oft communed;—at length he found
Himself possessed of grace and wisdom rare.

Taught by the goddess and by her inspired,
He ruled his subjects well, received their praise;
Of wealth and fame gained all that he desired,
With honor reigned, and glory crowned his days.

That sacred valley and those sacred trees
Were not more precious to that pious king
Than these fair hillsides and these fertile leas
And this Old Oak to us, whose praise we sing.

Beneath thy shade, revered, ancestral tree,
Away from city din and busy marts,
From shop, and farm, from cares of household free,
We come with greetings and with happy hearts.

Our feet in childhood hastened to thy shade,
At morn, at noon, and after hours at school;
Of tiny acorns from thy boughs we made
Quaint cups and saucers in thy shadows cool;

Wove garlands of thy leaves, played house and store;
From thy great limbs to dizzy heights would swing;
Hilarious children on the acorned floor,
Until we heard the unwelcome school-bell ring.

Sheltered within thy boughs the bluebird's nest,
Holding the helpless birdlings cradled there,
We watched till twilight gathered in the west
And for its safety offered childish prayer.

When late at evening, hunting for the cows,
With eyes wide open for a wolf or bear,
We timidly would glance up at thy boughs
To see if some wild beast was lurking there.

We've lingered here in youth, when Luna's rays
Shone on the faces of a swain and maid,
Until the old folks questioned our delays,
Anxious, no doubt, to know what there we said.

You know, Old Oak, but you will never tell;
Your reticence we gladly, loudly praise;—
If you had told our conversation!—well,
'Twas long ago, and those were youthful days.

In childhood, youth and manhood, thou hast been
To us a silent teacher, dear old tree;
Thy scholars never will forget, I ween,
The many useful lessons taught by thee.

In age we've lingered on this hallowed ground,
Left thee, inspired, to travel on life's way;—
Through all the years, how closely we've been bound
To thee, Old Oak, from childhood to this day.

Through mountain gorge and valley, as of yore,
Pocumtuck winds and wanders in its pride;
The thundering engine rolls along its shore
Where Indian maids adorned with wampum hied.

Old Indian chiefs and warriors brave and young
No longer hold their councils in these vales;
Where war whoops rang, praises to God are sung,
And peaceful farmers tell their evening tales.

With lightning speed, upon far-stretching wires,
The message flies from mountain to the sea—
Distance is lost—the lagging Past retires,
While fleet Invention tells what is to be.

Mountains of rock to Art and Science yield,
Receive our blows and open wide their doors,
While stores of wealth from many a Western field
Come rolling through upon the echoing floors.

Could Franklin's eye the wondrous change behold
That fifty years have wrought, he would exclaim:
"The world believed the story that I told!
With ease the lightning they now catch and tame!"

The march of Progress seen on every hand
Fills us with wonder and with keen delight;
Invention touches with its magic wand
The hand of Toil, and maketh labor light.

A century hence, we may in air ships sail
From sea to sea, upon wild waves of wind,
Salute the flying car upon the rail,
And, with our compliments, leave it behind.

The telescope may enable us to see,
Within the vault of heaven, peopled stars;
The telephone so much improved may be
That we can have a social chat with Mars.

We know not what the coming years may bring
To strengthen faith, to elevate mankind;—
But let our earnest prayer be as we sing:
Give us more love, with larger breadth of mind.

Soon we will leave this consecrated place,
Again life's burden bear as heretofore,
But Time from memory cannot efface
This day of welcome to Pocumtuck's shore.

Others who were called upon to contribute the good things of the afternoon were Rev. H. Seymour, the veteran, but now invalid pastor of

Hawley, J. U. Houston of the same town, Dr. G. A. Wilder of Circleville, Ohio, a native of Buckland; Jonathan Johnson of Greenfield, Rev. Ira D. Smith of Charlemont, Deputy Chauncey Bryant of Greenfield, Rev. Mr. Bixby of East Charlemont, Miss Nellie Smead (who gave a beautiful recitation), Dr. Willis of Shelburne Falls, A. L. Barnard, Charles Ward of Buckland, Homer Sherman (a declamation), Warren Albee (an original poem), Lysander Hillman, Daniel Gale of Heath, Dea. J. H. Smead, H. S. Giles.

There was a vote of thanks to the speakers of the day and all who had contributed to the entertainment, and then on the part of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association a vote of thanks to the Oak Tree Association and the people of Charlemont for their cordial and generous hospitality.

TO THE HISTORIC OAK OF CHARLEMONT.

BY LYMAN WHITING, D. D.

Hail! Monarch of the pasture trees,
Our old renowned "Historic Oak"!
On this, their annual parade,
Pocumtuck's children fain invoke
Thy shelter and thy leafy shade.
They greet thee, venerable Tree.
Now crowned with years and dignity!

All honor thine, staunch, stately Plant!
Right on thou'st kept thy steadfast way,
The tasks assigned to thee all done,—
Nor sloth, nor flinch, nor heedless play
Delayed the growths which rain and sun
Gave, day by day, both sure and free,
Thro' Nature's still-life mystery.

But tell us thyself, Sage Patriarch!
When thou wast young and sap ran free
Didst thou ne'er venture as a spark
'Mong the young Oaks? Had ne'er a spree,
Nor played the fool in some wild "lark,"
Nor cooed, nor wooed, nor lisped "my dear"
Into some listening sapling's ear?

But we won't pry, grave Seignior Sire,
Into thy verdant, smooth-bark days;
A comely Shoot, dare say, yo' were,
And "up to" youthful oak-tree ways,

Free from reproach, or blame, or slur,
And won commendable good will
Among the tree folk on this hill.

Sure, long years back, Sir Oaken Scroll,
Thy memory must freshly run,
To Indian chiefs and Indian braves,
To battles fought and battles won,
* * * * * * * *

Maybe thou wast on guard as Sentinel,
And knew that bitter winter night,
When stealthy bands, unseen, stole down
And whelmed in terror's swift affright
Old Deerfield's slumbering, doomed town.
Thy lips are dumb!—with horror sealed
By scenes of woe that morn revealed.

In thy young prime, grave Chronicler,
Our sires held Sabbath worship yon,
H'rdst thou their prayers and plaintive songs,
Observed their solemn service done,
Watched come and go, their reverent throngs,—
How they feared God and kept his day,
And made Him their loved staff and stay?

And thou, too, wast the Witness oft,
As their loved dead they slowly bore
To yonder "yard" of wakeless sleep;
And mourned in grief more sharp and sore
Than that in which our lost we weep;
For their sparse homes, so scant and lone
Had few to share their sorrow's moan.
* * * * * * * *

Live on, thou venerated, kingly Tree!
Flow, River, maiden of these hills!
Be still our landmark and our pride,
As we move on, and each fulfils
His day of life, whose sands fast glide
Into that sure eternity,
Wherein awaits our life to be.

Here stays our song, Historic, Monarch Tree!
Our care we pledge for thy defence,
Our prayer for fuller days in peace,
With honors fresh and reverence,
Till thou and we have spent life's lease.
So down the years thy fame shall run,
Maybe, till Time's last setting sun.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF CHARLEMONT HISTORY.

BY HELEN A. HAWKS.

Assembled as we are under the blue arch of the open sky and in a spot made sacred by many gatherings, especially by those of the first Sabbaths, when mothers brought hither their wearied children to rest in the interval between the long sermons, let us turn to the contemplation of the only fitting theme for this time and place, the consideration of the lives of those who helped make the history of this grand old town.

If this enduring tree were a talking oak indeed, how many tales its whispering leaves could tell of matters grave and gay discussed within its shade, and of the faces vanished. For the sky and the tree, the hills and the slowly rolling river are the eternal here, and they furnish us of to-day the same gentle inspiration which they must have given to those who are gone. Let us surrender ourselves unreservedly to the influence of the place, for though silent, it surely will speak louder and more eloquently than any tongue could appeal to the outward ear.

Charlemont is preëminently a hill town, nor are the hills confined alone to the boundaries. It is crossed and recrossed by many ridges, on whose broad slopes and in whose valleys are the beautiful and prosperous farms. The shape of the town is peculiar. It is fourteen miles long from east to west, and varies in width from one to three miles. It is said that as late as 1807 one man's farm extended through the width of the town. The changes in territory are interesting and remarkable. The original boundary line extended as follows; commencing at a hemlock tree in the southwest corner of the town, the line extended east and about 25° south for nine miles to a stake and stones in what is now Buckland, near the house of J. P. Eddy, formerly the Oswin Johnson place; thence the line was carried north five miles to a stake and stones north of the present residence of Anson Dwight; thence west, crossing the present town of Heath, including about one third of its territory, to a point a little north of the Center cemetery; thence south to the hemlock tree. Of these lines none remain as the present boundary of Charlemont, except a small part of the east line bordering on Colrain, and possibly a few rods between Charlemont and Rowe.

The territory of Charlemont was increased on the south by a wedge-shaped portion from Hawley, a strip was added from Buckland, a portion adjoining the east line was given to some party in Charlemont for building a bridge over North River, and the district called Zoar was annexed on the west. Zoar was formerly one of several unincorporated districts in different parts of the State. By acts of the Legislature these tracts of land were joined to neighboring towns. Part of Zoar was thus attached to Rowe and part to Charlemont. This accession of Zoar was made within the recollection of some here present.

A deed has recently been discovered given to the English by the Indians after they had left the valley. This deed describes a tract of land included between a line extending east and west five miles north of North River, and a line similarly drawn south of the river. It includes, therefore, all of Charlemont, part of Colrain, Heath, Rowe, Buckland and Hawley. The deed is interesting because it shows that this land was bought of the Indians.

From the time of the very earliest settlers the town was protected by the following forts:—

1. Rice's Fort, described as being near the buttonball tree at the east end of Charlemont bridge. Mr. Rice was the first settler in the town and probably built the fort soon after his coming, which was in 1747. He afterward built another fort in the meadow now owned by Hart A. Rice, near Mrs. Warner's.

2. The fort of Othniel Taylor. This was situated in East Charlemont, between the houses now occupied by Austin Maxwell and Alonzo Thayer respectively. It was probably erected not long after 1750, the date of Taylor's settlement in the town.

3. Hawks's Fort, east of where T. H. Sherman now lives. This fort was built by Joshua Hawks, son of the second Eleazer Hawks, and great-grandfather of E. A. Hawks and the Rev. Theron Hawks.

These forts were all on the north side of the river, showing that the settlements were all made there. They were a part of a line of fortifications devised by Colonel Williams in 1754.

Charlemont contains the following districts: East Charlemont, the Center District, the Village, Tea Street, Zoar, Legate Hill, Parker Hill and Gilead. Tea Street derived its name from the fact that the women living there in the early days were so fond of tea drinking. This may not be an unusual thing, but it was a characteristic of that neighborhood that a pot of tea was always over the fire ready to be dispensed on the occasion of a call.

The Center District is of especial interest on this occasion, since it is here that the Old Oak tree stands. This division of Charlemont formerly extended for three miles on the river and reached back from two to two and a half miles north, making the district twice its present size. It includes the land once familiarly known as Gould Hollow, a name now seldom applied and probably known to but few. It deserves to be revived from its historical significance. Five families of Goulds, father and sons, made their homes as first settlers in this district on the mountain side. Jeremiah Gould's log house was probably the first dwelling house erected in this district. In 1777 Aaron Gould, his son, built the first frame house. It is said that five men and four women helped frame the house of Jeremiah Gould. Nathaniel Upton's was the next house erected. On the hill opposite the Gould dwellings was the old Center Church.

Dr. Bates was the first physician here and the first town meeting was held here at the house of David White in 1766. The district had also its hotel, kept by Mr. Brooks, on the place where Mr. Whipple now lives. There, too, was a gristmill, which was run by William Hartwell, west of the sawmill of H. Bassett, Jr. The Old Center District was once the largest in the town in regard to area and population. Its school was also the largest and best in town.

The history of the people of a New England town is incomplete without a history of its churches. The first meeting-house in Charlemont was located on the side of the mountain opposite the Gould residences in the Old Center District. The frame was set up by Mr. Dicks in the summer of 1753. It stood for several years uncovered. The French and Indian wars occupied the attention of the people and the money was needed for defence. Nine years afterward, in a meeting of the "proprietors and inhabitants," the question of the meeting-house was again discussed. It was decided, naturally enough, that the former frame would not do, and the committee contracted with Thomas Dicks to build a new meeting-house in the place where the old frame stood. It was to be 35 feet by 30 and 18 feet post. It was erected, but the building was never finished. It stood until 1769, when it was sold to Colonel Asaph White, who took it down and carried it to his premises and remodeled it into a dwelling house. It had probably never been used as a place of worship. The various ministers who supplied, for as yet they had no settled pastor, conducted services in private houses.

The Rev. Jonathan Leavitt was the first installed pastor. He entered upon his ministrations there in 1765, two years before the new meeting-house was built. The next meeting-house was erected on the hill facing the Deerfield, known as Meeting-house Hill. It was to this church that people came from various parts of the town each Sabbath to listen to two sermons, each two hours long, with an intermission at midday. The Rev. Jonathan Leavitt remained pastor here fourteen years. When he came to Charlemont he took up his residence on the hundred acres set off by the town for the home of the first pastor. This remained in possession of his family at his death. This church was called the First church. It had but this one settled pastor, and its history is the history of that pastorate. After Mr. Leavitt's dismissal a portion of Charlemont, including his home, was added to a piece of land north, which was the original Green and Walker grant, and incorporated the town of Heath. Mr. Leavitt and such of his former parishioners of Charlemont who chose to follow him, constituted themselves into a new church at Heath. This Heath Church took the old meeting-house which had been the place of worship of Charlemont and Heath, and moved it to the center of Heath in 1789.

The second church in Charlemont was organized in 1788 and the meeting-house, which was to take the place of the one thus removed, was built in 1790 on the same place as the other. A later building, located about two miles west of the first, was built in 1845, which is the one now standing.

The early pastors of this second church in the order of their installation were: Rev. Isaac Babbitt, 1796–1798; Rev. Joseph Field, 1799–1823; Rev. Wales Tileston, 1825–1837; Rev. Stephen T. Allen, 1838–1839; Rev. John D. Smith, 1839–1844. Mr. Field's pastorate is important as marking the formation of a new denomination in Charlemont. Mr. Field's change of belief is due to the fact that in the religious world the dividing lines were then being distinctly drawn between those holding the Unitarian or liberal opinions in theology, and those who adhered to the old Calvinistic theory. It was a period of much religious excitement and the controversy was carried on with great zeal and ability by leaders of both denominations. The religious periodicals of the day were filled with matter relating to the various points of dispute, and there were many special pamphlets issued on the question. These naturally found their way into Mr. Field's hands and greatly disturbed his former mode of belief. They tinctured

his sermons and it was not long before both his people and himself recognized the fact that he had become a Unitarian. He was subsequently dismissed from the church. Before that time he preached sermons from such significant texts as, "I have preached right in the great congregation," and "Am I therefore become your enemy because I speak the truth?" Upon his withdrawal, in 1830, together with those who accepted the new belief, he formed the Unitarian Church. A house for the new church was erected just east of the cemetery. Quite a sensation was created by the first sermon preached by Mr. Field in the new house from the text, "The glory of the latter house shall be greater than the glory of the former," and it is said that the prediction was not fulfilled until it was used by the Methodists as a place of worship. There is a Second Congregational Church in East Charlemont. The Unitarian denomination was of short duration there. It never had a settled pastor but was supplied with preaching by Rev. Messrs. Joseph Field, Crawford Nightingale, Wm. Cushing, Benjamin Parsons, Geo. F. Clarke, Mr. Hervey and R. Bacon.

The other denominations which have had churches in Charlemont are the Methodist and Baptist. The Methodists bought the Unitarian Church and moved it to the village. Very little is known of the origin of this church in Charlemont, but people of that denomination were in the town as early as 1806 or 1807. They were united with the Methodists in Rowe before they became a separate organization. The early pastors of the church were Rev. Messrs. Samuel Eigmy, John Nixon, A. Hulin, E. Andrews, J. B. Husted, E. Crawford, J. C. Bouticon, S. W. Sizer, Wm. Todd, O. C. Bosworth, Windsor Ward, Horace Moulton, E. P. Stephens, Samuel Heath, D. K. Bannister and Wm. Kimball.

The Baptist Church was formed in 1719. It was supplied with preaching by Rev. Messrs. John Green, Wheeler, Palmer, Ebenezer Hall, Samuel Carpenter, Nathaniel Rice, McCullock, James M. Coley, Amherst Lamb, Darius Dunbar, David Pease and others.

Charlemont has distinguished herself by the number of men that she contributed to the Continental service in the Revolutionary War, and by the unassuming bravery and patriotism, not only of her soldiers, but also of those left at home.

The following extracts from the town records serve to show some of the means taken by the town to encourage enlistment and to support the families of absent soldiers. At a town meeting

held June 9, 1778, "It was voted to raise £300 for those who at this time were drafted for the Continental service." Later, "Voted to support our claim to Jacob Town and Samuel Ballard, Continental soldiers." December, 1779, "It was voted to supply to the Continental Soldiers' wives from June, 1779 to December 6 in the same year, £102, 3–8." June, 1780, "Voted to raise a sum of money to encourage the enlisting our quota of men for the Continental service. Voted to raise £200 as an encouragement to each man who will enlist to serve 6 mos. as a soldier in the Continental service."

It was also voted to give Eliphalet Cutting and son, Joel Davidson, Luther Rice, £60 3*s* 6*d*, "yearly if they served three years." Caleb Fish for three years' service was presented "a note for 100 bushels of Rye."

I have sought in vain for a complete list of those Charlemont men who fought in the Revolutionary War. The names of such as could be ascertained are these: Colonel Hugh Maxwell; Josiah Pierce, who was afterward a pensioner; Ebenezer Fales, killed at the battle of Bunker Hill; Silvanus Rice, captain of the "minute men"; Luther Rice, who died in the service at West Point in 1782; Moses and Samuel Rice, each in the service three years; Martin Rice, in the battle of Bunker Hill, and afterward a pensioner; Eleazer Hawks, in the battle of Bennington; Ephraim Hawks, who served throughout the war; Jonathan Howard, a pensioner; also Tertius Taylor, Othniel Taylor, Jonathan Avery, Andrew Rudd, Amos Avery, Christopher Shippee. The records of Col. Hugh Maxwell, Josiah Pierce and Tertius Taylor will receive special mention. The part taken by some of the others has been detailed elsewhere. While to those unknown and unremembered dead who none the less impersonated the patriotism of Charlemont during the war, and to the forgotten deeds of others, we would bring to-day a tribute of remembrance and honor.

Josiah Pierce won his fame in the battle of Bunker Hill. When the Americans were ordered to retreat, he stood alone loading and firing in the face of the advancing British. When his captain came and told him he must retire, he did so with reluctance, facing the enemy all the way, saying, "I will never have it told that Si Pierce was shot in the back." He lived to tell the story for more than half a century afterward, and how many bullets he fired that day. He was among those "venerable men" present at the laying of the corner stone of Bunker Hill Monument.

Col. Hugh Maxwell, an Irishman by birth, and a Calvinist, came to this country in 1733. In 1773 he came to Charlemont. To give the full account of his war record would be to relate the history of nearly the whole war of the Revolution. He was engaged in the French and Indian War, and was among the prisoners taken at Fort William Henry. He slipped from the hands of his Indian captor and ran for life toward Fort Edward, which he reached in safety. But in that terrible flight few were so successful. In this war he held the rank of ensign. This commission bears the date, March 31, 1759.

In the interval between the two wars he remained on his farm in Charlemont. He took a Boston newspaper, the only one which found its way into all that region. He also procured all the pamphlets and addresses on the subjects of the doings of the British Parliament. Men came from miles around to his house to read these papers and to talk over the affairs they described. Thus public opinion was formed in favor of liberty. When the crisis came in 1775, every man was intelligent on the question at issue, and stood on the side of liberty. Ensign Maxwell joined Colonel Prescott's regiment together with a company of militia from Charlemont. He was wounded in the battle of Bunker Hill. He attained the rank of captain in Colonel Prescott's regiment. He was with Washington's army from the battle of Long Island, through that famous retreat across New Jersey, to the battles of Trenton and Princeton. He was in the campaign at the North, under Gates. He was promoted to the rank of major in 1779, with Major General Wm. Heath, under whose command he remained three years. It was in memory of this commander and friend that he was influential in having the town set off in 1785 called Heath. In August, 1783, he was made lieutenant colonel. In 1784, after nine years' absence, he returned home. He held the office of justice of the peace for Hampshire county. Colonel Maxwell helped put down some of the insurgents in Shays Rebellion; but it is supposed that no men from Charlemont participated in this insurrection. In his capacity as surveyor, Col Maxwell helped lay out land lying west of a line drawn from Sodus Bay through Seneca Lake to Pennsylvania,—land conceded to Massachusetts when New York disputed with her the ownership of these and other lands lying west of Massachusetts. Colonel Maxwell was always an invalid after receiving his wound at Bunker Hill, and his last days were saddened by the loss of property and the

failure to secure a pension. He died at sea, October 4, 1799. If Charlemont had sent no other son to the war her patriotism would have been sufficiently manifested through Colonel Maxwell.

The war record of Tertius Taylor is particularly interesting, not only because he took part in one of the most remarkable battles of the war, but also from the fact that his service is too little thought of among us.

Tertius Taylor was the son of Othniel Taylor who was born in Deerfield in 1719, and went from that place to Charlemont, having bought of Phineas Stevens of Deerfield 1,000 acres of land at the east end of Charlemont. One half of this land is now in Buckland. The purchase was made November 1, 1742, but Mr. Taylor did not go to Charlemont until about 1750. The price paid for the land was £1010, O. T. This land was divided into different farms for the sons of Othniel Taylor, and parts of it have been in possession of the Taylor family for more than nine generations.

Othniel Taylor was the son of Samuel Taylor, and grandson of John Taylor, who was killed at Easthampton while leading a cavalry charge against the Indians in 1704, the spring after the Deerfield massacre. So Tertius Taylor had a good title to his bravery in the Revolutionary War. Tertius Taylor attained a lieutenant's rank, and fought in the battles of Stony Point, King's Bridge, White Plains and Saratoga. The number of battles seems few, and his war record short, but the significance of it does not become apparent unless we review the nature of the battles themselves. The fact that he served at Stony Point, one of the most brilliant victories in the war, is sufficient proof of his valor. For in this battle, Anthony Wayne had at his disposal 1,200 light infantry, every man a hero. We must wonder if Tertius Taylor was not at Valley Forge part of that terrible winter, under the training of good Baron Steuben, whose instruction of the soldiers in marching, deploying, forming into columns, and other tactics stood them in such good stead at Monmouth. He also taught our soldiers the use of the bayonet, which won for them the battle of Stony Point. The fortress of Stony Point was on a promontory at the entrance of the Highlands on the right bank of the Hudson, surrounded on three sides by the river, and crossed on the remaining side by a morass. The attack was made at night. Every dog within three miles was shot, and every gun empty, to ensure quiet and make the attack a complete surprise. A white badge was worn in a conspicuous place by each man, that in the confusion

and darkness it might be known who were friends. The inspiring watchword was, "The fort is ours."

Up the steep ascent mad Anthony led his men in two columns in the shape of a harrow coming together toward the front. Twenty-four men, twelve on a side, forming two additional columns, were ranged in front, outside the two long ones. These men were armed with axes to cut away the abatis. Unheeding the raking fire of grapeshot, on the columns came, swiftly, steadily, silently,—and among them somewhere, whether in front or rear, we can never know, Tertius Taylor, the Charlemont boy. The axes plied their work, and the columns broke into a mass, and with bayonets fixed they leaped over the fortification into the fort. Of the twenty-four brave men but eight were left unharmed, but their work was accomplished. Never was fort more quickly taken, the whole affair occupying only a few minutes. A bayonet charge between two armies is simply a test of courage; the weaker always gives way before the armies meet. Murat says he never saw bayonets cross but three times in all Napoleon's campaigns. But here British were killed by bayonets, showing how desperate was the struggle.

Tertius Taylor went home after the war to his father's farm, but in his family were shown with pride for long afterwards the nankeen breeches with the button snipped off the left side by a bullet and the vest stained with the blood of the wounded soldier who fell beside him.

Othniel Taylor, brother of Tertius, served in the war as captain, and after the war was made colonel of the militia. He died at Canandaigua, N. Y., which was his home for some time, in 1819.

Of the soldiers in the war of 1812, I give the following list which contains all that I have been able to find :—

Capt. Joseph White.
Ensign Jonathan Comstock.
Serg. Holmes Mayhew.
Elisha Pike.
Wm. Johnson.
Rufus Hawks.
Benj. Washburn.
John Cobb.
Josiah Upton, Jr.
Peter Woodman.
Charles Hart.
Isaac J. Hawks
James J. Phipps.
Elias Upton, Jr.
John Leonard.
Amos Brooks.
Ward Hartwell.
William Riddell.
Elias Upton.
Eliakim Brooks.
Joseph Cobb.
Martin Howard.
Elihu Smead.

Joseph Field, the son of the Rev. Joseph Field, was a surgeon in the army during Houston's campaign in Texas. Eels was a private in the same army. These two were among one hundred and fifty taken prisoners by the Mexicans. They were all sentenced to be shot according to the rules of warfare, but Mr. Field was spared, because with his ability as surgeon, he might be useful to the Mexicans.

Of the soldiers who fought in the Mexican War but one name is given, that of Barney Upton. He was wounded in a little skirmish about a battery inside Mexico, after the decisive battle had been fought and the troops were entering the city.

The coming of the Phipps family into Charlemont is connected with an interesting event in the history of our country. It will be remembered that by the terms of surrender at the close of Burgoyne's campaign, the captured army was to be sent from the port at Boston to Europe, with the understanding that not one was ever to serve again in the cause of England against America. But by the bad faith and maneuvers of Congress, the army was never sent home. It was transferred to Charlottsville, Va., where a village was built for the soldiers. They were considered prisoners of war until the close of the Revolution, but from time to time exchanges were made. The greater part remained in this country after the war, and were dispersed in all directions, becoming American citizens. Mr. Phipps was one of these soldiers who found his way to Charlemont, where the name is well known.

In the year 1807–8, my grandfather, John Hawks, kept a store in East Charlemont, and if it was a success financially I cannot tell, but as a result of that enterprise one or two stories have come down to us from him, which to a Charlemont audience may prove interesting.

In those times iron was expensive, and a blacksmith used to take scraps of iron, weld them together and then hammer them out into a bar. It required all the heating capacity of a forge to do such work. One day there came a man into the blacksmith shop in East Charlemont, where some forging of this kind had just been done; not finding the blacksmith in, and in a sudden spirit of mischief, he seized a puppy which had strayed into the shop and put it into the bellows; when he had turned back the valve of the bellows to its usual position, he awaited the entrance of the blacksmith. The puppy in this unwonted place, went toward the little light he saw at the mouth of the bellows, seeking

an escape. The unsuspecting blacksmith lighted his fire, and prepared to set the bellows in action, when the terrified puppy gave a squeal. "Why! what does that mean?" exclaimed the smith. "O, I guess that must be a salamander which your hot fires have conjured up," was the reply of the ready-witted visitor, as he dodged out in pretended fright. But the blacksmith, whose nerves were as strong as his iron bar, took his bellows apart and rescued the trembling puppy, all unconscious of the imputation put upon him.

There was comparatively little money in circulation in those days and so most of the trade of the store was carried on by exchange of commodities. By way of trade there came into the possession of the storekeeper a very curious rifle. It was made of a gun of large calibre, filled with melted copper. Then the copper was bored out to fit a bullet of smaller calibre and rifled. This weapon was a curiosity, even in those days. A young man named Amos Brooks happened into the store one day and examined the old rifle. To the delight of the numerous store visitors he proposed to fire off a charge of shot in it. Some one set up a mark on the other side of the road. The gun being loaded, he stood in the door and fired. The result was more disastrous than the most mischievous among them had desired. The charge drove out the breech pin, which hit him in the forehead, and the powder filled his face. The false lock flew off to one side and made havoc in a shelf of crockery. The lock flew in another direction into a shelf of dry goods. The barrel flew to the right and the ramrod to the left, leaving the barrel clear. What became of the charge they never knew. It must have wasted itself to atoms in generating so much energy. Part of the stock only was left in the hands of astonished Amos Brooks. But the powder never left his face though he was not eager to tell how it came there.

The early industries of Charlemont were not very marked nor of great growth, but they were numerous and varied. About a mile above the village was located the match factory of H. E. Pierce. The factory employed but few hands, but was in a prosperous condition from about 1840 to the opening of the Civil War. Then the government required that a stamp, costing $1.44, should be placed on each package of matches containing a gross. As a gross of matches could be sold for only about 30 cents, few of the smaller companies could continue the business, and among others this factory closed. The matches were made of pine and split.

They were sold by agents who took them about the country over different routes. One of these routes was 600 miles in length and extended from Harper's Ferry to Canada.

Booth & Upton's hoe factory was in the Center District. It was started in 1833 and was burned down in 1854. Scythe irons were manufactured there at the same time.

There have been at least four tanneries in the town. One in the old Center District was run by horse power. The tannery in the village was situated below what is now Baker's mill. The power was obtained from the Mill Brook. Boots and shoes were manufactured in connection with this tannery. The various owners were: 1. Barnard & Hammond; 2. Brown & Harris; 3. The two Richards brothers. One of these brothers bought out the other and at his death, about 1847, the tannery was given up.

The tannery at Zoar was at one time larger than either of those before mentioned. I find the names of but three owners: Mr. Olds, Alvin Cudworth, and the last to run it, Mr. Negus.

There was a small tannery in East Charlemont, on the farm of Amos Avery. Mr. Avery had this tannery in connection with his farm work. Here he tanned the leather and made boots and shoes for his family of fourteen children. It was run by horse power and at Mr. Avery's death, in 1818, it was discontinued. There was also a tannery among the Thayer industries.

Among the other enterprises were a plow factory, owned by Wm. Riddell and Zadock Luce, and cloth factories—one between the village and Bissell bridge. This was owned by Dexter Hawks. Satinet was manufactured here. It was burned in 1843. There was a card machine in East Charlemont.

There was a factory for the manufacture of lather boxes at one time in the town.

An ax shop in the village, owned by Samuel Avery. This was closed about 1835.

A scythe snath factory was situated in the village, near the hotel. It was owned by Robert Edwards and was established about 1839.

The Thayer industries were at the time the most important in the town. Ruel Thayer built a dam across the Deerfield in East Charlemont early in the nineteenth century. By this he built a short canal and utilized the water power. It gave power to run a sawmill, a foundry, a shop for the manufacture of axs and other edge tools, clothing works and a tannery. The sawmill and

foundry were run by Thayer and his three sons ; the ax factory by Josiah Pratt ; the clothing works by the Smith brothers. The foundry included the manufacture of stoves and tins and a blacksmith shop. In connection with the tannery shoes were made. Mr. Pratt afterwards moved his business to Shelburne Falls.

There were two grist-mills, one owned by William Hartwell, in the Center District, and one in the village.

There have been four hotels in Charlemont. The one known as Scott's tavern was situated in the Center. The building was erected by Squire Scott and kept as a hotel by him for several years. After his removal to the West his son-in-law was the landlord for a short time. The place was afterwards known as the Colonel Leavitt place and is now occupied by Horace Burrington. About twenty years ago a tavern at the east end of the town was closed, having been kept by Joel Hall for nearly forty years. This is the place now occupied by Loring Merriam. The hotel in the village was built about 1830. The following are the names of some of the landlords in chronological order, as nearly as could be ascertained : Mr. Montague, Jared Hawks, Ebenezer Thayer in about 1835, Richard Houghton, Lewis Bradford, Ebenezer Dodge, William Avery, the Dalrymple brothers in 1847, Henry Couillard, Mr. Belleview, Mr. Sears.

A hotel was kept in Zoar by Ebenezer Hawks. It was situated at the turn of the road where Isaac D. Hawks lives.

The mention of Scott's Tavern revives the name of one of the most conspicuous men of his time. In connection with the hotel he had a small shop where he made harnesses. He became involved, financially, and being a very sensitive man, could not bear to stay in the place where he must so often meet his creditors. He accordingly moved away in 1830. He was very public spirited. He was instrumental in having the road changed leading from the Center to East Charlemont. The old road leads by the Oak Tree and the new one by the river. This road was laid out in about 1818. Mr. Scott, probably, gave some of his own land for the road. Squire Scott was petitioner and contractor for building the bridge which bears his name. It was built by Allen Barnard in 1828, and this fell in 1836. It was rebuilt the same year by Major Sheldon. This stood until carried away by the freshet of 1869, and the present structure was built in 1870.

Colonel Roger Leavitt is another celebrity of the days just past. He was the son of the first minister of Charlemont and

familiarly known as the "Old Colonel," in distinction from his son, Col. Roger H. Leavitt. He was state director in the construction of the tunnel and held several public offices, among them being that of selectman and school committee.

It is in the home that character is formed, but the school has great influence in bringing out talents which otherwise might be undeveloped. That the homes of Charlemont have been fitting nurseries is shown by the high moral tone of the place, and that the schools have been good, by the intelligence of the people wherever they are found.

The Charlemont boys and girls were all educated in one or another of the district schools scattered throughout the town. To these schools came the barefooted urchins and their sisters, with the indispensable dinner pail, trudging over the hills, in all weathers alike, happy and careless. For the public school gives the best education to be had, but the district school surpasses all others in point of individual training. There are associations in the little old building for him who once attended it, no matter how old or how far from the early home he may be,—associations more tender and precious than are ever clustered about the crowded graded school. There the room belongs to the pupils in it, but the old district school is the property of all who recall their youth there with pleasure. May the district school long continue to prepare the children of our towns for noble manhood and womanhood. But Charlemont has had its academy, and of its pupils some have gone out to make for themselves, and the school, a name. Among them are Hon. S. O. Lamb of Greenfield, Hon. O. B. Potter of New York, S. T. Field of Shelburne Falls. I will not undertake to give an account of Grove Seminary, but its history should be written by some one familiar with the times in which it flourished. The test of greatness in a family, country or period in the world's history, is found in the men it has sent forth; and greatness should not be measured by the world's standard; yet Charlemont has had men who deserve to be called great, even in the world's estimation. Among these we wish to speak particularly of Joshua Leavitt and Orlando B. Potter. Joshua Leavitt was the son of Colonel Roger Leavitt, whom we have mentioned before. He was a very talented man and his life deserves fuller mention than I am able to give. He was a strong Abolitionist, and the editor of a New York paper, *The Emancipator*. It was largely through his influence that in 1857 cheap postage was secured. A

cheap and convenient postage is not only a great institution in itself, but it is second only to the public school in advancement of intelligence. It will be remembered that the postage on letters could formerly be paid by the receiver; as a result a great many letters found their way to the dead letter office. The cost of sending depended upon the distance, and varied from six cents to twenty-five. All honor to the Charlemont man who, if he did not originate the plan, saw with far, clear vision, the advantages to be gained by making the postal system a servant even to the poorest, and who advocated it with all his power!

Orlando B. Potter is also a national benefactor. It is not my purpose to give an account of his life; his family and the man are known to you all either personally or by reputation. But it may not be generally understood that he was the one who conceived the plan of our present banking system. This is best set forth in the words of Mr. Potter himself in a pamphlet entitled *The National Currency: Its Origin:* "When the sun set upon the national defeat at Manassas, July 21, 1861, it left all oppressed with the realized consciousness that the nation had already entered upon a struggle for life against those who should have been her support and defence. My own mind turned at once to the problem of providing a national currency through which the commerce and business of the loyal States might be facilitated and increased during the war, and all be united in interest in support of the government and the flag. Nor did I dismiss this problem until, twenty-five days thereafter, on August 14, 1861, I submitted to the secretary of the treasury, the late Chief Justice Chase, and at the same time, by duplicate, to President Lincoln, in the following communication, the plan for a national currency, based upon and secured by the national stocks therein set forth, with such statement of reasons for its immediate adoption as then seemed to me urgent and decisive."

The plan submitted was in substance as follows: Banks and bankers were to deposit with a superintendent, appointed by the government United States stocks. These were to be held as security by the government for bills stamped as national currency and delivered to the bank or banker. Then followed a clear presentation of the object to be secured by the plan, which time has fully justified since the scheme was put into practice. The principal benefit was that a ready medium of circulation would be always at hand worth the same in all parts of the country, a state of affairs unknown before.

The plan of Mr. Potter was adopted in substance and it put an end to all financial troubles during the war, and has been a great success. Orlando B. Potter should be mentioned among those great financiers of our country who have used their talent for national good and not private ends alone.

The social life of Charlemont, revealing the originality, the reverence, the energy of the people, deserves more than passing mention. The old folks' gathering has lent an added interest in life to the aged. The Oak Tree celebrations have kept alive a spirit of interest in places of historic interest. The agricultural fair has created enthusiasm in farming and has been second to none in this part of the state.

A retrospective view of the points so imperfectly considered must impress us with the fact that in strength of character of her citizens Charlemont yields to no other town in the county. Her children are scattered far over the land, and while they serve to leaven the community they are in, may their hearts ever fondly turn to the place where their childhood scenes are framed. And even to us, their descendants, coming back to the old town for the first time, there will be a familiarity in every walk, tree and hill, associations we breathed in the tales of old times our fathers told.

ANNUAL MEETING—1893.

REPORT.

The business meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association at Deerfield, Tuesday afternoon, February 28, was attended by an unusual number of members. The commodious kitchen of Memorial Hall was well filled and the business was discussed with ready interest. Francis M. Thompson presided in the absence of Mr. Sheldon, who is in winter quarters at Boston. The time-honored secretary, who at eighty-one years relaxes none of his interest in the association of which he is an inseparable part, was at hand to faithfully record the proceedings and make one of his annual reports, which are models of brevity and directness. It stated that 2,515 persons have visited the hall in the year, including sixteen schools in a body, with from thirteen to sixty-eight pupils each, and large delegations from the colleges. There has been a generous addition to the collection. The field day was held with the Oak Tree Association in Charlemont; the engraved certificates of life membership have been sent out; two members have died, Josiah D. Canning of Gill, who was chairman of the committee that drafted the Association Constitution, and Dr. William Dwight of North Amherst, another interested person; the new members are Henry W. Billings of Conway, Frederick L. Ames of Boston (a life councillor, having paid $100), Mrs. Cornelia Allen Smith of Philadelphia, O. P. Allen of Palmer and Nahum S. Cutler of Greenfield. As treasurer, Mr. Hitchcock reported $1,408 in the treasury, after paying current expenses of $210.

Mr. Sheldon's informal report by letter, as curator, stated that the quality of recent additions to the collection had greatly improved, and exchange with historical associations had brought valuable volumes to the library; 300 books had been added to the library and 150 other articles to the general collection; Mrs. Wentworth was praised for her faithfulness in charge of the hall; and a change was recommended in the entrance fee system.

The association elected these officers: President, Hon. George Sheldon; vice presidents, Francis M. Thompson and Eben A. Hall; recording secretary and treasurer, Nathaniel Hitchcock; corresponding secretary, Rev. Edgar Buckingham; councillors, Rev. Dr. Robert Craw-

ford, J. Wells Champney, Charles Jones, Albert Stebbins, Mrs. Catherine B. Yale, Miss Martha G. Pratt of Deerfield, John A. Aiken, Herbert C. Parsons, John Sheldon, Rev. P. Voorhees Finch, Nahum S. Cutler of Greenfield, H. W. Billings of Conway, Mrs. Anna C. Rumrill of Springfield, George W. Hammond and Henry R. Plimpton of Boston, John W. Hoyt of Cincinnati, Reuben W. Field of Buckland. A letter was read from Dr. Crawford, regretting his absence and accompanying it with a gift of two valuable pamphlets.

The free admission day to the hall was abolished and a uniform ten cent fee adopted, with half rate for children under twelve years, and yearly free admission tickets to be issued to members applying for them. This change in the terms of public admission is a sensible measure. The collection in the hall has come to be of national interest; it is unique and educational, a fact which comes into increasing appreciation with the schools and colleges of the valley, as is shown by the numerous bodies of students visiting it during the past year; and it is proper that the visitors should be put under some contribution to the association, which in no other way asks public assistance, while the fee is made so trivial as not to be an obstruction to the use of the hall with its memorials, as a means of instruction in tragic and domestic local history. The janitor's pay was raised ten dollars. George W. Horr was elected a corresponding member, but became a life member later in the day. The important business of the session was compassed in these votes: —

Voted, That C. Alice Baker, F. M. Thompson and John Sheldon be a committee to procure the publication of the History of Deerfield to be compiled by Hon. George Sheldon, with full power to bind this association. Provided that one half of the expense of such publication shall be guaranteed by other responsible parties than this society, and that the expense of this society shall not exceed $1,000.

Voted, That said committee have authority to make such arrangements with Mr. Sheldon for the copyright of said proposed history as shall seem to them just and right for all parties concerned.

By this generous support is ensured the publication of the Deerfield History, written by Mr. Sheldon and nearly ready for the press, a history of the most historic town of the Massachusetts frontier. By this enterprise the association supplements the interested effort of Miss Baker and other friends of the town and ensures the publication. Plainly the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association is fulfilling its important mission with faithfulness and independence.

The councillors met and transacted routine business. Supper was served in abundance and excellence by the Deerfield women, with Mrs. John Stebbins in charge, in the town hall, and the speaking followed.

Mr. Thompson read a letter from Mr. Sheldon and made a particularly happy opening speech with fitting poetical quotations to support his praise of "the old things" which "are best."

The paper by Herbert C. Parsons of the *Gazette* office on "The Source of the Free Schools," was a review of the efforts made by the early towns, in their poverty and distress, to support education for all the children, and of the remarkable early legislation which founded Harvard College in 1636, and in the acts of 1642 and 1647 brought the public school. It raised the question as to why the school was the special charge of the Puritan settlers who had known no similar privilege in England, and found an answer in their determination that all should be able to read the Bible, from the knowledge of which it was the design of the old deluder, Satan, to keep them, according to the preamble of 1647. It also noted briefly the recently advanced claims for the Dutch origin of the free school.

George W. Horr, Esq., followed in a highly entertaining address on the academic period in the Massachusetts schools, especially referring to the history of New Salem Academy, of which he is a graduate and the historian. The academies were founded in order to sustain the high ideas of education, held by the early settlers, and while the early ones, of which Mr. Horr gave a list, were built by private enterprise or munificence, they became by the act of 1797 a recognized part of the system of popular education. Mr. Horr read with great feeling, Bryant's poem, "The Old Man's Funeral," and closed his speech with warmly eloquent and patriotic passages.

An allusion to Joseph P. Felton by Mr. Horr as a roommate of New Salem, caused him to be called upon, and he made a very fitting response, with pleasant reminiscences of New Salem. Rev. W. C. Wilby next read the tender poem by Mrs. Cornelia Allen Smith of Germantown, Pa. A paper unexpectedly entertaining, a "Fragmentary Pedigree of the Munns of New England," by Captain Asa B. Munn of Illinois, was read by Rev. Mr. Monroe. Its purpose and style are shown in this introduction: —

> A strict genealogical record will not be attempted here, as that would make the paper far too voluminous, besides rendering it too stiff and hidebound. If I find two Munns together who seem not to be entirely harmonious, I shall separate them, unless they happen to be man and wife. If I come across one Munn I shall lasso him and hold him for ransom. When I find several Munns together, I shall corral them and force them to work out their road tax; and if the Munns get to be epidemic, I shall quarantine them until the safety of the community is assured.*

The interest of the paper was not limited to the one Munn present, George R., of Holyoke, who declined to be lassoed for a speech.

At the closing, the vice president read a letter of abounding wit and interest from Rev. Charles Cyrus Carpenter of Andover, which was filled with recollections of Greenfield men and affairs as they were fifty years ago.

* Under the rule to publish nothing in our proceedings but original matter, this article could not be reprinted here. [Ed.]

THE SOURCE OF THE FREE SCHOOL.

HERBERT C. PARSONS.

Whether we read the annals of one or another of the New England frontier towns, whose foundations were laid two centuries and more ago, there is presented to us but a single story. In that fearless advance inland of the civilization, which gained a determined but insecure foothold on the Massachusetts shore and within sixteen years from the time of the Plymouth landing had appeared in the Connecticut Valley, there was but a single purpose, meeting ever the same danger and difficulty, conquering with unvarying bravery the same unyielding resistance, and gaining in the end the same grand result. However divergent the lines of the history of these towns, which extended the outposts of the new order up the valley, as we follow them down to our time, leading us to a provincial city of Springfield's ambitious character, or on the other hand to a town like good old Deerfield, where the repose of to-day suggests deserved respite from the struggle of a somewhat remote yesterday, they were in the early days closely parallel. One and another of the precious memorial volumes may be taken from the shelf and we shall find the tale varied only in the names of its heroes, in the date of its massacre, in the number of its captives, in the persons of its first preacher and the dame, who first taught the youthful mind the simple tasks of reading and sewing,—strikingly alike in all the essentials. The historian busies himself with endless details of his work, and follows out with patient diligence each thread that leads to some bit of knowledge of the great public characters of the township, of its romances and its businesses. We shall not disparage the worth of his effort nor undervalue its minutest results. But his picture finished, what has he given us? Only the clearer impression of that ideal frontier town of the seventeenth century which was put into being at Hadley, at Deerfield, at Northfield. We, in the poor weakness of our human recollection, forget the date and name and event the patient searcher, breathed upon by the spirit of this hour and place, brings to our passing knowledge, but the greatness of the sacrifice of those old days that these towns might have being is better measured, and the life of the pioneer village grows luminous

and perfect in our vision. We draw near to the occurrences of those days and peer into the daily lives of those people, by what right? That we may have the completer vision of that village which was the supreme attainment, in its time, of a civilization an ocean of difficulty could not hold back nor a continent of oppression subdue, — that we may read the better on pages of our inland history the divine purpose which carried the Pilgrims from Scrooby in old England to Leyden in Holland and thence across the untracked sea to Plymouth in the New World.

However carelessly we listen to these recitals of olden tales, we are soon familiar with the outline of the early settlement. We should reject as false the hastiest sketch which did not show us the roughhewn meetinghouse. It stands here to tell us that for freedom to worship God according to their faith the Pilgrims risked all worldly things. The home is here, with its rude comforts and its close discipline, the best expression of the Puritan insistence on this unit as the foundation of the State, and of the Church, as well. The block house and the fort we demand, — the evidence that there was no danger too great to be resolutely met if so, some new outpost of the Christian State might be planned. Nor are these all. Your canvas lacks completion until you have given us the school, the school provided for out of the poverty and stress of these lives, supported and housed at a cost compared with which the most liberal expenditure of our time is trivial. Fill in about these a stern, strong, God-fearing manhood, a patient, helpful, pious womanhood, and a childhood dutiful, restrained, familiar with the catechism and with labor, and you need not write for us nor for the world the title of your picture. There has been but one such village life, and it is ours to make clear its claims to the world's greatful memorials.

The least readily explained of the familiar features of the old New England village is the school. The meetinghouse could not help being, out of the very heart of the Puritan transplanting. The rigid insistence upon worship and the intolerance of any faith but an undiluted Calvinism need no accounting for. It was not a sentimental freedom of worship that the Puritans sought in coming to make a world of their own. It was not to establish a state where every mind would be allowed its freest choice and its least hindered expression of whatever faith it formed. The people who see in the Puritan intolerance of dissenters from its Calvinistic standards an inconsistency with the protest against English church

oppression which was the forerunner of their exodus miss the great truth of the Puritan event. They need to learn from such an authority as John Fiske,* that "the aim of Winthrop and his friends in coming to Massachusetts was the construction of a theocratic state which should be to Christians under the New Testament dispensation all that the theocracy of Moses and Joshua and Samuel had been to the Jews in Old Testament days." In such a state there was no room for unbelief, no standing for heresy, no allowance for indifference. In such a state the meeting-house must have the first place, and stand in the heart of every tract where the forest was felled that humanity might have room.

Nor do we pause to ask why the forts and palisades are in our picture unfailingly. The most active civilization was face to face with the lowest savagery and there were no gradations of human development between to keep the extremes at peace. The home, — need we pause to say that it was the fruit most certain to develop wherever the humanity to which the Pilgrims belonged was transplanted? The town meeting, — old institution that it was, — came into its best being here as the freest instrument of a movement for governmental self-control. But why the school? In the midst of a fierce struggle with almost overpowering circumstances, why were money and effort spent in educational effort for which their English experience gave no suggestion? Having known no such privilege in a land where wealth prevailed, why did these people institute it where poverty was threatening at every hand.

No extended survey of the well written histories of the river towns is necessary to show their faithfulness to the school. It is not to be demanded of the early days that they shall give us public schools in the sense of the present time; but the pioneer village shows the foundations laid upon which a school system foremost in the world is to be built. The early legislation of the colony did not require that free schools should be provided, and "in the towns upon the Connecticut River, and elsewhere, schools were commonly supported partly by the parents of the scholars and partly by the town" (History of Hadley). Whatever the town did was the result of the town's choice and not until a somewhat later day, an obedience to the State's mandate. Schools, the Hadley historian says, were not maintained wholly by the towns till after much discussion and agitation and that men in those days

*Beginnings of New England, by John Fiske.

were not different creatures from the sort we know and are, is suggested by a modern familiar touch to the proceedings when we are told that "those in moderate circumstances with large families desired free schools and some of the wealthy ones with no children to send were opposed. Few towns were willing to vote for schools entirely free to the scholars until after 1700, and it was many years after 1700 before free schools became general in Massachusetts." The wholly free school did not generally exist in the earlier days, but the schoolhouse had early been built, and schools more or less free were universal. From the earliest days there was the "dame," who taught the girls to sew and read, while the small boys were taught only the one accomplishment. She had not long a monopoly of the satisfaction to be taken in drilling the minds of the coming heroes of battle and captivity.

Springfield, settled in 1636, sixteen years after Plymouth, was hardly in shape as a town when (in 1653) it appropriated a tract of land on Chicopee Plain to support a schoolmaster. A few years later while carrying the burden of rebuilding the destroyed town, it provided out of its poverty for "the admittance and entertainment of William Madison, schoolmaster," "he taking three pence p weeke of those whom he teaches to read English & four pence p weeke of those he teaches both to read & write; also four pence of those whom he teaches to write wholly; the Parents or persons being to allow not more. But the Town for the year, as an encouragement to Him in the work, doe agree to allow him ye Rent of ye Town Land in Chickupy." * This was not a public interference with the parental right to educate a child or keep him in ignorance, but it was a socialistic step in that direction. The schoolhouse soon came, with the elegancies of "mantle tree and rung chimney," and presently fines are imposed for neglect to send children to school.

Hadley, settled in 1659, was but six years in existence, even upon the surveyor's plan, when it voted (April, 1665) to give twenty pounds per annum, for three years, towards the maintenance of a schoolmaster to teach the young and be as an assistant to Mr. Russell as occasion may require. As early as 1676, it took a list of all children between six and twelve years, and "all are to attend school, and all pay ten shillings for each child who goes, and five shillings for those who do not go." Hadley

*Springfield, 1636–1886, Mason A. Green.

early made a bold stroke and provided a school supported wholly by the rates.

Deerfield had its first schoolhouse in 1698. Mr. Sheldon's history says there were undoubtedly schools kept by dames, previously, and Mrs. Beaman is known to have had a school in 1694. In 1698, the town not only established its school, but enforced attendance, putting the expense on all those having children of school age. The same year it voted to pay £20 a year for "twenty years forwards," — a heavy tax for a town in its condition, — and provided a school committee.

Northfield had little room in its early days for any other business than that of defense, but long before its citizens ceased to be slaughtered on its exposed street by the Indian marauder, it had its school, and in 1721 we find a specimen of the diligent dame, in the person of Mrs. Ebenezer Field, who as Elizabeth Arms had brought from enterprising Deerfield the qualities of character which enabled her to divide her time between keeping school, making shirts for the Indians at eight pence each, and managing her own household which presently numbered eight and eventually fourteen children, with yet leisure to weave and spin tow cloth for exchange.* Soon the schoolhouse stood in the street, twenty by twenty-one feet in size, one story high, with a chimney at the north end.

The value of this glance into the early records of the towns most familiar to this place is in that it shows with what spirit and at what cost they undertook to carry out the educational impulse which never ceased to move wherever the Puritan people sent out one of its roots. The colonial laws, which had meanwhile grown up were zealously enforced whenever a town for a moment lagged in its duty of providing a school, as the appearance of nearly all of these at one time or another in the courts abundantly proves.

In their care for the schools they so early provided, the river towns were only fulfilling the intention of the founders of the colony. To have done less would have marked their effort at town building as a counterfeit of the Puritan design. We shall better understand the relation between these people, who laid their impression upon the new world as no other pilgrimage did, and the school by a survey of the early colonial action. Only in the earliest days of the Plymouth settlement was the responsibility for the education of the children placed solely in the head of the family.

* Temple and Sheldon's History of Northfield.

Four years after the landing Governor Bradford speaks of the school as about to supersede the family teaching. And from this time forward education became a charge of the government, first the local as we find it in the town records, then general, as it appears in the early statutes.

The year 1636 found 3,000 or 4,000 emigrants from the mild southern counties of old England dwelling in sixteen towns and hamlets on the sandy shores of Massachusetts Bay. The year has double interest to us because it was that in which the western extending line reached the Connecticut valley and because it opens the volume of the legislative enactment. These people had endured untold hardships, had known as yet nothing but scarcity, reaching at times almost to famine, and while the most religious people under heaven they had only been able to provide for worship in the town of Boston by a house built with mud walls and a roof thatched with straw.* Yet these people grasped the educational problem on the highest side. Not beginning with the primary instruction their poverty would permit, they, in their General Court, on the 28th day of the eighth month, agreed to give "£400 towards a school or college, £200 to be paid the next year, £200 when the work is finished." The 2d of the ninth month the college is ordered to be at Newton, that part of which soon, because of the college, became Cambridge. Harvard College had come into being, and out of the little means of the struggling towns it was grandly supported. Dr. Dwight has said, "It is a question whether a more honorable specimen of public spirit can be found in the history of mankind." The towns throughout the colony gave according to — rather, far beyond — their means, and persons aided it with a wonderful munificence. To give to Harvard became then the ruling impulse of the Massachusetts willmaker and has remained the Bostonian ideal of public bequest. The dollar of their giving was not the dollar of our day. It was equivalent to several now, and the grant of the colony to the college, equal to fifty cents on each person was a serious tax. The generosity of John Harvard placed the capstone on the monument to the lofty impulse of these people holding an uncertain lodgment on the edge of a continent amid dangers fully realized and with no abundance of means, but determined to face greater privation, if need be, to keep alive inducements to the common culture. There was no concession to easy scholarship in the rules with which the

* Education in Massachusetts. Address by George B. Emerson, February 16, 1869.

college began its life. It could only be reached by the most careful preparation under the best educated men in the colony. "Whoever shall be able to read Cicero or any such like classical author at sight and correctly and without assistance to speak and write Latin in prose and verse, and to inflect exactly the paradigms of Greek nouns and verbs has a right to expect to be admitted into the college and no one may claim admission without these qualifications." And how would the favored youth of two and a half centuries later regard a regulation that forbade them to "use the vernacular within the college limits unless called to deliver an oration or some public exercise in English?"

Henceforth the college shall never lose its place in the thought and affection of the new made State and its name is woven in an oft-reappearing thread into the acts and resolves of succeeding generations.

Not content with inducing by their high institution a diligent culture, the colony took upon itself the serious charge of providing for lower schools. In 1642, when legislation was yet a new task and the Plymouth settlement but a full twenty years in existence, the General Court struck out this practical measure as the key to the intention of the people as a State towards its youth:—

> This court taking into account the great neglect of many parents and masters in training up their children in learning and labor and other employments which may be profitable to the Commonwealth, do hereby order and decree that in every town the chosen men appointed for managing the prudential affairs of the same, shall henceforth stand charged with the care of the redress of this evil and for this end they or the greater number of them shall have power to take account from time to time of all parents and masters and of their children, concerning their calling and employment of their children, especially of their ability to read and understand the principles of religion and the capital laws of this country; and to impose fines upon such as shall refuse to render such accounts to them when they shall be required; and they shall have power, with the consent of any court or the magistrate, to put forth apprentices the children of such as they find not to be able and fit to employ and bring them up and for their better performance of this trust committed to them they may divide the town amongst them, apportioning to every one of the said townsmen a certain number of families to have special oversight of They are also to provide that a sufficient quantity of materials, as hemp, flax, etc., may be raised in the several towns and tools and implements provided for working the same.*

Here was the conception of a *universal education.* What with all its wealth and learning the great mother nation had been too weak to formulate, its weakest colony across the sea had boldly

* Act of 1642.

undertaken in this initial act. The vital principle of every school enactment for centuries to follow — state requirement of common education and local control of the means of supplying it — was marked out as clearly here as in any enactment by an enriched people of the nineteenth century. It has taken these 200 years to bring the school conceived in the minds of these Puritan lawmakers of 1642. The State asserted then its right to examine into the diligence with which every child was instructed, and impose a fine for its neglect — and that is compulsory education, which even to-day is not secure in every part of the nation — sprung from the Massachusetts beginnings.

Of the rigor of the training in the home expected by the lawmakers, and of the burden upon the child life of that fruitful era, another clause of the act of 1642 tells us: —

> Also that all masters of families do once a week (at the least) catechise their children and servants in the principles of religion, and if any be unable to do so much that then at the least they procure such children and apprentices to learn some short orthodox catechism without book, that they may be able to answer unto the questions that shall be propounded to them out of such catechism by their parents or masters, or any of the selectmen when they shall call them to a trial, of what they have learned in that kind.

The memorable act of 1642, however, established no schools. It discharged its simple obligation when it continued the responsibility of the head of each household for the sufficient education of his children and servants in reading and writing and the good upright catechism, and put as a watch over him the selectmen, whose visit to the family might at any moment bring to examination the soundness of little Priscillas and Prudences and Amariahs and Ezekiels before the "chosen men."

The school must soon follow. It came in the act of 1647, and in the very preamble of that instrument. The statesmen of the old colony poured out their very souls in the preambles of their enactments. Heaven be praised that those blessed men gave to the caption of every law the exact reasoning which led up to its formation. What would become of a modern legislature if the preambling necessity still existed and its lawmakers were forced to confession of the exact motives which impelled the particular proceeding? Of old, the member of the General Court had a purpose, knew what it was and wrote it freely out. So we learn why the common school was to come: —

> It being one chief project of the old deluder, Satan, to keep men from the knowledge of the scripture, as in former times keeping them in unknown tongues, so in

these latter times by persuading from the use of tongues, that so at least the true sense and meaning of the original might be clouded and corrupted with false glosses of deceivers; to the end that learning may not be buried in the graves of our forefathers, in church and commonwealth, the Lord assisting our endeavors: It is therefore ordered by this court and authority thereof; that every township within this jurisdiction, after the Lord hath increased them to the number of fifty householders, shall then forthwith appoint one within their towns to teach all such children as shall resort to him to write and read, whose wages shall be paid either by the parents or masters of such children, or by the inhabitants in general, by way of supply, as the major part of those that order the prudentials of the town shall appoint; provided that those who send their children be not oppressed by paying much more than they can have them taught for in other towns.

Sec. 2. And it is further ordered, that where any town shall increase to the number of one hundred families or householders, they shall set up a grammar school, the master thereof being able to instruct youth so far as they may be fitted for the university: and if any town neglect the performance hereof above one year, then every such town shall pay five pounds per annum to the next such school till they shall perform this order.*

The grammar school, sometimes called the Latin school, of that time, was one in which the Latin and Greek languages were taught, and was preparatory to the University. Thirty-six years later (in the act of October 10, 1683) it was provided that whenever a town had 500 families it should support two such schools.

Standing now at the close of the seventeenth century, two hundred years back in time, and in the era of the witchcraft delusion, we have before us the remarkable spectacle of a State in possession of schools in its every village. Delinquent towns were followed sharply by the eye of the law and the courts faithfully inflicted the penalties. Supported for a time by assessing the cost upon the householder according to the number of his children — a proceeding which, strange as it may seem, worked no reduction in the size of the good old-time family — the schools at last became a public charge. Just as the church yields the tax list as a means of support, the school takes its place.

The minister, at the first the natural educator, was in time disqualified from being also the schoolmaster,† and the pedagogue's dignity was heightened by the rule, that to secure proper respect for him, his wife was to be accommodated with a pew next the wives of the magistrates.

To omit the later history of the school advance is to neglect interesting chapters, but the record is only the fulfillment of the purpose of the Fathers as it was written out in the early laws. To read it is to know the remarkable development of the academy

* Colonial Act of May, 1647.

† Act of 1702.

era, beginning in 1761, when Governor Dummer gave his dwelling house and farm at Byfield, in Newbury, to be set apart for a grammar school, an example soon followed by the Phillipses of Andover and Exeter, and again copied all over New England until in 1834 there were in Massachusetts 950 of these academies. Many of them were poor schools, but their existence and multiplication and the support given them by the towns and by legislation,* are a striking evidence of the educational growth which was yet to bear better fruit.

The decline of the Puritan control of Massachusetts attending the rapid increase of alien population, weakened for a period in the eighteenth century the supports of the common schools, but with national independence came a revival of the impulse, and the act of 1789, taking in the whole breadth of the need, renewed the pledge of the commonwealth and strengthened the obligation of the town, giving us the phraseology which remains in the general sections of the public statutes of to-day. There was faltering, if not retrogression, in the legislative acts of 1826 and 1827, one of which is described as having struck a foul blow at the free school's existence, but it only foreran the revival during the thirties, which under the leadership of Horace Mann brought Massachusetts again into the first place. The invention of the Normal school marks this period, and there is a record of steady advance until in 1852, impelled by the increasing illiteracy in the State, that perfection of enforced education, the compulsory school law, completes the work of the Puritan fathers, foreshadowed in their earliest preamble and begun in their first legislation.

The history of education in America, the history of the free school, is still unwritten. No subject, it would seem, could be worthier the effort of the man with the historical impulse and inspired by the wish to glorify New England in the sight of the world, than this. Yet only as one gathers from scattered addresses, scanty references in local and state histories, and in the laws of old with their confessional preambles, is it now possible to learn by what steps the school system of these closing years of the century has come to its character and strength. But no long search is made before there gathers at the reviewer's disposal such abundance of suggestive and attractive material that he feels the impossibility of briefly doing justice to this great, untrodden field. From such generalizations as have now been made, it is only possible to gain

*Act of 1797.

a fresher idea of what is already in common knowledge, *namely, that the culture of the youthful mind was at the outset in New England, and from that time onward, has been unfailingly a great Massachusetts responsibility.*

Let us now return to the question I raised in the beginning. Why was the education of the young on a plan wholly unknown in England, whence the Pilgrims came, one of the first provisions in every Puritan township? Why was it that by 1665 every Massachusetts town had what England did not have until generations after — the public school?

We may return over the successive steps by which the school idea has been developed, and seem to trace it back to its origin in early colonial legislation. But have we there reached the genesis? Was the thought of this common education a new plant, indigenous to American soil? Did it spring up here in the minds of men, come across the sea to make a new nation, without previous suggestion? To this the historian of the Puritan emigration has been content to give affirmative reply. It has been credited to the general fruitfulness of these minds, pregnant with great measures for human elevation, fired with the holiest hopes for a state in which an intelligent Christianity should flower in lives of the sternest and highest, if not the broadest manhood. There is the confession of the providential preamble to the act of 1647 that the education of the young to the extent of reading was a device to match the designs of the old deluder, Satan. The Bible had not come into the hands of the common people of Puritan faith through the heroism of a Wycliffe to be neglected by them; and contradicting the Elizabethan idea that it should be kept from their eyes, they proposed of all things that the Scripture, as the refuge of all strength, should have its portals wide ajar to the entrance of every youthful mind — if need be with ability to read it in a forgotten tongue.

Again, we are reminded that the Puritans were not uncultured men driven from their English homes simply to escape persecution. This motive, Mr. John Fiske says,* was operative to only a slight extent. "The Puritans who fled from Nottinghamshire to Holland in 1608, and twelve years later crossed the ocean in the Mayflower, may be said to have been driven from England by persecution. But this was not the case with the Puritans, who, between 1630 and 1650, went from Lincolnshire, Norfolk and Suffolk, and from Dorset and Devonshire, and founded the colonies of

* American Political Ideas, p. 28.

Massachusetts and Connecticut. These men left their homes when Puritanism was waxing powerful and could not be assailed with impunity; a large proportion of the leaders had taken degrees at Cambridge. The rank and file were mostly intelligent yeomen. To an extent unparalleled, therefore, in the annals of colonization the settlers of New England were a body of picked men. Their Puritanism was the natural outcome of their free thinking, combined with an earnestness of character which could constrain them to any sacrifices needful for realizing their high ideal of life."

Is it not satisfying then to find an answer to our question, as to the motive for the school, in the wish that the Scripture should be read understandingly and in the intelligence such as the Puritans brought to their state building task?

Such has been always the position of the New England historian. Volumes will be searched in vain for a suggestion that it was anything other than an original conception of the Puritan mind placed in a land all its own, with freedom to carry forward the dictates of a consecrated common sense.

But now this view is strongly combated. It is assumed that too large an originality is credited to the Puritans, and that institutions so radically advanced from those of England must have been suggested from some other source. The memorable tarrying of the Puritans for nearly 12 years in Holland, a land full of Republican impulses, blessed with free institutions and making much of both common and high education, is seized upon as the solution of a problem which previously we have been content to leave as answered by simple reference to the inventiveness of the Pilgrim mind.

The advocates of the Dutch origin of the institutions planted at Plymouth present an engaging, if not a convincing, case. Within a year, there has appeared a ponderous work, ingenious and persuasive of our obligation to the Hollanders,* and in nothing is it more urgent than in the contention that, by the Dutch overflow into England, the Puritans gained the thought of common education, and that in the twelve years in Leyden they gathered up both the open university and the free school for their permanent possessions.

It is easily shown that England offered no prototype to the public school, and discouraged, if it did not crush out, the common

*The Puritans in Holland, England and America.

education. It was the theory in Elizabeth's time that it was an evil to educate the common people or give them too much religious instruction, while Holland offered the free public school which, indeed, it had preserved as a heritage from the Romans. So, while the Dutch settlers in New York early built the schoolhouse, the purely English settlement in Virginia opposed the innovation, and in 1671 Sir William Berkeley, governor of Virginia, wrote home to England, "I thank God there are no free schools or printing, and I hope we shall not have them these hundred years. For learning has brought heresy and disobedience and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them, and libels against the best government. God keep us from them both."

Away back in the reign of Edward VI. England established some grammar schools, eighteen in number, and a few were added at various times by private subscription. The government did nothing more in the cause of education for three centuries, until the year 1832, when Parliament made its first recognition of the principle that the State owes a duty to its children by an appropriation of £20,000. This was gradually increased until, in 1869, the annual grant amounted to half a million pounds, about one fifth as much as the sum annually spent by the State of New York alone.

In 1870, England for the first time entered upon a national system of education by establishing common schools for the masses, since which time there has been great progress, although education is yet defective, is of only an elementary character, and not wholly free.

Plainly enough the common school was not of English origin. Turning to Holland, it is presented that in the sixteenth century its people, by the freest use of the new art of printing which any nation developed, had placed the spelling-book and reader in the hands of every child, and given to all classes an elementary education, at a time when the mass of the English nation was wholly illiterate. The intimacy between the Puritans of Holland and of England is history itself, and the simple facts that the Netherlands offered them the first refuge, and that while there the Pilgrims were brought into the enjoyment of free institutions, its Robinson and other leaders entering the great free University, copied in Harvard, and its people seeing the common education of the masses, constitute a claim not to be slighted that for the inheritance of universal education, sons of New England and students of her his-

tory must gratefully recognize the Dutch influence, if not, indeed, the purely Dutch origin.

Whatever credit is given the ardent claims of the students of Dutch institutions, if, indeed, we acknowledge the fairness of their conclusion, we shall take nothing from the glory which belongs to the modest but earnest men of the Plymouth colony. The contention is only as to the institution. Institutions are but the enduring expression of human purpose, and whether the founders of New England brought the free school and university from Holland as instruments to carry out their intent for the new State, or framed them from their own thought, the vital truth is not concerned. That truth is reached when we find that behind the school's existence here lay the great soul which, taking on the physical form of a strong civilization, was in itself simply the inspired conception of an unyielding Christianity among men, to be sustained by an intelligence shared by every member of every community. The free school was English or not English, Dutch or not Dutch, of ancient origin or modern; but the purpose of the New England free school grew from the heart of the Puritan people.

SWEET VALE OF POCUMTUCK.

CORNELIA ALLEN SMITH.

There is no shore without flower or bird on it,
 There is no sky that forever is gray;
There is no land but that music is heard on it,
 There is no night but begetteth the day;
And in Pocumtuck — the beautiful green on it,
 Blue of the river and red of the rose,
Follows the thought of the carnage once seen on it,
 Follows the thought of its crags and its snows!

Far in fair Memory-Land, on the shore of it,
 Rising like ships that return on the sea,
Stand we and watch we the dear recollections, that
 Back through the mist come to you and to me;
Gray is the mist, with the tear-drops that cling to it,
 Sound of far-sobbing and sorrowful surge;
Yet there are songs that the sky-lark will sing to it,
 When tired footsteps have come to the verge!

Back in the saddest and sorriest year of it,
Many a mother wore desolate face;—
But a new day shone; and grateful we hear of it,
Fostered by goodness, encircled with grace;
Grand were the heroes that stood firm and said to it,
Said to the scorched and the suffering plain—
Out of your ashes we gather and wed to it
Seed that shall swell to a harvest of grain!

Sweet summer sons brought the green and the gold to it,
Soft was the voice of the silvery rain;
Entrancing the stories that young children told to it,
Stories that budded and blossomed again!
Valley and hill answered back to the sound of them,
Dells blue with violets, hills all aglow
With a bright phalanx of hopes that — the round of them —
Flowered and flashed back those long years ago.

Time has since tried us, and seasons have changed us,
More than one century faded from sight;
Yet neither sorrow nor death has estranged us
From the dear land of our love and delight!
Visions of morn! In the dew-time they come to us!
All of the glory and all of the glow
That lurked in the meadows where still the bees hum to us,
Just as they did in the long years ago.

Dear ones that sleep in God's Acre, bring to us
Lessons of love and a faith that's sublime;
Friends that are living, oh, rise and sing to us
Songs that are more than a lingering rhyme;
Sing of the sunshine, if only the ghost of it
From the cold edges of winter-day drips;
Shadows that lurk on the wonderful coast of it
Are far too precious for poor human lips!

Sing, and your voices, with whispers of wind in them,
They shall make sorrow as though it were not;
Tho' it be winter, the winds laugh, with spring in them,
Hurrying back to each desolate spot!
Sing of Pocumtuck — the sunrise shall gleam on it,
Laying foundations of green and of gold;
Sing of Pocumtuck, — the sunset shall stream on it,
Touching its hills with a glory untold!

Sing, yet softly, very softly,
Like a bird low in her nest, —
Of the old things that are dearest,
Of the old loves that are best!

Other voices, sweeter voices,
Rise from valleys to the West; —
But the old things are the dearest,
And the old loves are the best!

From the mountains in the northland,
Wand'ring winds will sink to rest; —
For the old things are the dearest,
And the old loves are the best!

In a land where thunder breaks not,
Where pure friendship stands confessed, —
Still — the old things are the dearest,
And the old loves are the best!

Where all storms are stilled forever
In the gardens of the blest, —
Yet — the old things are the dearest,
And the old loves are the best!

Since he sleepeth whom we loved so, —
Since she comes not, — welcome guest, —
Ah, the old things are the dearest,
And the old loves are the best!

Strike the harp, but very softly,
Its far echoes strike my breast; —
Yes, the old things are the dearest,
And the old loves are the best!

Longing still for them that loved us,
Love shall stand the final test; —
Always old things are the dearest,
Always old loves are the best!

So sing softly, very softly,
Fathers, mothers, children blest; —
Old things are of all the dearest,
Old loves are of all the best!

Speech but half-spoken, the rest you must guess of it,
Song but half shapen, oh, marvelous lute,
Lend me your laughter; for sorrow, the less of it
Given to mortals, the more it bears fruit;
Memory, child of the gay summers, bring to me
Echoes of words that were said long ago!
Hope, thro' the drift of the winter snow, sing to me
Songs that once rose in the valley below!

Gray may the mist be, the sea without sail on it,
Far from the land of the maiden and youth;
Yet, look again, for the sun leaves a trail on it,
Twilight is fairer than daylight, forsooth!
Life is an ocean, and far in the bays of it
Voices of wind and of water combine;
Hushed be the murmur, for oh, in the days of it
Nothing could darken the light so divine!

Back in the dawn of a beautiful year, on it,
Year of our youth, of our love, of our joy,
Shone happy sun; and our life, with no tear on it,
Just ran along, life of girl and of boy;
Golden and grand was the gay summer noon of it,
Fanned by the breezes, new-born in the world,
Life, how delightful the gay, happy boon of it,
Sailing up stream, with our light sail unfurled!

Now the sail droops; yet, thank God, no fear of it!
We shall land safe in the bright Bye and Bye;
Far apart, maybe, and you may not hear of it,
Heralded not by a sob or a sigh;
When the snow melts and the winds whistle by us,
Down by the grave where the little flowers start,
There'll surely be *some one* to say, "she is nigh us;
The flowers have a touch like a hand on my heart!"

FIELD MEETING—1893.

FIELD MEETING

OF THE

POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,

AT GILL CENTRE, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1893.

GILL'S CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

A procession will form on the Common, and, under the direction of Sheriff Isaac Chenery, Marshal, will move at ten o'clock.

H. A. PRATT, President of the day.

PROGRAMME.

1. MUSIC, "Grand American Fantasia," *Bendix*
 THE GREENFIELD BAND.
2. PRAYER, Rev. Henry Hyde
3. ADDRESS OF WELCOME, Prof. H. A. Pratt
4. RESPONSE, Francis M. Thompson, Vice President of the Association.
5. MUSIC, "The Old and New," *Beyer*
 THE BAND.
6. HISTORICAL ADDRESS, Francis Walker, 2d
7. MUSIC, "The Anvil Polka," *Parlow*
 THE BAND.
8. DINNER.
9. MUSIC, Overture, "Bridal Rose," *Lavalle*
 THE BAND.
10. GREETINGS FROM THE TOWN OF GILL.
11. RESPONSE FROM THE TOWN OF GREENFIELD, By Rev. P. Voorhees Finch.
12. RESPONSE FOR DEERFIELD, Miss C. Alice Baker

13. Response for the County, Edward E. Lyman
14. Response for the Commonwealth, His Honor, the Lieutenant Governor, Roger Wolcott.
15. Music, "The Turkish Reveille," *Michaelis*

THE BAND.

16. Mount Hermon Boys' School. Address by a member of the faculty. Singing by the students.
17. Gill's Contribution to Science, T. M. Stoughton
18. Personal Reminiscences, Leonard Barton and others
19. Music, "The Belle of the Village," *Boullon*

THE BAND.

20. Addresses, By Rev. F. P. Chapin and other former residents
21. March, "Congress Hall," *Sousa*

THE BAND.

The school children of Gill will sing at intervals during the morning exercises.

The dinner will be in basket picnic style. Coffee and lemonade will be furnished by the people of Gill.

Committee of Arrangements.

H. A. Pratt, Gill, *Chairman.* Herbt. C. Parsons, Greenfield, *Secretary.*

H. A. Pratt, Nelson Burrows, Leonard Barton, Timothy M. Stoughton, Samuel P. Stratton, for the town of Gill.

Herbt. C. Parsons, Jonathan Johnson, Frederick Hawks, Reuben W. Field, for the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association.

REPORT.

GILL'S JUBILEE.

For a town historically a hundred years old, Greenfield's old "Northeast District," now and for a century the town of Gill, was in a festive mood on Wednesday. The day was the perfection of September's rich possibility. The sun was softened in its heat into the temperature best suited to the comfort of the oldest citizens, not one of whom it is safe to say remained at his home, even though his years might span nearly the town's first century. The fertile slopes, which make Gill a farming region whose richness the early settlers discovered and appropriated,

were as green and fresh as if the summer sun had made no effort to scorch their verdure. These conditions all favorable, the town

"Awakes on the morn of its hundredth year,"

feeling perhaps as Dr. Holmes would have everything on that day, decidedly "queer," but surely awakes in as joyous a mood as is possible to a prospering, God-favored New England country town. The river fog hung its curtains over the valley in the early hours, but as the people began to gather on the village green the sun swept the mists away, and shone unclouded the day long.

The celebration of this day had for years been anticipated by the older people, and it is one of the many things remembered of Josiah D. Canning that in his later days he had the September celebration as the most conspicuous anticipated date in his calendar. The town's historian, the "Peasant Bard," whose fame was not limited to the village where nearly all his days were spent, did not live to aid in its celebration; but the exercises were fittingly held on his estate, and the sound of the speakers' voices, telling the tale most familiar to him, came in at the windows of his old home. But they fell on the ears of a grandson, whose arrival in the ancestral home was timely, as falling but nine days before the celebration.

The population of Gill was larger Wednesday than perhaps ever before. It sprung from the 600 given it by the census to some 2,500 more than that number. It was the picnic day of all the region round, somewhat soberer than training day of fifty years ago, but its good nature a spontaneous product and not to be credited to the liquid inspiration of the good old times. It was an attentive crowd, earnestly interested in the historical purpose of the celebration. The speakers addressed as closely intent an audience as they can ever hope to face. It was especially a day of reunions, and the cheeriest feature of the whole day was the greeting of men who came back to Gill after years of absence, and recognized each other under the mask years had given to their faces.

The celebration was the result of the joint action of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association and the citizens of Gill. And it fulfilled in its entire exercises the ideals both of historical research and of a gay and joyous township birthday.

The Greenfield band awoke the echoes from the common at soon after nine o'clock. A hundred or more school children trooped up from the lane, where they had been formed in line under the command of School Committeeman Sanderson, and a group of veterans of the last war, in the garb of Grand Army men, awaited the coming of the juvenile future warriors. These, with the committee, the speakers and a few citizens, formed the line, which was marshalled by Franklin's high sheriff, Isaac Chenery, who could remember what it was to

be a small boy in Gill. The line of march was around the common, through the arch over the gateway to the Canning field, which was made of green and bade a "Welcome."

The field, under the shade of a noble row of maples, was covered with seats of solid plank, and at the front of these a speakers' stand had been built and adorned with bunting and flowers. The stand itself was a work of art; its proportions were good, and across the proscenium were draped bright, new national flags between which swung a banner of evergreen, bearing the significant dates "1793," "1893," wrought in goldenrod. It accommodated twenty of the active and the honored guests and officers.

Two thousand people found room within range of the speakers' voices.

As chairman of the committee on arrangements, Prof. H. Alden Pratt of Gill opened the exercises. It was nearly 11 o'clock when the audience could be called to order.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Henry Hyde of Greenfield, who includes Gill in his vineyard, and it was a fervent plea for future blessings upon the town whose past is a pleasant memory. Then the school children and their teachers sang "America" with good and strong voices.

Prof. Pratt abridged his remarks in the address of welcome to the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association and the public, only saying: "Only three-quarters of an hour remains for the exercises of the morning. So my address of welcome, which resembles the hat in the auctioneer's hands, large enough for the largest man and small enough for the smallest boy, shall be given in its least size. We welcome the Memorial Association, are grateful for the honor of its presence and hope for its enjoyment of the occasion, the dinner and the exercises which are to follow." At this point Mr. Sheldon appeared unexpectedly on the platform.

Responding for the Memorial Association, one of its vice presidents, Francis M. Thompson, delivered a happy speech, given below, which he prefaced by the explanation that when he prepared it, the presence of Mr. Sheldon, the president, was not looked for. He then said: —

Gentlemen of the Committee: — I greatly regret that the illness of the venerable head of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association makes it incumbent upon me to respond to your very cordial address of welcome.

The duty assigned to me at this time is a pleasant one to perform, but no person can on this occasion fill with credit, the place made vacant by Mr. Sheldon's feeble health. He has given a lifetime to the close study of the local history of this valley, and by his persistent energy has made sure the organization and continued exist-

ence of our society. He it is who has gathered from the attics and hiding places of the old homesteads of this region a collection of ancient papers, manuscripts, books, tools and other relics and curiosities, most unique and valuable, and in many respects the most complete of any similar collection in the country; and he has succeeded in interesting in this work men and women of means and enthusiasm who have contributed to its needs until the Association has become the owner of a fine lot of land, a good three-story brick building, nearly fireproof in construction, and now nearly filled with antiquarian treasures, which, if destroyed, money or skill could not replace.

Moreover, the Association is entirely free from debt, has completed and published its first volume of proceedings — the second volume being now in preparation — and holds an honored position among kindred associations.

It has also funds in hand so that it has seen fit to guarantee one half the expense of the publication of Mr. Sheldon's forthcoming "History of Deerfield," a book which will be, undoubtedly, of great interest and value.

Our society was organized May 26, 1870, under a special charter granted by the Legislature, and its first field meeting was held the 16th of the following September, upon the field of the Turner's Falls fight in this town. Austin DeWolf., Esq., then of Greenfield, delivered the historical address upon that occasion, and the "Peasant Bard," Josiah D. Canning, upon whose ancestral acres we are now met, read a poem, which may be found among his published works, in which he said:—

Here * * * *
* * * * have we met
To spend a profitable hour, and muse
Upon the past — two hundred years agone,
And while we contemplate the present scene
We, too, may give to Fancy, latitude,
In speculation on what here shall be
When centuries again have passed away.

And it is well at times to rest from cares
That all engross us, and to step aside
From Life's highway, its dollars, din and dust,
To Nature's calm retreats, and let our souls
Be fed by her sweet whisperings — the same
Forevermore, as yesterday, to-day.

* * * * *

Lo! this is consecrated ground we tread!
The soil, the rocks, the very air we breathe,
Are full of memories of a vanished race,
Who here had being, and who cherished life,
According to the light to them vouchsafed.

* * * * *

Yonder you see beginnings: but the end
Is in the future far: when I who speak
And you who listen long have passed away;—
Yea — when the children of your children's child,
As generations shall in turn succeed,
Shall hither gather to renew this day.

In the constitution of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association is this declaration:—

The objects of this Association shall be the collecting and preserving of such memorials, books, papers and curiosities as may tend to illustrate and perpetuate the history of the early settlers of this region and of the race which vanished before them, and the erection of a memorial hall in which collections can be securely deposited.

With what success its work in its chosen field has thus far been met, I have in a few words informed you. Much remains to be done; money is constantly needed to carry forward the work, and although, through the assistance and direction of the Association, many historic places have been marked by permanent monuments, there is still much to be done in this direction. It has accomplished much in the way of educating the people to carefully collect, in a place of safety, the quaint and curious relics of the past, as well as letters, diaries and official papers relating to the Indian and Revolutionary wars, all so valuable to the historical writer or student, and so interesting to all.

The work of the Association is well shown here to-day. At each annual meeting a committee of its live, working members is appointed to arrange for a field meeting, during the year; advantage is taken of any epoch in local history, and a few noble souls are always found willing to spend and be spent in assisting to make such a meeting a success. The non-resident natives of the selected town, in whose bosoms yet burn the patriotic love of home, return to rekindle the fires upon the ancestral hearth, and some gifted son or daughter of the town, or perchance a grandchild, gathers in from all sources items of historic value, and from these thrums and ravelings the skilled hand weaves the web of future history, the story of the settlement and growth of the town to its present estate.

The Association published these doings in their *Proceedings* and they are thus preserved in permanent form for the use of future generations.

The inhabitants of this town, at its organization, honored Moses Gill, then Lieutenant Governor of the Commonwealth, by taking his name for their new town, and now, at its 100th birthday, the town receives honor and recognition by the presence at this meeting of his honor, Roger Wolcott, the present Lieutenant Governor.

It is not my purpose, Mr. Chairman, to trench in my remarks upon the ground rightfully belonging to the orator of the day, and it is very evident from the presence of the talented men and women I see about me that the time will be much better occupied if I shall say no more than to again thank you for the generous welcome you have extended to the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association.

Mr. Thompson presided over the rest of the morning session, his single duty being to introduce the orator of the day, Francis Walker, 2d, of Boston. Mr. Walker is a young man to have been selected for this task, which was the historical review of the town, but he more than justified the wisdom of the committee in inviting him. He is the son of Gen. Francis A. Walker of Boston, and still a student at Columbia, where he is pursuing a post-graduate course. His connection with Gill is through his mother's family, she being the daughter of Timothy M. Stoughton. The excellent judgment shown in the construction of an address which avoided the excesses of dry details and dates too often loading such speeches, was supplemented by a pleasant delivery, easy, forcible, but plain and unpretending. Mr. Walker's oration is given in full.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS BY FRANCIS WALKER, 2D, OF BOSTON.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—We are, to-day, assembled here to commemorate the centenary of this town. It is with many misgivings and a knowledge of my own limitations that I undertake such a task as the history of a Massachusetts town, especially when I consider the fullness of historical research in this great valley, and, above all, when I remember the learned investigations of such students of our immediate district as Mr. Sheldon and his colleagues of the Pocumtuck Association.

The places of man's fixed abode may be said to have two births. The first is the material establishment, the actual breaking of the soil, when the forests are cleared from the land, the rocks removed from its surface, and the way made clear for the cultivation of those primary articles of sustenance on which all mankind depend. To the imagination this outwardly material origin is nevertheless highly spiritualized with the promise of the future, that actual consummation and realization that we see and enjoy to-day. The second birth of the community is its organization. The material elements of life become secondary and are devoted to a purpose much higher than mere existence. As the rational man is he whose wants and pleasures are balanced and restrained, so the organized community is one in which the discordant elements of society are controlled by government, and given opportunity for united action. It is not political government alone of which I speak, for we find, in all our New England towns, its chief assistants, schools and churches, invariably springing up with its inauguration.

Over 200 years separate us from the time when first the hand of civilized man disturbed these forests and streams. From that period, until the organization of the town of Gill, in 1793, the settlements were few and scattered. But the forefathers of the present town were not even then totally without that first necessity of civilization — political government. The territory now included in this township was at first a part of the town of Deerfield, and later of Greenfield. However, the seat of government was distant, and in some respects the social and industrial relations of the people of the Northeast District, as Gill was then called, were closer to the neighboring town of Northfield.

The early history of the town of Gill is indeed inseparably bound up with that of the adjacent towns, because, not only are the present town organizations of Franklin County offshoots of the older towns, especially of Deerfield and Northfield, but also the perilous nature of the first settlements, the hardships of the half-opened wilderness, and the fear of the savages, made common action and mutual support a necessity. Few counties in New England can point to as romantic and thrilling a history of success over opposed difficulties as the County of Franklin. Of this region Deerfield, the first settlement, dates back as far as 1671. The origin was peculiar. A grant of certain lands in Dedham having been made by the provincial government to the missionary, Eliot, for his work of conversion and education among the Indians, the proprietors of

that town were allotted, in lieu thereof, a large tract at their option in the unoccupied territory to the west. The present town of Deerfield is a part of their chosen location. It was incorporated in 1673. The next settlement to be incorporated in this region was Northfield, in 1713, and, nearly half a century later, Montague and Greenfield received a like recognition. To us Greenfield is of especial interest, for it is from her ancient boundaries that Gill was mainly formed, just forty years later, in 1793.

Up to this period in the history of Gill the records are sadly blank. Our ancestors little appreciated what importance would be attached to their affairs in later times, or what interest their descendants would take even in their more trivial occupations. Perhaps they depended on the stability of tradition, which our ever changing flux of populations has rendered unfortunately a too feeble messenger from the past. Yet the few chapters from their history, which have been preserved, do not lack pages of singular interest. Nowhere have the sanguinary struggles which our ancestors maintained against the Indian been exceeded for the unquenchable ferocity of the savage or the indomitable fortitude of the settler. From the tales of battle and massacre and heavy captivity, stand out many striking incidents, picturesque often, in spite of their horror. The twice burned town of Deerfield and the slaughter at Bloody Brook, the attack on Hadley, with its mysterious defender, the captivity and redemption of the Williams family, are events recalled to every mind.

But this immediate district, in the famous Falls Fight, has an incident which yields to none in the thrill of interest it excites. It was during that attempt of the Indians under the leadership of that great chief, King Philip, to drive the white man from their hunting grounds. This most remarkable of all the uprisings of the Indians had been plotted and conspired the whole length of the Atlantic coast. In New England they were mustered in armies of no contemptible size, and opposed to the brunt of the devastating onset were the little settlements on the Connecticut river. There, within the boundaries of Gill, on the shores of the river which then furnished the readiest means of transport, the Indians lay encamped. Tradition says that Philip himself was present.

The "English" in the settlements below, at Hatfield, Northampton, Holyoke and Springfield, were informed of their situation by some escaped prisoners, and, collecting a considerable force under the command of Capt. Turner, they made a stealthy approach

to the place where the enemy lay in careless security. In the gray of early dawn, they fell upon the sleeping and unwatchful foe. A merciless slaughter commenced; quarter was not offered nor thought of, such was the savagery of those conflicts! The surprised and terrified Indians, who contrived to escape from their huts to the river bank, leaped wildly into their canoes, only to meet a death the more terrible that it was not in an actual combat. The rushing river swept them irresistibly on, and, still exposed to the deadly fire of the English on the bank, they were carried to destruction in the falls. It was not a field of battle but a shambles. So complete was the surprise, so unerring and destructive the fire of the English, that one hundred dead were counted on the ground, while in the fearful cataract perished one hundred and forty more. The English lost but one.

Besides the constant danger from Indian attacks, the early settlers had to contend with the greatest difficulties in making this now fertile valley the home of civilization. There were found, ready at hand, no prairies fit for the plow and seed, not even the salt meadows so prized by the early settlers of Salem and New Haven. Perhaps a few "intervals" existed, either naturally, or from the irregular burnings of the Indians. Usually, however, the ground had to be cleared of its heavy timber growth, and then the stumps and stones removed, gradually, from year to year, and with infinite labor. It was thus that the early settlers opened up the town of Gill. At first they lived, perhaps, in the town of Deerfield, or farther south, and made annual excursions to perform this preliminary work, and at the same time to enjoy the fishing and hunting, which then made these parts famous throughout the valley. The land was generally obtained by fair means from the Indians, and up to 1676, the time of the Falls Fight, Winthrop, the revered Governor of Massachusetts Bay, declared that the English "did not possess one foot of land" which was not fairly acquired "by honest purchase."

Very little is known of these first settlers, and probably there were but few, until after the French war. It was necessary to keep near some fortified place in those troublous days. Nevertheless, tradition states that one Howland cleared land, built a house and lived here prior to the Falls Fight, but was later compelled to abandon it. The Bascoms of Deerfield were also early arrivals, and after burning the timber, grazed their cattle on the green growth that followed. David Wrisley came from Connecti-

cut and occupied a tract of land a mile square in the center of the town. Another early plantation was at Stacy's Mount. At Grass Hill, which was then a part of Northfield, was the Severance place, and this was probably the earliest of all. The forts at Deerfield and Northfield were the resorts of these pioneers in times of danger.

Such are, in the main, the meagre facts known of Gill's early history. The Revolution came. Gill was then a part of Greenfield, which had been incorporated a score of years before. The history of that struggle and its result I will not dwell on here. The part that the people of the northeast district of the town of Greenfield bore in the conflict is a matter of family history. The patriots who took up arms in the cause of liberty were opposed by armies of mercenaries, but the people on the frontier had also to encounter the attacks of the bloodthirsty savages. They bore their part nobly and with wonderful success in the battles of Ticonderoga, Bennington and Saratoga. The hardships and dangers of a frontier life had developed in the Americans, as we may now call them, remarkable qualities, great intrepidity in action and calm fortitude in privation or disaster.

After the war a sad state of things existed throughout the country, and especially in western Massachusetts. The interruptions of war, the breaking up of families, the increase of debts and mortgages and the demoralization resulting from a depreciated currency, following that great struggle, were felt very severely in this region. The healthy conservative restraints of an old and orderly society were absent. The thoughtless and rash elements were on top. It is not strange that these calamities caused an outbreak, for violent resistance was the spirit of the times. Shays Rebellion was the result. Gill has a peculiar interest in the disturbances that followed. In the attack on the Arsenal at Springfield, her citizens took a conspicuous share, and, of the three men slain, two came from Gill. Those people who had abetted them and given them comfort when the amnesty was granted were compelled to swear an oath of allegiance. My own great-great-grandfather, Samuel Stoughton, was among these, because he had given some of the hungry men a loaf of bread.

The increase of population in the Northeast District now made it desirable that it should have a separate organization. In the town meeting of Greenfield, on May 7, 1793, it was voted that "Lieut. Samuel Stoughton, Jos. Lyman, Daniel Risley, David Smead and Ebenr. Arms be a committee to agree on

terms on which the Northeast part of the Town shall be set off as a District." Accordingly, on September 28, 1793, the Northeast District was erected as a township of Massachusetts. In 1795, it was extended to include that part of Northfield known as Grass Hill, and finally in 1805, Great Island in the Connecticut River. The history of the town, strictly speaking, begins with its incorporation. Heretofore we have been reviewing the history of its origin, of the territory and the people. At that time Franklin County was known as the North Hampshire District. The county of Hampshire, the third county of the state, was established in 1662, and then included the whole western part of Massachusetts.

In 1761, Berkshire was separated, and it was subsequent to the incorporation of Gill that Franklin and Hampden became counties —in 1811 and 1812 respectively. Gill was the sixth town [24th Ed.] of the present Franklin County, Deerfield, Northfield, Greenfield, Montague and Bernardston having preceded it in the order stated.

The town was named in honor of Gov. Gill. At that time the population must have been considerable, probably about six hundred, for we find it given as seven hundred by the census at the beginning of the present century. Of the inhabitants of the town, the principal names handed down include, besides some already mentioned, Allen, Brooks, Ballard, Childs, Combs, Field, Gains, Hosley, Munn, Roberts, Richards, Sage, Sprague, Squires, Smalley, Shattuck, Thornton, Warner and others. These had come from the neighboring towns in the valley, especially from Connecticut, and also from Rhode Island. The first selectmen were Moses Bascom, William Smalley and Noah Munn.

At the second town meeting steps were taken towards providing for a church and school. This was always a first care of our forefathers, and it is largely to their policy of public education that we owe the success of our democratic institutions. Their system, by force of example, spread over the whole country, so that, in the phrase of the day, "the schoolmaster was abroad." At first there was no regular school building, but the unoccupied ell of a dwelling house was used. Later a schoolhouse appeared, and this was succeeded by a structure which still stands here. In 1823, school districts were established within the town.

The church was a still more important matter. In fact, it rivalled the town meeting as a frame of social structure. The school was a purely formative agency, the church was the strong-

est social institution. In those days there was comparatively little division in belief. A settlement generally went as a unit. The pastor was the best educated man of the town. The church was a place of frequent assemblage and social intercourse, while a town meeting was of rare occurrence. Again, the church included all the inhabitants, men, women and children, and all shared its privileges and duties. To a community of isolated settlers, it was the strongest common bond, and, at the same time, the highest. We may regard this as the public, the worldly purpose of the church. The meetinghouse site was settled by arbitration. The structure was first occupied in 1794, and finished and dedicated in 1805. Inseparably associated with its history is the name of its longest tried minister, Josiah W. Canning, who was first settled here in 1806, and officiated, including an interruption of a decade, for almost fifty years. He is spoken of by a contemporary as "a fine scholar," whose "dignity and modesty, always prominent traits in his character, did not exceed his worth as a man, his purity as a Christian, or his devotedness as a minister of the Gospel!" Posterity will also remember him for the virtues and talents of his sons, who were the pride and ornament of their town. In 1823, the Methodist church was formed, and had a career of successful ministration.

The War of 1812 was the first in which Gill was called upon to take a part as a town, and it showed itself not lacking in patriotism. The war was very unpopular in New England, yet her troops and her sailors played an important part in the conflict. The town historian, Canning, says that it was the only one in the county to supply its quota without a draft. We have the names of ten men who thus volunteered, including such familiar ones as Ballard, Hosley, Munn and Wrisley. Though Gill in after years allowed its company to disband, we may attribute this lack of interest to the lamentably poor organization of the old militia.

Gill was always an agricultural town. It was noted in the olden time for its corn and rye. The soil was singularly fertile; in the plateau above the "Straits" there was no land not adapted either to tillage or excellent pasturage. The hilly wooded ridge from the Straits to Pizgah and Stacy's Mount was a valuable timber district. The chief markets were Boston and the towns below on the banks of the Connecticut. The produce was loaded in a wagon and driven by the farmer himself, the herds went on the hoof, and each evening they made their halt in the barn-lot of some farm on the

route. These slow journeys of several days to us would seem very tedious, but they were then regarded as a pleasant opportunity for travel and for social intercourse with people of other parts. But, on the whole, Gill, in those days, like other towns in Western Massachusetts, consumed at home most of its productions. The forests furnished their building materials and firewood, the flocks and herds supplied them with meat and also with material for clothing and footwear. An important part of the housewife's duty consisted of spinning, and looms were set up in the villages which produced the commoner necessaries of clothing.

The most peculiar and interesting feature of Gill was the shad fishery at the Falls. Before the numberless mills, which now crowd the banks of the Connecticut from Hartford to its source, had interrupted and impeded the free course of its waters, immense quantities of fish, chiefly salmon and shad, came up the stream at spawning time, penetrating far north and into every branch. The Falls furnished a place remarkably adapted by nature for their capture. Here the river was narrowed by the close approaching hills, and the progress of the fish temporarily obstructed by rapids and falls, so that the water was almost alive with them. Burnham's Rock, at the head of the cataract, now submerged, was the chief place, and it is said that the nets have taken from there in a single day over five thousand shad. This fish, which is considered the greatest delicacy by the modern epicure, to whom "planked shad" is the highest luxury, became so common a thing to that generation that it bred a certain disgust. In those days people in winter used salted meats, especially beef and pork, and hence probably arose that curious name for the shad of the Falls—which was commonly called "Gill pork." Housewives were ashamed that their neighbors should see this then too common delicacy on their table, and it is said that the sudden approach of a stranger to the kitchen at breakfast time would cause a sudden disappearance of the fish behind the "backlog" of the old-fashioned fire. It is also asserted that in the indentures of apprentices the frequency of shad upon the bill of fare was often limited by express stipulation. The apprentices would not eat it more than once a day.

In the first part of this century the life of the people was calm and contented, undisturbed by violent efforts to raise either their material or moral position. They were industrious, but not especially frugal, and they spent what they earned. They were possessed of the great advantages won by the struggle of the Revolutionary

period, and the stress of thought and action had been followed by a period of repose. They had few amusements, but they made the most of them. They had husking and sleighing parties and Thanksgiving, but they had above all Election day, the glorious Fourth and the annual muster. The muster had been a serious necessity in the old days of the French and Indians, and it was not forgotten after the glorious experiences of the Revolution. It had been thenceforward perpetuated by patriotic remembrances rather than by practical utility. Its chief value was doubtless in the holiday which it gave the people, and the amusement and occupation it furnished outside of the sometimes monotonous rural life. A curious relic in these military manœuvres was the retention of the Indian. In the sham battle, which was generally a conspicuous feature of the exercises, the gaudily decorated savage was seen fighting in his native manner, behind rock and tree. Training day disappeared about 1840, because so little interest was taken in the companies, and they made such a poor appearance, that the officers threw up their commissions.

Election day was a day of recreation as well as of patriotic duty. The Falls was a favorite place to spend this holiday, and people came from far and near. There were refreshment booths, with a plentiful supply of old New England rum and cider, boats on the water, and a crowd of people bent on enjoying themselves. On the bank of the river, dancing by the young people enlivened the scene, though it is said that the dainty white dresses of the girls suffered somewhat from the black earth of their improvised floor.

But the increasing wealth of the country, and the development of commerce and manufactures soon drew away the young blood of the community. The cities and the great West offered larger fields for ambition. At the same time, the gradually failing severity of the old Puritan ideals was replaced by newer and fresher movements. In the second quarter of the century, we come to an age of moral revivals. Carlyle thundered his creed of duty and deeds in England. A similar spirit was visibly at work in this country. People began to be much more in earnest, to think deeply, and from that reflection sprang movements as widely different and unrelated as Spiritualism, Abolition, Unitarianism and Temperance. The temperance movement took a strong hold of the people of this region. Rum had been as cheap as milk is to-day and almost as plentiful, but a wonderful disappearance of its use followed that crusade.

The wealth of the town increased, the farmer saved his money, improved his house and stock and farm. Some who had gone to Boston returned with their savings, and the capital thus introduced into the countryside gave a stimulus to improvements of all kinds. Several of them had been engaged in stone cutting, and the capstone of Bunker Hill Monument was the work of a man from Gill. The Falls had been dammed, and the power turned to practical use some time before. This prosperity was marked by the establishment of three stores and three hotels in Gill Centre, and by an increase in population which in 1830 reached 864.

When the War of the Rebellion broke out the old-time patriotism of Gill was not found wanting. The attack on Fort Sumter sent a thrill through the North that penetrated the heart of every citizen. On June 15, the people of Gill signified their reverence for the Union, and their determination to uphold it, in a formal flag raising. The banner was the handiwork of the patriotic women of the town. It was unfurled, here, in this park, opposite the church, when, according to the account, "cheers, guns, music and patriotism" marked the occasion. Gill supplied her quota of men and money with the promptest zeal, her women wrought at home with tireless energy, and her men fought in the field for the nation with unflinching courage. The town furnished forty-two men, over a third of her military strength, of whom three died in service or from wounds received in battle in defense of the Union.

The close of the long conflict found Gill a sufferer with the rest of the country. Her population by a gradual decrease had fallen to 635. But adversity had not crushed out the enterprise or desire for improvement of her citizens. The town had now existed for seventy-five years, and it was determined to have a fitting accommodation for its meetings. The present town hall was erected in consequence, and dedicated on February 5, 1868. The exercises were most successful and attracted a large audience. Josiah D. Canning, who had for many years been town clerk, was the orator of the day.

This was twenty-five years ago. Since then the town of Gill, and still more noticeably some of its immediate neighbors, have lost their distinctively rural character. Already Greenfield had become a considerable centre of trade, and had long surpassed Gill in wealth and population. The modern facilities of transportation, which, by throwing the Western wheat fields into competition with the East, had deprived the farms of Western Massachusetts of

some of their former value, had, nevertheless, made some amends by rendering her water power available, and by enlarging the area of supply of the products of the dairy and market garden. Manufacturing industries have sprung up along the banks of the upper Connecticut, and with them some of the accompaniments of a manufacturing town which at first may exhibit a crudeness inseparable from new things. Long ago a grist mill was built in Gill for local necessities, but it was decidedly a domestic affair and not for external markets. It is now about a quarter of a century since the Turners Falls Lumber Company was organized, and began a large business which has prospered and furnished employment to the inhabitants of the town, and increased its wealth; a few years since the New England Fibre Company was established; together they make Riverside a manufacturing village of no inconsiderable importance. This has made necessary great improvements in the means of communication. The enterprise of Gill and the adjoining towns has been exerted, therefore, in the construction of a great suspension bridge — a visible evidence of the energy of the inhabitants.

These new industries, and the great prosperity of Turners Falls on the opposite side of the river, afford a valuable addition to the demand for the agricultural and dairy products of the town. The annual value of the products of Gill, both for use and market, form a very considerable amount, of which the dairy and grass products are the most important. Of the twenty-six towns in Franklin County, in 1885, Gill ranked fifteenth in population, but in the annual value of its products it ranked thirteenth. In some lines it took a leading position, being fourth in poultry, eighth in cereals and vegetables, and ninth in timber and wood. It holds an equally creditable place in regard to the value of its land and stock, ranking thirteenth in total property and tenth in value of land.

Gill is not celebrated for its quarries, but the fame of its slate fossils has carried its name across the Atlantic. These were first discovered by Mr. Marsh of Greenfield, but they received their introduction to the scientific world through the studies and writings of Prof. Hitchcock of Amherst College. They reveal to the geologist and paleontologist the most valuable information concerning the Age of Reptiles, now happily long past. To see these stones some of the greatest scientists of the day have been attracted hither, including such men as Huxley, Dana and Marsh.

At Mount Hermon a school has been recently established by the celebrated evangelist, Mr. Moody, which has had a surprising success and achieved an international reputation, due to the enthusiasm of its founder and the high character it has maintained.

Thus, in every direction, we find the intelligence and energy of this town has been directed in the newest paths of progress. We can confidently predict that such will be its course in the future.

My duty is now done. I have briefly and imperfectly repeated to you the story of this community. What is now concealed in the future will be the theme of historians yet to come. But I may be permitted to make a few remarks about the present. The great need of this age is to make rural life more attractive, more varied, more inspiring. It is a fact patent to every student of affairs that, in the western part of our State, those towns which have not already exceeded a certain figure in population have shown a stationary tendency and often a positive decline. The course of modern development has been towards centralization; this leads to the massing in crowded cities of immense numbers, where the abnormal increase is not the result of natural multiplication, but comes from the tribute which every rural town, almost unconsciously, pays to the demand of the age. It is our duty to obstruct this unfortunate movement — if possible, to reverse it. The causes are both economic and social. The first may seem well nigh irresistible, but the great improvements in the methods of transportation have made a vast and ever-increasing suburban life possible, and with further development in this direction, and with the extended application of the telephone and those other inventions, which have almost realized the desire of the poet in annihilating time and space, we may hope to see the country town spring into greater activity. But the social reasons are perhaps even more important, and, at the same time, the causes of decline in this respect, seem to be remediable by agencies within our reach. The desire for rural life among the residents of the cities is seen to be growing ever stronger and wider, by the constantly increasing exodus from town which occurs every summer. People who have permanent homes both in town and country ever seek to prolong their sojourn at the latter. It is the duty of those who have the prosperity of the country and its towns at heart to join in cultivating those agencies of enjoyment and education which we find particularly in the cities — science, art and social intercourse, so that the rural town shall be the most delightful, as well as the most natural and most wholesome abode of man.

Promptly at 12 o'clock the exercises were suspended and dinner was announced. The scene Gill village presented in the noon hour was one of the brightest of the day's pictures. The people scattered themselves in family groups on the abounding green places, and under the shade of the trees took their basket dinners, supplemented by the free contribution of coffee and lemonade from the townspeople. The school children dined together in a neighboring yard, by the kindness of Albert Sanderson, who made them his special charge for the day. The scarlet-coated band employed all the time it could spare from dinner in enlivening the hour with music. And presently the Mount Hermon cheer was heard announcing the arrival of three hundred stout-lunged young men. Meanwhile in the town hall the guests to the number of one hundred and twenty-five were served an excellent dinner upon which the women of the town had spent their best effort and skill.

With school-masterly promptness, Prof. Pratt opened the afternoon session on the hour and minute, and after the band had played an overture, delivered his brief but warm greetings, first to the town of Greenfield, then to Deerfield, the County and the Commonwealth.

REV. P. V. FINCH SPEAKS FOR GREENFIELD.

Rev. P. Voorhees Finch was called upon to respond for Greenfield and made one of the bright, witty speeches which keep his fame growing as a happy occasional speaker. He said: —

In response to your greeting I must congratulate those present that nothing has occurred to interfere with the perfect success of this occasion. It is not always so. I remember at one time attending a funeral, not in Gill, but in a neighboring town, which had the misfortune not to be an unqualified success. The clergyman was present, the people were out in numbers, the undertaker — never knew one to fail — was on hand; everybody was there but the person to be buried. The blame had to be put upon some one, as it always must be for every failure of an occasion's success. I wondered where it could be placed. The undertaker was distracted with the problem, but he finally solved the difficulty by announcing, "The remains having failed to make connection, this funeral will be postponed." He put the blame upon the remains, to the relief of everybody else.

Greenfield is here to celebrate her daughter's birthday, and is proud of her daughter. She was a good, matronly mother when her Gill girl was born, forty years old and with a character developed which she has been proud to see reproduced in her offspring. Gill shows the same characteristics as Greenfield, the same personality, for Greenfield has a distinct individuality, for which I for one am thankful. Greenfield is far enough from the Hub to have developed decided characteristics of her own. The Greenfield town meeting is typical of that New England institution, and I hope that never while I live will the town become a city. In that town meeting we get the best thought of our best men, and when you say that, you speak of men who are qualified to stand by the best in the country. It is delightful to hear these citizens in debate, and I recall the firemen's suppers of old as occasions marked by the speeches of these citizens. We had George T. Davis, a most accomplished gentleman, Wendell T. Davis, and David Aiken, a man of remarkable wit, and they were grand feasts of reason. Yes, Greenfield has had her distinctive qualities and I hope she will always keep them. Her charms are many, the lovely hills, the famous drives, — all that goes with the region. Henry Ward Beecher, standing at Amherst and looking over this country, described it as the garden spot of earth.

Now, in 1793, we were induced by subtlety and guile to part with one of our best portions, a thing we would never have done if we had kept the wisdom of Deerfield. I suppose this people wanted a definite place to live in and call home. The want of a place to claim or to go to, as was shown in the comfort one Irishman gave another on his death bed when he reminded him of his wicked life and the certainty of his going to hell, and then told him he ought to be thankful there was a place provided for such fellows to go to. The people of this district wanted a place to live in which should be their own — and they were given it. But it is impossible still to distinguish between Gill and Greenfield people. We see these faces daily in Greenfield, we meet you on many occasions and we feel proud of our relationship.

So we come to embrace our daughter. We are glad to see her flourishing, glad of these fertile farms, glad for these flourishing schools within your borders. People fear for the future of the New England towns, but I venture the prediction that when the passage of another century is celebrated, these hills will be seen dotted with magnificent houses, grand estates spread here and

wealth and culture scattered over these beautiful slopes. Behold the Hudson river with its unbroken line of fine estates, and the overflow into Connecticut from the great city, and read there the future which must come to these hills,—God's region which wealth is sure to seek out. Greenfield congratulates her daughter upon her present prosperity and her past happiness, and wishes their continuance for a century and for all future time.

DEERFIELD REPRESENTED BY PRESIDENT GEORGE SHELDON AND MISS C. ALICE BAKER.

It was Deerfield's turn now. The presence of George Sheldon, the venerable antiquary, added to that of Miss C. Alice Baker, whose historical researches form the brightest page in the Pocumtuck Association's annuals, gave the old town a place of worthy dignity. Mr. Sheldon was received with applause and read with a voice less strong than of old a concise resumé of the Association's attainments and designs. Miss Baker contributed one of her admirable papers, descriptive of her Canadian quest for clues of the captures of French and Indian days. Mr. Sheldon spoke as follows : —

Mr. President, Friends and Brethren : — You will please consider my remarks as strictly extemporaneous. I shall not take you into my confidence so far as to give my reasons for writing them down beforehand.

With a programme already full to overflowing, I will take but a moment of your time. That will be spent in the glorification of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association.

We consider Franklin County as a sort of huge dish in which is simmering a big stirabout. The great business of the Association after hoarding relics is to stir up the people in this pudding; but we have never been accused of being impertinent or of breeding strife.

Has a town the almost forgotten site of a heroic deed or tragic sacrifice, we stir up that town until a fitting monument preserves its history for the generations to come, and makes a new object of interest to strangers. We go up the Pocumtuck Valley to dedicate a monument, and the kettle fairly boils over with newly

awakened enthusiasm which has never grown old. That is Charlemont.

In one town a dip of the paddle stirs up the silver-tongued orator, the earnest professor and the Plain people, and the site of an old fort is identified and marked. That is Ashfield.

We give another stir just over our borders and the practical enthusiasm aroused results in a memorial hall. That is Hatfield.

The outcome of the same operation in our county town is the erection of a monument on the spot where Eunice Williams fell under savage hands.

The place where sleep the fathers is a sadly neglected tangle; their descendants feel the motion of our paddle and order and decency prevail. That is Colrain.

Another agitation, historic monuments are renewed, new ones arise, and a history of the town is published. That is Northfield.

We watch out for bi-centennials, centennials, semi-centennials, or some other tennial, and many become aware for the first time that in church or state they have a history worthy of being handed down to their children. That means Leverett, Sunderland, Erving, Whately and Bernardston.

We stir up one village to the point of promising to mark the site of the first settler's home. So far, so good; no doubt this promise will in time crystallize into stone. All these events may be well called *stirring* events.

Now, what shall be said of Gill? Our pudding stick has been twice dipped into the edge of her corner of the big dish. This has been tentative and preparatory. Before me is the gratifying evidence that we have now stirred her very centre, and we shall look for great things to follow. We are, indeed,—alas, the day—left to imagine the heroic strain this occasion would have called forth from your lamented bard, but we may still expect from the eloquent orator of the day,—the grandson of Young Gill, and the great-great-grandson of Old Deerfield,—a full history of the town of his ancestors, whose birthday we now celebrate. We shall be content with nothing less. Then will the riddle be solved why the town was named for Governor Gill, in September, 1793, when he was not elected until April, 1794.

I have been thus particular as to the objects and achievements of our Association, for the reason that the work must soon pass from the hands of its founders, and its continued usefulness must depend on the will of those who are to be our successors. To

them these words are addressed, with the charge, "Be ye faithful stewards," in full confidence as to the result.

You will, I am sure, allow me to be personal. I have been the official head of the Association since its organization. Scores, yes, hundreds of times, I have been told that when my hands failed, and my enthusiasm was no longer felt, the Association would fall to the ground. This short-sighted view I have always met with the assurance that a generation was coming on which would fill the places of the founders, and carry out their plans; that the Association had supplied a recognized need, and was firmly grounded in the affections of the people; that it was not dependent on the life of any one man, however large the burden of it had been given him to carry.

Before me I see the evidence to justify my faith. Not the slightest touch of the president's finger has been laid upon the committee in charge of the preparations for the celebration of this day. The pudding paddle was in their hands, and he takes solid satisfaction in seeing the fulfillment of his prophecy, and in the evident fact that the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association *has come to stay.*

HISTORICAL PAPER.

BY MISS C. ALICE BAKER.

I believe it is always in order for a speaker to declare himself surprised at the call, and wholly unprepared for the occasion; and I must say that I never was more astonished,—*scared*, to tell you the honest truth,— than when I saw myself announced on your programme to respond for Deerfield.

Whether a woman was elected to this honorable position because of the old grammatical law that names of towns must be of the feminine gender, or because Deerfield stands naturally in the relation of grandmother to Gill, I know not. However, no man or woman need be afraid or ashamed to respond for Deerfield. In the history of New England, Deerfield has always answered well for herself. Through me she thanks her granddaughter Gill, for the courtesy and deference shown her to-day.

In all family reunions the old grandmother holds an important place. It is her precious privilege to tell the stories of the past to the present generation. *Chacun à son métier*, as the French

have it! Each one to his trade. Most of you know mine. It is to collect genealogical fossils of the early colonial period, many of which represent families now extinct in their original habitat. Imagine my satisfaction while digging lately in the pages of a distinguished French Canadian historian, in finding the name of our granddaughter Gill. Further exploration revealed what seems to have escaped the notice of your faithful annalist of to-day,—that Gilltown, Massachusetts, was the cradle of a race of the name of Gill, having been founded early in the eighteenth century by a certain Corporal Gill; also that about 1754 Gill was attacked by a party of Abenaqui Indians, who among other captives seized the son of Corporal Gill and fled with him by way of Lake Champlain and the Richelieu river to Canada, where by his marriage to another New England captive taken at Kennebunk, he became the ancestor of a line of Canadian Gills, the Hon. Charles Gill, Judge of the Supreme Court of Montreal, being the fifth in descent from the Corporal. Fancy the pleasure with which on this interesting occasion, Grandmother Deerfield would have told this story, with its romantic details, to her children's children, had not inexorable Fate decreed that Gill should not have been born till 1793, and then baptized in honor of Governor Moses Gill, who so far as I can yet learn, was not a kin to Sergeant Gill of Salisbury, Massachusetts. It was, alas! Samuel, son of Sergeant Gill of Salisbury, who when a lad of 9 years was captured by the Abenakis in 1695 and carried to their mission on the St. Francis river, where he married as above mentioned. Thus cruelly foiled in my grandmotherly ambition to tell you a story of your own town hitherto unknown to you, I can only offer you instead this little episode in my antiquarian researches.

General Hoyt in his "Antiquarian Researches," writes of the Deerfield captives, "Twenty-eight remained in Canada and mixing with the French and Indians, and adopting their manners and customs, forgot their native country and were lost to their friends." The names of the twenty-eight who never came back follow. This list must now be corrected by adding to it the names of Widow Hurst and her daughter Elizabeth, making thirty in all, and I doubt if the list is yet complete. We may congratulate ourselves to-day, on having found, within the last three years, eighteen of these exiles from home. Oh that I could tell you these tales of the captives as they might be told! pathetic, full of incident, and glowing

with romance as they are; but I can only transcribe the bare facts of their lives as I find them clearly recorded on the parish records of many a picturesque Canadian village, where they lived, died, and lie buried in nameless graves.

In the settlement of Deerfield, home lots were laid out and granted at "Plumtree Playne," now Wapping, as early as 1685. The little colony at Wapping consisted mostly of young men with their young families, "nearly connected by blood or marriage." Thither came Thomas Hurst, freeman of Hadley, with his wife Sarah. Their homestead was a part of the lot now owned and occupied by Josiah Allen.

The people of Plumtree Playne probably removed for safety to the town street, where Thomas Hurst died in 1702, leaving a family of six children. Among the captives of the 29th of February, 1704, were Widow Sarah Hurst, then thirty-seven or thirty-eight years old, and her children. The youngest was killed on the march. On their arrival in Canada the family was separated, some remaining in Montreal, Thomas and Hannah being sent, with several other Deerfield children, to the mission at the Sault au Recollet, or Lorette on the Rivière des Prairies, on the other side of the island of Montreal, the "OSO fort," as it is called in the narrative of New England captives. The only one of Thomas Hurst's family who ever came back to New England was Sara, the eldest child. With nothing to guide me, groping laboriously through pages of old French manuscript in the archives of Quebec, in the portfolios of ancient notaries of Montreal, dead and turned to dust a century and a half ago, in the parish records of both cities, finding here a little and there a little, and putting the disjointed fragments together, I had nearly succeeded in rehabilitating the Hurst family of six Deerfield captives, when I saw that for further knowledge of Thomas and Hannah, I must seek the records of the Oso fort. These were to be found at Oka, the Indian name for the village of the Lake of the Two Mountains on the Ottawa river, whither in 1720 the Sault au Recollet mission had been removed. By early morning train to La Chine,— La Chine the Seigniory of La Salle, — China by way of the great river and the West, being his goal.

At La Chine, one drops perforce from the nineteenth to the early seventeenth century. Here, before 1615, the most important trading post of New France was set up by Champlain; and here to-day, in good preservation, stands the great cobblestone chimney and oven of Champlain's post, with its broad fireplace, by which Robert de

La Salle later sheltered himself until he had built his palisaded village, a mile to the west, on the land granted him by the gentlemen of the Seminary of Saint Sulpice — opposite me, across Lake Saint Louis, as I stood in the ruined doorway of La Salle's homestead, where he must so often have stood, looking longingly westward, were the crumbling ruins of the Mohawk fort, where Eunice Williams and other Deerfield children sobbed out the first months of their captivity, and the low roofs of Caughnawaga, the cross gleaming from its picturesque steeple. Was it the wail of the Deerfield bell, a captive still, that floated faintly above the sullen murmur of the rapids? Who knows? Swan-like our boat glides on to Saint Anne, Bout de l'Isle, Tom Moore's Saint Anne, the house where he wrote his Canadian boat song, in full view from our steamer. As we round the end of the island, at our right loom up the vine-covered towers of the ruined château de Senneville, the seigniorial mansion of Jacques Le Ber, "a Canadian feudal castle of the seventeenth century." While in captivity Samuel Williams, the son of the Deerfield minister, lived with Jacques Le Ber, a rich merchant of Montreal, whose château was then in process of building. Back from the river, on a hill, stands the old stone mill of the seigniory, — not unlike that at Newport, R. I., but more imposing from its solitary and commanding position. A little to the northwest of the château, "Ottawa's tide" expands into the lake of the Two Mountains, beyond which the twin mountains form the background of this beautiful picture. Nestling at their base and following the curve of the lake shore, is the Côte, or village of Oka, as the Mission of the Lac des Deux Montagnes is now called. On a finely wooded point, formed by the double curving of the shore, the site of the ancient Iroquois fort, are the mission buildings, the church and the presbytery, or priest's house. The convent stands where it stood in 1720, but the comfortless birch bark cabin, then occupied by Soeur des Anges and her companion, the two devoted nuns of the Congregation, who gathered here their school of Indian girls, has given place to a modern gray stone building. Here another Sister des Anges, with two assistants, still teaches the little Indian girls their catechism. To her I was introduced by a letter from a nun of the mother house of the Congregation of Montreal, whose friendship is very precious to me. Being herself the descendant of a New England captive, she takes the warmest interest in my work, and does everything in her power to help me. We were cordially received by the Lady Superior, who would not hear of

our going to the inn, but gave us a room in the convent. Some of you may remember that the Sault au Recollet mission was the Canadian home of the two captives, Abigail Nims and Josiah Rising. There they went to school, there they were married; and that their virtues and their piety might be an example to the neighborhood they were granted by the priests a large domain at the Lake of the Two Mountains, about a half a league from the fort.

"There are farms in Canada," says Mr. Parkman, "which have passed from father to son for two hundred years." The estate given to Ignace Raizenne, by the gentlemen of the Seminary in 1720, having passed from father to son for one hundred and seventy years, is now owned and occupied by Jean Baptiste Raizenne, great-great-grandson of Josiah Rising and Abigail Nims. I therefore left word with the shopkeeper of Oka, that if Mr. Raizenne should come into the village that day he was to be told that the lady who could tell him about his New England ancestry was at the convent and would like to see him. In a half hour he appeared, and I am sure that I shall never again be treated with such distinction or welcomed with such frank hospitality as I was by that simple Canadian habitant, of which class he is a fine type.

A face of strong character, mobile in expression, with piercing black eyes, quick of apprehension, alert in manner, rapid in speech and gesture, with a lithe, agile and nervous frame. Naïve, unconscious and enthusiastic, he showed the greatest delight in meeting one who came from the home of his remote ancestry, of whom he is very proud.

We gladly yielded to his desire that we should go with him to visit his "*propriété*." First, however, to the records. After dinner I presented myself at the presbytery.

With the Apostle to the Indians at Oka, I had had an interesting correspondence, yet I had not been able to decipher his name, and had I known that he is a savant,—considered the best living authority on the Iroquois language, I should hardly have presumed to make such demands as I have, upon his time and patience. This venerable father is as modest, kindly and simple as he is learned, and I owe him much. The greatest are always the simplest. Great poems,—great pictures, great music and great men.

The most careful reader of the mission records in Canada finds, at the outset, an impenetrable veil shrouding their precious secrets, in the fact that the captives on arriving at the mission with their savage captors, were adopted into Indian families, receiving Indian

surnames. Added to this, at their baptism by the mission priests, the names of their French sponsors, or of the saints of the Catholic church, in nine cases out of ten, are substituted for the Christian names given to them at their baptism in New England. It is only by the most persistent pursuit of isolated facts, hints, dates and names, through register after register, collating and comparing them, that one finally evolves the stories of the captives.

These records are like the photographer's negative. They require patient and skillful manipulation and developing. At first all is a blank—a haze. By straining a little in one part, restraining a little in another, the picture "begins to come," and when it does come, its contrasts of light and shade surprise and thrill one. The photographic distinctness of every detail of these lives, which, hidden from sight for nearly two centuries, are now suddenly revealed, almost takes one's breath away.

For example, when I first struck the trail of Abigail Nims, she was baptized as Elizabeth in Montreal, and was said to be "living in the cabin of a squaw of the mountain." Of the Mission of the mountain and its successive transference to the Sault au Recollet and to the Lake of the Two Mountains I then knew nothing. As I chased her from record to record, the little Elizabeth flitted before me like an elf, appearing as Elizabeth Stebin—Elizabeth Kanaskwa—Elizabeth Sahiak—Elizabeth Tow-a-to-gowach. When I finally ran her down as Elizabeth Naim, married to a fellow captive, Ignace Raizenne, I had no difficulty in recognizing the two little playmates who were living opposite each other in Deerfield on the morning of February 29, 1704. My first clue to the Deerfield Hursts at Oka, on the Sault au Recollet records, was the birth of a son to Michel Anenharison and Marie Ka-wen-na-en-ni. This Marie I found to be Hannah Hurst. Doubtless her descendants still live at Oka.

At 4 o'clock, Jean Baptiste Raizenne drove to the convent gate. We clambered over the great wheels, into the habitant's cart, a revised edition of our dump cart, and taking his little daughter Guilhelmine between us, we set out for the old homestead of Abigail Nims and Josiah Rising. Though it was October, the sun was warm, and the sky and river a summer blue. Leaving the village, our road lay over high sand dunes, the relic of some old sea beach of the ancient continent. To stay these shifting sands, which are alike an ornament and a protection to the village, the *Curé*, an intelligent and agreeable man, has planted on their slopes this year 40,000 young pine trees.

As we ploughed through these great drifts up and down, there was no sound but that of the sand sifting through our wheels, and the sad murmur of the pines. At the foot of a tall black cross, planted in the yellow expanse of the plateau — an oasis in the desert — knelt a group of pilgrims on their way to the mountain chapel of Calvary.

As we struck into the primeval forest Jean Baptiste began to chatter with the volubility of a Frenchman. "*Voici la propriété du pauvre Ignace!*" "This is the estate of poor Ignace!" he cried. "This road the captive made with his own hands." When we came in sight of the house, his excitement was intense. "*Marche, donc vite!*" "Go on quick!" he shouted to his horse, and to me, "*Voilà la vieille maison, la maison d' Ignace! oh, que je l' aime!*" "There is the old house, Ignace's house! oh, how I love it!" And it was "*voilà*" this, and "*voilà*" that, and finally "*Voilà le bábá!*" as the little toddling thing met us at the kitchen door — and here we were, under the very roof-tree of the two captives. I shall not attempt to describe my feelings. I was dazed and overwhelmed with memories of the far-off past. Mr. Raizenne's pretty wife and old mother received us without embarrassment, and urged us to prolong our visit. We drank to the memory of the captives, and to the health and prosperity of their descendants, in wine made from vines originally planted by Ignace. We tasted water from his well; we ate apples from the sole survivor of his orchard. The climax of the afternoon's enjoyment for Jean Baptiste was reached when he presented to us his only son, a chubby boy of nine, named Riseing Raizenne. After taking a photograph of the place, and leaving little Guilhelmine in tears at our departure, we drove back to the village.

The peace and quiet of the convent were grateful after the exciting emotions of the afternoon. We begged Mother des Anges not to condemn us to another solitary meal, and, after some hesitation, she kindly allowed us to take our tea with the nuns. Loyalty to our hostess forbids me to dwell on the spiritual and material delights of that repast.

In New England, the sunset hour is usually marked by an outburst of noise from the youth of the village — not so at Oka. The whole place shows the sobering, orderly influence of the little Christian community in its midst. We sat on the doorsteps of the convent, talking low with the Sisters. The soft air was redolent with the odors of heliotrope and mignonette from the garden below

us. The river, still as the face of a mirror, reflected the splendor of the afterglow. Under the Lombardy poplars in the presbytery grounds, the aged mission priest walked slowly up and down, reading his breviary. Now and then, a blanketed figure stole silently past, on her way to say her evening prayer in the church. One by one the stars came out, and the gleam of a brilliant planet left a silvery wake upon the water. The stillness of the midsummer night was broken only by the leaping of the fish at some swiftly skimming insect, the subdued voices of the Indian boys, and the sound of their paddles, as they glided by in their canoes.

The peaceful beauty of the whole scene, the absolute quiet of the village, the convent with its atmosphere of calm content, the serenity and repose of the low-voiced nuns, the tranquillity of nature,—all conspired to make the hour a dream of Heaven.

But all things must have an end, and so this memorable day at Oka. We went over in the morning to say farewell to the reverend father and the *curé*, and as the presbytery was undergoing repairs and the grounds were necessarily open, they kindly gave us leave to stroll under the magnificent trees. As we stood with them for a moment under the cross, beneath which is a cannon, on the extreme point of their land, I rallied the *curé* on the incongruity of a cannon in the domain of apostles of the Prince of Peace. "It is to shoot Pagans," he replied quickly. "Since that is its use," said my companion, "it is lucky for us that we are on this side of it." "But mademoiselle," he answered with ready wit, "we do not shoot heretics; we pray for them." And so we said good-bye.

Following Miss Baker, Rev. Calvin S. Locke of Dedham spoke briefly for the great-grandmother of the town of Gill, claiming that distinction for Dedham, from which town the settlers of Deerfield came.

Edward E. Lyman of Greenfield responded for the county. He had wondered where in this family gathering the county could come in to claim relationship. He had thought it might be that, after Greenfield and Deerfield had proved their places as mother and grandmother, the county might claim the great-grandmother place; but a rival had appeared for that place, and there was further obstacle in the county's youth, as it would be irreconcilable that a great-grandmother should be nineteen years younger than the great-granddaughter. So the county, to be a member of this

group, must stand as the mother-in-law. I have no objection to this, said Mr. Lyman, since if there is any class which needs to have a word said for them, it is the mothers-in-law. Mr. Lyman spoke of the peculiar place of the county in the making up of the State, not at all another democracy like the town, and even in its greatest duty of providing courts, where men may come to assert their rights and defend them from assault, hardly more than the agent of the State, which appoints every judge. The county occupies a similar place to the Irishman who only carried the brick in a hod up to the top of the high building, where another man did all the work. Appealing from the prediction of the other speakers as to the future of the New England town Mr. Lyman earnestly said that he should be sorry when the town gives up its present characteristics, the solid and sound citizenship, the best to build a state upon, and he added his warmest congratulations to the people of Gill upon the happy close of their first century of township.

The Lieutenant Governor, Roger Wolcott, rose to respond for the State, and he at least had no trouble in making all the audience hear every word he spoke. He said: —

I am very glad to be able to be present on this interesting occasion and to bring the greeting of the Commonwealth. Were she not possessed of the secret of perpetual youth she might feel the burden of her years weigh upon her when she witnesses these evidences of full maturity in the children she has begotten. In the drowsy and unprogressive cities of Europe the passage of a hundred years may seem insignificant, but in the quick and active life of America the changes wrought by that period are so many and so great that the imagination can hardly grasp them. I doubt not your speakers have laid before the mind's eye the vision of the early days of your town. It was then but a few years after the Revolution, and doubtless there might have been seen laboring upon these hillsides, at the plow and with the ax, the men who had shared in that War for Independence. In a few years hence the men who fought in the Rebellion will be pointed out with veneration, as were the heroes of that earlier war, in the town's earliest days. Those were days of simple life, of hardship and endurance. None were attainable of the thousand comforts we now use without the thought of what the fathers and grandfathers were denied in doing without them. Their life was a hard and perhaps a narrow one; but it made sterling and heroic men, the type of men whose names

are synonymous with enterprise, courage and honesty. These names have been spread abroad, and have carried with them the New England, the Massachusetts ideals and thoughts.

These are easier times, more luxurious and more complex. It is for you to see that the old type of simple, sturdy self-reliant manhood shall not die out under these circumstances and that New England influences shall still permeate American life.

It is an unending story. You but turn one page to open the next chapter. Remember, then, that this day opens a new century, and let us firmly resolve that it shall contain as much of honorable achievement and sturdy, self-reliant work as fill the chapter now closed.

It is one of the highest functions of the State to furnish every opportunity for progress,—the town government, the technical and art schools, the public library. It offers the opportunity of education that every one may show what he has in heart and blood and brain that will help the community to great results. It is futile to image what the years to come will bring. Let us only believe that the spirit of New England will take advantage of these opportunities and show itself in the future worthy of its glorious past.

Did you know that it was shown at Chicago that Massachusetts had more public libraries than any other State? This little State, crowded off in one corner of the map of the great nation, the Commonwealth we love, holds out that opportunity of education in greater degree than all others. If the people will avail themselves of it, continue these best of schools, the common schools and the industrial and technological, and support these best of libraries, then the influence of New England is in no danger of dying out. Other sections may vastly gain in population and new States may be created, but the power of our men and women will endure.

Let me bring the congratulations of the State for the past and its blessings, and with them her hopes for the future. It was shown in the defence of the Union in the last war that patriotism was as strong an impulse as in Revolutionary days. The reason was that whenever the country needs them, the best thought and best effort of Massachusetts people shall always be at her bidding. He is a good citizen and deserves respect who does something to advance the standard of morals and politics. He deserves well of the town and of the State, for the State is prospered through his living. Everything depends on the development here, in the highest and best sense of the term, of good citizens.

The Mount Hermon school, Mr. Moody's institution, whose fine buildings and estate are entirely within the town of Gill, was given a half hour of the afternoon. A quartette of its singers gave a song and the school as a whole, led by Prof. A. J. Phillips, sang America. The other contribution was an eloquent address by Rev. G. Glenn Atkins, one of the most stirring speeches of the day. Its theme was the responsibility of the country town in keeping up the standard of social and political purity and honor.

Timothy M. Stoughton, one of Gill's best citizens, spoke of her contributions to science, these having been the fossil footprints, famous the world over and which have been of great influence upon scientific theories. Mr. Stoughton is the best qualified of any man living to speak on this theme, and his talk, which was offhand, was valuable for its history of the discovery of the tracks, and keen and bright in its wit. The reason for Gill's having contributed more and better specimens of fossil footprints, fossil fish, insects and vegetation in the sandstone formation than all the rest of the world, said Mr. Stoughton, is that Gill stands at the head of what is generally conceded to be an arm of the sea, extending up the Connecticut valley from Long Island Sound to Stacy's Mountain in the southern part of the town. This estuary received the water of numerous streams from hills and plains, — and their sediment made the sandstone formation. The banks of this former inlet are very abrupt, giving a better face to work on than is found in the towns below, where the sandstone is covered with alluvial soil; so the sandstone along the border of Gill is of finer grain and thinner strata than on the rocks down the stream. Mr. Stoughton built up from the tracks a picture of an afternoon incident back in the early days of creation when these now extinct monsters were strolling in the gloaming and unconsciously leaving the imprints by which it would be possible to follow them in these centuries later. When Prof. Huxley visited the quarries and saw the tracks ten and twelve inches in length, he drew a picture on the face of the rock of the animal which made them, and which he made out to have been eighteen or twenty feet high. What was the size of the one making tracks eighteen and twenty inches long?

It was about the year 1835 that the tracks were first discovered. The selectmen of Greenfield were to build a sidewalk from the Court House, now the Gazette building, down Clay Hill to the jail, where the prisoners were kept in a naked, starved condition and treated with an inhumanity which would have been a shame to the Madagascar

islanders or the Zulus of Africa. It was probably for the benefit of the lawyers whose offices were near the court house and whose clients principally in the jail. Dexter Marsh was employed for the work and came to Gill for his slabs. In laying the stones the markings were discovered and the attention of Dr. [James] Deane, who was passing, was called to them. He was an accomplished geologist, and he pronounced them fossil tracks. He wrote Prof. Hitchcock of Amherst, who replied that they must have been a freak, because there was no animal life in the period when the sandstone was formed. But the Professor was compelled, upon examination, to admit the correctness of Dr. Deane's opinion. He then thoroughly investigated the formation and found this formation to extend fully ninety miles from Gill toward the sea. Here was a volume one hundred miles long, twelve miles wide and eight miles deep, filled with hieroglyphics where these creatures had left their autographs 50,000 years ago. The confession of Dr. Hitchcock produced consternation as unsettling the foundations of Biblical teaching, but he would not withdraw them and told the alarmed faculty of staid Amherst that in his private opinion they were ten times 50,000 years old. He classified and named the animals, finding them so many that he exhausted the Latin language and had to make inroads upon the Greek lexicon.

Mr. Stoughton's speech was closely followed and warmly applauded. The next speaker was Rev. Frank P. Chapin of Hudson, N. H., and his interesting address is given below.

Mr. Chairman, Fellow-Townspeople and Friends: This is a day of pleasant reunion, memory and reminiscence. It has taken a hundred years and three generations to make it. Let us enjoy it with grateful acknowledgment to God and the godly men and women into whose labors we have entered, while we set our faces toward a hopeful and resolute future.

In responding for the former residents of the town I confess to a feeling somewhat of age and loneliness when I find how few remain and how many have gone to the great majority. Yet, somehow, I feel the youth and inspiration of fifty years ago, as I see some whom I knew then, and fancy I see in many of these young faces the likeness of your grandfathers and grandmothers. How can we who return help feeling young again under this sky that used to bend so low and near to us and rest so lovingly around the horizon, out of which the sun used to shine with a warmth and

brightness, the moon with a serene and mellow lustre, and the stars with such a youthful, dancing twinkle as we never saw anywhere else? What hills, though ten times larger, or mountains have ever seemed so great as Darby and Barnard hills in our childhood? And the dear old river, in whose waters we used to swim and fish, and upon which we used to row and sail and skate — where can you find a river and a town like our Connecticut, so like a young mother fondling her child upon her bosom and lap?

How it stirs my young blood as if I was with the boys and girls on my way to school again, every time I come into the town, especially from the lower ferry, and look from where I was born upon our matchless river, curved like a cornucopia of polished silver, chased with reflections of clouds and shadows along its shores, and set in an emerald of hills and valleys and meadows, such as strangers have often told me they had rarely seen.

Let me illustrate the former residents of the town by three representative men whom I well knew fifty years ago, and whom I am sure all will be glad to have me call to mind, the old-school Deacon, Doctor and Minister. Some of you remember with me the good, grave, conscientious farmer, Deacon Stoughton, great-grandfather of our talented, scholarly, and eloquent young friend, who has so graced with his oratory this centennial celebration. He was not one of the crooked, traditional, apocryphal deacons, such as we read about in novels, but a straightforward, real, canonical, orthodox deacon, a comfort and support to his minister, a light in the church and community. I remember how he often used in his prayers these words of Paul to the Ephesians: "That we, henceforth, be no more children tossed to and fro, and carried about by every wind of doctrine," and how my boyish imagination, if not ears, used to hear him say instead of *wind* of doctrine, *windy* doctrine, a free and good translation if not quite literal. The former inhabitants of the town were not carried about by every windy doctrine. They were in general an intelligent, honest, straightforward, substantial and reliable people, illustrating the best type of New England character.

Some of you remember Dr. Lyon, tall, straight, and commanding, with snowy hair, eyes that looked straight at you, but kindly, voice quick and positive, considerably deaf, and how with one hand for an ear trumpet he felt your pulse with the other and made you show your tongue. Dr. Lyon did not give medicine, bleed or pull teeth by halves, as some of us can testify, who took his salts and

senna, ipecac and paregoric, and our annual doses of three times three and skip three for spring clearing with sulphur and molasses. Especially do I have a feeling remembrance, when a child, of sitting on the floor with my head firmly held between the doctor's knees, while he loosened my gum with a knife which had seen equal service in dealing out powders and whittling kindlings, if not cutting tobacco. Then to make sure work he fastened his instrument not on to the tooth I wanted him to pull, but to the one next to it and pulled out both together. The doctor was death on toothache. But the kind doctor's sympathy and disposition to help the sick and suffering were as capacious as his saddle bags, which carried a whole allopathic drug store.

How many times I have thought of the Doctor and his saddle bags, as typical of the sympathy and kind feeling of the neighbors and their readiness to help one another in time of trouble, especially characteristic of the former inhabitants of Gill.

How ready they all used to be to watch with the sick and to sit up nights with the dead, and to give every kindly service possible to the afflicted about them. But the former residents of the town will expect me to speak of its forty years' pastor, Rev. Josiah W. Canning. I see him now as some of you doubtless are thinking of him and as we used to see and hear him in the old square pewed meeting house, benignant, serious, sincere, thoughtful, scholarly, very capable but very modest, standing up in the high pulpit under the sounding-board, and in grave, earnest, measured, stately, serious and commanding tones delivering his message, and when fully aroused filling my youthful ideal of a prophet. I see him also in my father's kitchen, as I saw him on Sunday afternoons after having preached two sermons, preaching an additional one which, as I looked over his shoulder, was yellow with age, though marked No. 1407. Faithful and beloved pastor, fit illustration and leader of many of the former residents whom I love to call to remembrance and would speak of, had I time.

I used to hear persons express wonder that a man of Mr. Canning's ability as a writer and preacher should have shut himself up, as some said, in so small a town, when he might have filled a much larger and more important place. But who knows what town, parish or person is the largest, most influential and important in a moral and religious view as God may see fit to use them. I have been told that Mr. Canning, nearly eighty years ago, while exchanging with a neighboring minister, found a young man in the

minister's family preparing, as was customary then, for college. This young man had been taken by some false doctrine, which would have unfitted him for the work in which afterwards he was eminently distinguished.

Mr. Canning and the young man talked upon the doctrine in question all of Saturday evening without coming to any agreement; but having brought a sermon with him on that very subject, he preached it with such success next day that the young man was convinced of his error and said, "That minister from Gill is a Cannon indeed, [his name was Cannon then, afterwards changed to Canning] "for with one shot he has carried away all my false views of that subject."

That young man was Jonas King, afterwards the noted missionary for nearly forty years in Greece, who was more instrumental probably, than any other man in shaping modern schools and education in that country, of whom Chambers' Encyclopedia says, "Greece has paid many tributes to his worth and service, and will yet show their larger results." It may be that our old pastor, by his influence upon and through Dr. Jonas King, has done more for religion, education and the world and will continue to do more in ever widening circles and results than many occupying larger and seemingly more important places. This is, I trust, typical of many inhabitants of Gill.

The best of history is often that which is unwritten. Peace hath her victories no less than war, which are far more desirable and worthy of remembrance. Our town, whose one hundredth anniversary we are celebrating, has less than many towns of that which is dramatic, unusual, startling and sensational, but quite as much, I think, as many of its size and age, that is as desirable and worth remembering.

The greatest and most beneficent forces of nature work silently and are, for the most part, unobserved. Springs and brooks are as necessary and even more beneficial than waterfalls and cataracts. It is ours to work at the springs and sources of human influence and progress. Let us, then, as we turn thankfully and trustingly from the past to the future, say with our peasant bard:—

"Mysterious life! how little we
Know what we are or what shall be,
When 'dust to dust;'
But that dread Power that formed the soul
Is wise to order and control,—
Their rest and trust."

Let us, encouraged by the past, sing in Christian faith and hope of a glorious future, with our poetess, Urania Stoughton Bailey who often signed herself Urania Gill: —

> "The feet that now skrink and falter
> Shall walk through the gates of day."

TWO EX-STATE TREASURERS OF CONNECTICUT THE LAST SPEAKERS.

It is a singular coincidence that two natives of Gill who went to Connecticut in their early days should have later filled the same high position in the government of that State. These were Dr. A. R. Goodrich of Vernon and E. Stevens Henry of Rockville. Both were present and were selected from the many who would have been heard with interest to furnish the last reminiscent speeches. Dr. Goodrich quoted the lines of the "Old Oaken Bucket" with a tender reference to the scenes of his childhood, which he left sixty-seven years ago. He reminded Lieut. Gov. Wolcott that he was a descendant of governors of Connecticut. Of his boyhood recollections he described the ancient sounding-board over the pulpit, which he was told was placed there to fall on the minister's head if he told a lie, and destroy him, and the choir led by Timothy Stoughton, a great choir of sixty voices with an orchestra to accompany it. Mr. Henry followed in a similar train of reminiscences and was warmly received.

Leonard Barton, whose reminiscences were omitted in the pressure of the crowded programme, offered two motions of thanks, one to Francis Walker for his able historical address, the other to George Canning for the use of his land for the celebration. Jonathan Johnson, as a member of the Pocumtuck Association, moved "a sincere vote of thanks to the people of Gill for their cordial invitation extended to us to join them on this occasion and their kind and generous hospitality."

These were heartily voted and the exercises of the Gill birthday were ended at half-past four.

Barton's watermelons, which help to make Gill famous, were freely furnished from the Riverside farm.

The oldest person present was Hart Phillips, of Hoosic Falls, N. Y., native of Gill, in his ninety-fourth year.

Some of the houses in the village were prettily decorated. That of

Walter Clapp was handsomely draped with bunting and on the deep lawn the figures 1793–1893 were formed with ears of corn.

Among the many visitors were Henry L. Pratt and wife of New York; Dr. A. R. Goodrich, Vernon, Ct.; E. Stevens Henry, Rockville, Ct.; Rev. Frank P. Chapin, Hudson, N. H.; Rev. W. H. Ashley, Shelburne Falls; Geo. R. Simonds and wife, Barre; Rev. Solomon Clark, Goshen; Rev. C. S. Locke, Dedham; Dwight Smith, Hartford, Ct.; Hart Phillips, Hoosic, N. Y.

ANNUAL MEETING—1894.

REPORT.

The twenty-fourth annual meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association held in Deerfield, Tuesday, February 27, was well attended and of more than usual interest. The business session came in the afternoon, and was presided over by Francis M. Thompson, first vice president. The treasurer's report showed that at the commencement of the year he had in hand $1408.49, and at the close a balance of $1572.32. During the year the Association had received from Miss Emily Graves of Greenfield a rare collection of old china of forty-eight pieces, nine pewter platters and plates and thirty-five miscellaneous articles used in the Graves family of this region. Upwards of 2000 people had visited the Memorial Hall during the year, including ten high schools and a number of delegations from colleges. The free days had been abolished and a uniform admission of ten cents established, with half price for children — a charge that had brought an increase of revenue. A tablet had been placed in the memorial room to the memory of Samuel Allen, who was killed by Indians, August 25, 1746, while defending his children on his hay field. It was contributed by his descendants. The celebration of the centennial of the incorporation of the town of Gill in connection with the sixteenth annual field meeting, September 13, 1893, was an important occurrence of the year. Two members had died — Hon. Frederick L. Ames of Boston and Mrs. Cornelia Allen Smith of Philadelphia. Two life members and two yearly members had joined the Association. Officers were elected as follows: President, George Sheldon of Deerfield; vice presidents, Francis M. Thompson and Hon. E. A. Hall of Greenfield; recording secretary, Nathaniel Hitchcock of Deerfield; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Catherine B. Yale of Deerfield; treasurer, Nathaniel Hitchcock; councilors, Dr. Robert Crawford, Luther J. B. Lincoln, Elisha Wells, Charles Jones, Robert Childs, Martha G. Pratt, Lucelia Electa Williams of Deerfield, Rev. P. V. Finch, Eugene A. Newcomb, Herbert C. Parsons, N. S. Cutler, Frederick Hawks of Greenfield, Hon. Robert R. Bishop of Newton, Hon. John M. Smith of Sunderland, Henry W. Billings, Esq., of Conway, Ellen Chase of Brookline.

Hon. George M. Sheldon was appointed librarian and cabinet keeper; Charles Jones, Robert Childs and Albert Stebbins, finance committee.

By vote of the Association Albert Stebbins, Henry C. Haskell and James A. Hawks were appointed a committee to look after the neglected cemeteries of Deerfield, to see that they are properly enclosed, stones and monuments erected, and the grounds suitably improved. Jonathan Johnson offered to present to the Association his valuable collection of Indian relics, provided a proper case or cabinet be procured for its safekeeping. The committee to whom was entrusted the publication of Deerfield's town history reported progress. The work is completed and nearly ready for the press, some minor details only to be arranged. Jonathan Johnson, H. C. Parsons and Frederick Hawks of Greenfield, Albert Stebbins of Deerfield and R. W. Field of Buckland were appointed a committee to arrange for the annual field meeting.

About half-past five the people assembled in the town hall, where an excellent repast was served by the Deerfield women. A large delegation had come down from Greenfield on the afternoon train, while others from the county seat and neighboring towns took advantage of the good sleighing and were on hand to share the pleasant entertainment.

After the supper the assembly, which by this time completely filled the hall, was called to order by Hon. E. A. Hall, the second vice president. The exercises commenced with singing by a choir of a dozen or fifteen voices, under the leadership of Henry S. Childs. Hon. George Sheldon, the president of the Association, stopping in Boston for the winter, had sent an historical paper referring to Deerfield's old cannon, which was read by his son, John Sheldon of Greenfield. Next in order was the admirable paper written by Mrs. Catherine B. Yale, and read by her daughter, Mrs. John Yale. Over an hour was occupied in the reading, but the listeners gave the closest attention to the end, and rewarded the reader with the warmest expressions of pleasure. Another grand old hymn was sung by the choir and then Mrs. Lucretia W. Eels read a sketch which she had written of the life of Gen. Epaphras Hoyt. This is a valuable contribution to the Association's collection of historical papers. The choir was again called upon, and the final paper, "Memoirs of Old Hadley's Old Cannon," by Captain Asa B. Munn, of Austin, Illinois, recently published in the *Hampshire Gazette*, was read by Rev. E. N. Munroe. The meeting closed with "Auld Lang Syne," the audience rising and joining in the good old song. A vote of thanks was passed by the audience for the generous supper provided, to the authors and readers of the papers and to the choir, which added so much to the evening's enjoyment.

THE HEARTHSTONE.

BY MRS. CATHERINE B. YALE.

I am told by one of the biographers of Emerson that he wrote the poem beginning

Good-bye proud world! I'm going home;

when he was a very young man. He had been teaching a school of young ladies in, or near, Boston, and it is easy to believe that the young philosopher whom Lowell characterized as "half rustic, half divine," had severe conflicts between his ideals, his silent, contemplative habits, and his spheres of active duty. But there is something in this poem far deeper, far finer, than the temporary mood of a young man in his early contact with the "world, the flesh," and a school of girls! This poem is really a living drama, forever being enacted by every sensitive soul in its first encounters with the coarse energies of the world of fact. It is the Christ spirit on the mountain looking with far, sad vision beyond the ever present devil of things, temporal power and pride, intellectual shows and sensual delights. Looking, those wise eyes of his, through ages and ages back in time, and all through the confused present, for some sign on earth of that beauty, truth and love, which are one and the same thing, and mean, first and last, harmony, help, humility, home. Shall I go so far as to say, mean all that class of memories, virtues and delights that we here in New England associate preëminently with the word hearthstone?

I read this poem to you, although so familiar, because it is history, philosophy, religion in a calm, yet moving, vital form that the pen of Emerson alone could master:—

Good-bye proud world! I'm going home;
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
A river ark on an ocean brine,
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam;
But now proud world! I'm going home.

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face;
To Grandeur with his wise grimace;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
To supple Office, low and high;

To crowded halls, to court and street;
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
To those who go and those who come;
Good-bye proud world! I'm going home.

I'm going to my own hearthstone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone,
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
Where arches green the live-long day
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod,
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

What an antithesis to the hearth idea is the street! or any highway that mortal feet have yet traveled or known! Has any human being in quest of the essentials of life, work, food, clothes, friends, home, society, ever found the sights and sounds of the streets encouraging? Has any one found them helpful, sincere, sympathetic, hospitable? Would any one on the impulse of a moment give his best thought to a fellow traveler, or disturb the churlish reserve of custom with any sign of interest or good will? Is not Emerson's picture of the street your picture, my picture, the world over? Whatever value this poem may have in the conventional world of the scholar and critic, it certainly is the burden of the seer and the prophet; it is the cry of every kindly heart to its neighbor, the question society begs government and philanthropy to solve, and that nation calls to nation to answer.

A dim idea is floating about that all parts of cities and towns should have the decent aspect and conditions of a home; that in fact the world should be a home to all intents and purposes, and not a hostile camp armed and equipped to circumvent, debase and destroy all that the home has fostered and developed of the good and the simple, the gentle and beautiful. Thinkers even go so far as to ask if it is not as discreditable for a class of people to live in a superabundance of riches, and to have the reports of their endless displays of splendor in the daily papers, as it is in the hard conditions of ignorance, heredity and competitive labor, to live in squalor, unthrift and crime. Which, in the columns of the daily newspaper, seems the discouraging class? Which is the greater barrier to progress, the idle rich or the thriftless poor? We are face to face with this question. We cannot turn back to idyllic days of simplicity and equality in the old way, and much remodeling and adaptation must be done to go forward at all. Meredith was able

to cope with his "Diana at the Crossways," but who will get our Minerva out of her dilemma where so many ways meet?

Perhaps just here is a good place and time to turn from the doings and movements of the great modern city, from the daily newspaper pictures and descriptions of it, from its gigantic material plans, its bewildering activities, its sumptuous palaces, its magnificent boulevards and parks, its squalid tenements in filthy streets. Let us turn from even the more quiet and simple homes and their interiors, where the modern grate, vitrified jambs and hearth, the fire-dogs, fenders and screens constitute what is called the fire-place; let us turn from the year 1894 and go home with Emerson,

> To our own hearthstone
> Bosomed in yon green hills alone,

which means, here in Deerfield, the dear valley between Pocumtuck on the east and the gentle Wisdom hills on the west. Yes, let us turn from the scant hearth of the modern parlor, around which an entire family gathers very rarely; for the father in these days is at his business office, or at his club, or on a railroad journey; the mother is in Europe with the eldest daughter in quest of accomplishments, pictures, vases, rugs, including in her idea of bric-a-brac marriageable counts, marquises, earls and dukes. The oldest son is at college, and the younger children?—well, they are with a nursery maid, or with the French governess. There are remote members of the scattered household left to lounge in easy chairs or on couches, while they read their Zola, or a clever satire on morals in art. They can entertain a caller, or answer a telegram or telephone.

As we turn from this current of modern life I am reminded of the words of Charles Dudley Warner in "Back-log Studies." He says: "The fire on the hearth has gone out, the family has lost its center."

I do not quite say this, but I am asking questions suggested by the changes that have come over house and home, over city and country life since Tennyson wrote of the family, as "In household talk and phrases of the Hearth." We must ask very seriously at just this crisis in labor questions, and the immigration of the vice of the whole world to our shores, and the provision we make for these new citizens in the license of liquor saloons where they can all have their education in political duties, with their whiskey, in unrestricted quality and quantity. We must ask very seriously, is

the hearthstone, ancient symbol of the sincerities and simplicities, of equal rights and equal duties, to be transferred, swept away, lost in modern inventions, increased luxury of living, more studied gratification of the senses, and in costly developments of foreign taste? Will our theories of Nationalism, of coöperative housekeeping, our system of building in flats, our broadening of the sphere of woman's work and education, our kindergarten system, industrial schools, our restless social habits of change from city to country, and travel from zone to zone, tend in time to obliterate the very ideal of home as embodied in the word hearthstone? Are its sweet industries, its cheer, its homely intelligence, folk-lore anecdotes, its hospitality, in which for so many ages the family had its divinest root and inspiration, to pass away from memory, so that even in speech the word hearth will have no meaning? There must be some eternal law of order and beauty still burning in the old words "Hearth and Home," or they would not be so precious in our literature and affections, even to this time. Indeed, we New Englanders may well ask, What are these church edifices, State houses, school buildings, but emanations from the early worship, piety, affection, industry, born and nurtured at the home-fire, the hearthstone, both in the literal and symbolic sense? And one pauses reverently to look at a fire-place a hundred or two hundred years old, such a one as was common in the living-room, which was kitchen, dining-room, parlor, all in one, for common daily occasions. But the slabs of granite, slate, or sand-stone, cracked with time and heat, worn smooth with the feet of successive generations and much sweeping by hands moulded by daily duty (not the manicure), these are not all that one sees in this rapt vision and dream of the past. The deep, cavernous chimney is suddenly all ablaze from the fresh back-log and fore-log that the house father has just brought in and adjusted carefully on the andirons, filling in the middle with light dry wood — the profane call them "hell sticks," being the dryest and most combustible. He stands with hands spread out before the deep, wide chimney, which is full of light, blaze, sparkle, with tinted rolls and folds of smoke all mounting with gentle music up the great chimney into the night. Yes, there he stands, the typical farmer of old, in his blue homespun frock, with a benign smile on his face, before all that sweet tumult of flame and luxury in the chimney, circling about the kettles on the pot-hooks and crane, where the supper is cooking and giving out savory odors. He is a picture of stalwart dignity, comfort and content. He has been

chopping all day in the woods on the hill with his son and "hired man." The stroke of their axes fell in a musical rhythm heard in homes far down in the valley. When a tree fell, crashing down among the limbs and saplings near it, the majesty of the fall was heard by the schoolmaster, who in "boarding round," was on his way to a solitary farmhouse near the wood-lot. Those days were not without their poets; our schoolmaster was one, and he stood still in the icy path a moment, and there and then thoughts about love, life and death linked themselves to something between a hymn-tune and a Robin Hood ballad, and so a moment that might have been sordid and commonplace was saved to the romance and pathos which certainly were largely ingrained in the temperaments of our New England ancestors. The farmer, all unconscious of the poet, was still a part of the poem, as he seems to me now in this fireside picture. A kindly smile softens the rough lines of his brown face as he turns to look at his wife, who is lifting the cover of the bake kettle with the tongs, carefully balancing it that she may not scatter the coals that fill the hollow lid. The aroma of the yeast-raised biscuit fills the space about the hearth, and the folds of the clean, shining checked apron fall with grace about the tall, dark-haired woman. She is like the Thorgunna of the Norse Saga, who was described as "A woman of great growth, thick and tall, and right full of flesh, dark-browed and narrow-eyed, her hair dark and plenteous,—of exceeding good manners was she in her daily ways, and must have come into her four ten years; yet was she the halest of women."

Our Thorgunna, who is Mercy, or Thankful, or Patience, goes from the bake kettle, and taking a fork from the table turns the slices of bacon that are frying in a spider standing on its three legs over the coals in an opposite corner of the hearth. Her hand and eye have been so long trained in the service of home love and happiness, all her motions are intelligent, effective and dignified. Modern gymnasiums, Delsarte systems, could not improve them. And I am not sure that a part of their subtle charm was not in a certain spiritual impulse that rules and schools can never give. The heart alone in many exigencies in the history of human kind has made rustic hands supremely graceful. As when, for instance, I saw a brakeman carry a delicate woman from her couch in a railway car, and missing the lowest step from the car to the platform he fell on his knees. High up in his sooty arms this "Parfit knight" held the white, fainting woman so firmly in that painful

posture of his, until he could recover, that she did not feel a jar, but only whispered, "Human nature is divine." Head and heart were one with hands and feet in the divine grace of this brakeman's act. So this hearthfire has pictures of its own for the painter, and form for the sculptor, the subjects of which are quite unconscious of their merit or honor. As the mother returns from the table she confronts the son who has just set up an armful of wood in one corner of the hearth, where the heat soon extracts the pleasant odor of the sap as it oozes out of the heart of the hard sugar maple wood. The young man, seized by that sudden defiant fun, that indestructible drollery that lurks in the nature of this true-born New Englander, however sombre his face, or grave his manner, confronts his mother with an elaborate bow, and striking an elocutionary attitude, begins a Latin oration, which runs off into "On Linden when the sun was low," with wild gesticulations illustrating the text, which suddenly gets involved in a Fourth of July speech, mixed with the Declaration of Independence, that proceeds in a stifled singing of the following folk-lore to the tune of Yankee Doodle.

Corn-cob twist your hair,
Cart-wheel go round you,
Great dragon eat you up,
And mortar-pestle pound you.

Then bowing solemnly as if nothing had happened, the audacious fellow goes out whistling, to finish his chores. This outburst of gaiety might occur in any Puritan household of old, as anyone who has heard stories of those times will easily recall. Extravaganzas of imitation, mystifications, anecdotes, puns, travesties, wild wit and mockery of individual qualities, what stores families had of this kind of folk-lore! Of all people in the world the New Englander is dramatic; he jokes with tears in his eyes, and on the most solemn occasions, the humor of a situation never escapes him. While this little episode is being enacted, the youngest daughter, who is setting the table with subdued decorum, stops to gaze with rapture on her handsome brother who dares to make such a delightful clamor in the busy circle. The oldest sister standing in the twilight of the window-seat smiles a saintly faint reproof of the scene as she folds the patchwork quilt she has been making, and her thoughts return to the lover, who may at that precious moment be thinking of her; for in that ancient farm-house it is as in all ages and climes, as Morris says in his Ode of Life:

And see the lovers go,
With lingering steps and slow,
Over all the world together, all in all,
Over all the world!

At length the family are gathered for the evening meal. The grandfather, who has just finished the sermon he is to preach tomorrow, asks a blessing, while all stand decorously around the table. This picture is exceedingly fair, and not at all the dull scene of rude thrift and commonplace Puritan bigotry, that we so often see in print. The room, the people, the furniture and cooking utensils are full of color, lights and shadows, form and poise, contrast and harmony, studies of strength, of grace, realities of expression gained directly from daily experience. Such vitalities as are never found in the posing models and draperies of the studio. Dear to the eye are these unconscious attitudes, and like the Cotter's Saturday Night of Burns they are full of poetry to one looking for life at its fountain. But I fully appreciate the dismay with which you, my conventional friends, will see my family party eating their supper without discrimination between knife and fork, and without napkins, and many other appliances of civilization common in this day. I ought to have warned you in the beginning of my little hearthstone story, as Solon warned Crœsus in his boastful affluence—"You will see many things in future you do not wish to see, and hear many things you do not wish to hear." So you, my friends, will see at my family supper a hearty, generous haste in the mutual helpings and passing from one to another with outstretched hands the different dishes of meat and vegetables on platters and in "nappy" dishes, pickles and apple-sauce in bowls and saucers, the hot biscuits, rye bread, doughnuts and pie, a miscellaneous finish at the end, without a change of plates or a single hushed step of servant behind your chair. But there will be a breezy exchange of courtesies in thought and speech on the work and events of the day. The farmer will have exhilarating exploits to tell of the oxen in the deep snow, of the wild creatures he encountered in the wood; he will tell of his own work and the frozen dinner eaten with hearty relish from a log for chair and table. The minister quotes something apropos from Thomson's Seasons, but quite without the wit, raciness and picture quality of the farmer's real sight-seeing, in the real snowdrifts among forest silences and noble tree shapes. The young daughter brings her pretty tales of the school day, and how at recess the boldest of her class

ran with her into a swampy wood near the schoolhouse, and scraped the snow from the little mounds of moss and ground pine, and found wintergreens and checkerberries, which they gave to the teacher. The irrepressible brother jokes, ridicules the family talk, quotes from the Latin he will recite to the grandfather after supper. The benignant mother gives her smiles and heart's content. Her kitchen has not enslaved her this busy day, for there were no clumsy hands to mix and mar things in this household, which was full of helpfulness without the obstruction of what was called "hired help." Reciprocity, industries and pleasures alike, give every member in the light of this hearth-fire a divine right in this blessed hour. To its comforts every one has contributed some actual personal service. We see here the pure ethical content of hearthstone history, its romance, poetry and religion. Emerson says of those early days, — "The light struggled in through windows of oiled paper, but they read the word of God by it. Hard labor and spare diet they had, and off wooden trenchers, but they had peace and freedom." Tolstoi, the titled Russian aristocrat, to secure this simplicity and freedom and nearness to real human need, has chosen to be a peasant among peasants, the only conditions in his country he thinks where righteous living is possible. May not this be a universal truth? At any rate we can easily picture Tolstoi taking his wooden bowl of hasty pudding with our Puritan ancestor here in our firelight picture. A little touch of the philosophy and religion of the hearthstone brings together the wisest words of wisest nations, ancient and modern, as we shall see in our little story before we get through.

Balzac, in "The Country Doctor," says, "I confess that having passed through my period of scoffing and scepticism, I have, here in this place, learned to understand the value of religious ceremonies, of family solemnities, and the importance of certain usages and celebrations around the domestic hearth. The base of all society must always be the family. There, where law and power take their rise, obedience should be taught. Seen in all their consequences, the family bond and parental authority are two principles which are still too little developed in our legislative system. The family, the district, the department of state, represent our whole country."

With this quotation from Balzac I dismissed my picture of a household so simply true it will be recognizable, I hope, to many a favored son and daughter of those dear old days when people were

content to live as Emerson exhorts us to live. He says: "Let us live in corners and do chores, and suffer, and weep, and drudge, with eyes and heart that love the Lord."

This Puritan faith and living so criticised in these days, or dismissed in curious scorn and levity of speech, built the home, the school, the church and the state from the one impulse that could make them act and react on each other. The home did not say to the church, "I have no need of thee," and the hearthstone around which neighbors and friends talked over affairs of church and state and school was the strongest possible ally to the other three institutions. In no other period and circumstances could just this development have taken place, for although many of the ancients, the Stoics for instance, were quite one with the Puritan in self-denial and maxims exalting the spiritual over the physical, they had not those enlightened ideas of home, of human brotherhood, that come from the Christian religion. Seneca, however, could write this to his wife Helvia, and it would quite comport with the sermon our minister at the supper table had just finished. Seneca says: "It must be a narrow mind that takes pleasure in things of the earth; for these vulgar matters by a perversion of ideas prevent really good things reaching us. The further men stretch out their porticoes, the higher they raise their towers, the more widely they extend their streets, the more ponderous the roofs with which they cover their banqueting halls, the more there will be to obstruct their view of heaven. A lowly barn entered by the virtues will straightway become more beautiful than any temple, because within it will be seen justice, self-restraint, prudence, love, a right division of all duties, a knowledge of all things on earth and in heaven."

We are some of us so homesick nowadays for simplicities in living these Pagan words are refreshing and reinforce our belief that our Puritan fathers, too, were sages, and "builded better than they knew." Epictetus, who always seems to me peculiarly Puritanic in his terse, bracing appeals, says: "Ought we not when we are digging and ploughing and eating to sing this hymn to God—'Great is God who has given us hands, the power of imperceptible growth, the faculty of comprehending things. Now that I am a rational creature I ought to praise God; this is my work; I do it, nor will I desert this post so long as I am allowed to keep it, and I exhort you to join in this same song.'" Our Puritan father was a thinker and a disputant. He was one of the sacred band that

Emerson says God chose from wood-choppers, ploughmen and fishermen to build a "wooden house" for worship and "to found a state." This work and their inspiring faiths were discussed habitually before the great hearth-fire with neighbors who dropped in of an evening, often with heat, I confess, corresponding with the fierce fire in the chimney. These matters were also talked over in the tavern, the store, on the road to the gristmill, and on election days and training days, often with Socratic wit and shrewdness. Not one of the talkers knew, or wished to know, much about Socrates, but in doing a duty, leaving out the æsthetic, they could excel even this wise master, who so charmed his resolute logic that a crowd always drew about him in the Agora, in the barber's shop, and in the Palaestra. Socrates did not know the home sentiment; the Puritan did. His family around the hearthstone were sharers in the subtle dialectics of "free-will," "predestination," "election and reprobation," and "eternal damnation," and there was no dissent of the women if the heathen and infants were rather recklessly thrown in among the damned, if the inexorable logic of the argument required it. The poor, slighted, shrill-tongued Xantippe had no such privilege in her husband's "Dialogues." She had too much solitary drudgery to perform with three or four children on her hands. Our Puritan masters of Calvinistic dialectics always chopped the oven wood for the mother on baking day, and logic afterward. But there appears to have been nobody but Xantippe to keep the "Chytra" boiling over the scant fire in Athens, while the Divine Master in heavenly tranquillity sat under the plane-tree on a spring day with Lysias, or went before dawn to talk with Protagoras. But our early civilization, which made the husband and provider very conscientious to do his day's work for "his home, his altars and his fires," also included the wife in social talks. No doubt she often gave inspiration to his hot eloquence in defence of his faith, which some Tom Paine of a neighbor had assailed. This habit of discussion, wit, humor, and of considering all the affairs of country and neighborhood, home affairs, made literature in New England possible. Emerson's philosophy is full of the quality of home life; many of its principles are drawn directly from the subtle encounter of soul with soul in the atmosphere of home; he bases some of his wisest definitions of art and laws for living on the daily experiences, helps, hindrances and attainments incident to country life in the home. For although Emerson seems personally remote, spiritually he is as near and

pervasive as light itself. So we find him saying "Whatever is beautiful rests on the foundation of the necessary." Lowell knew the secret of hearth and home, as we see in his rustic idyls and in his "Biglow Papers," in his definition of charity in "Sir Launfal," and in his masterpiece, the lecture on "Democracy" given in England. Longfellow is never remote from the "Children's Hour," and his Arcadian "Evangeline" is a New England maiden transplanted. Bryant is a pure elixir of New England hills, trees, birds and flowers and rivulets, and the grave tenderness of a loving, honest home life. Mrs. Stowe put New England people in a simple home environment and made them immortal. Lydia Maria Child was eminent as a newspaper correspondent and philanthropist, and wrote a "History of Religions," yet never intermitted her interest in personal labor in her home and her aid in the advancement of women. The union of home and literary life makes her history a prophecy. These home amenities associated with the very wholesome admixture of poverty, ideal cravings and restlessness are the secret of some of the noblest character building ever done in any country in any age. Authors, artists, scientists, statesmen, inventors, how many of them have come through these ordeals of poverty, labor and long delay before realizing the youthful hope, the divine vision born in the love and light of a simple home, where use and beauty meant pretty much, or exactly one and the same thing. We need not make a circuit of more than twenty miles from our own hearthstone centre of life and love here in Deerfield to find illustrious examples of this curious evolution of genius from Puritan households and farms. Bryant, over here in Cummington, was writing "Thanatopsis" at eighteen years of age. In Conway, [or Deerfield] six miles west of us, Chester Harding was born in the most cheerless, unpromising environment, in 1792. With an unaccountable bias toward drawing and art, of which he had seen nothing and knew nothing, he wandered forth from rustic solitude to the cheap and dreary life of small towns and villages, painting signs, decorations and horrors of portraits, doubtless, until we read of his going to England. After a lapse of time he is having for sitters earls and dukes, poets and authors, and he finished his career in our own country with the portraits of senators and presidents, not to mention numerous civilians.

Eight or ten miles north of us, in Leyden, one of the earliest of our sculptors was born, Henry K. Brown. His educators in youth were hard work, privation, family tenderness, comradeship with

buoyant youths of his own age, and a few books. He had never seen a picture or sculpture of any kind when the suggestions from the head of a blind man to whom he read Swedenborg filled him with dim longings and dreams. It was a long road from this first effort, with a piece of sheet for a canvas and paints from a house painter, to his final fame. An enumeration of his works will tell his story: The equestrian statue of Washington in Union Square, New York city; statue of Gen. Greene in the capitol in Washington; Abraham Lincoln in New York; Abraham Lincoln in Brooklyn; equestrian statue of Gen. Scott in Washington; statue of Gen. Greene, Washington; statue of Gen. Carney, New Jersey; statue of Gen. Stockton, New Jersey; statue of De Witt Clinton, capitol, Washington. These national and state commissions were many of them given during the late war, or soon after. But before this heroic period Mr. Brown held a foremost place as an artist of peculiarly vigorous American quality, matured by long study in Italy and association in our own country with the scholars, philosophers and statesmen of his period. But above all other considerations in art Mr. Brown insisted on fidelity to our own type of character, our own time and country, and he did great service in an art commission formed in Washington to promote those ideas.

People in Deerfield need not to be reminded of the fame of their townsman, George Fuller, the memorial of whose life by Howells adds peculiar interest to the many honorable records in the annals of this association. He was the son of a farmer environed with these romantic levels in our Deerfield meadows called The Bars. He had the eye and temperament to see in the successive seasons of morning and evening mists figures so transmuted, softened, blended and harmonized by this local enchantment of haze, forever after it became a part of his beauty and fidelity of expression. This was his art in its utmost truth of perception and ideal sensitiveness. He knew all schools, romanticism, realism, impressionism, and whatever new whim creates a "school," and doubtless tried many of them, but always to turn back to Nature's own secret which she revealed to him in his youth in his own environment, on the sacred meadows his feet trod, his heart loved, and his eye knew, with a much finer nerve than can be characterized by a name. But we must add the hearthstone as a factor in his education. It is still to be seen in the old dining-room at The Bars. It was a witty family that gathered around the blaze of that hearth. They were readers and loved music, and George Fuller,

with the hungering thought and hope of youth, with the solitary fancy left to its sweet illusions, the power of concentration that comes of being left alone, and not forced to go somewhere and to do something for amusement; yes, I know that George Fuller in the lights and shadows of faces by the hearth-fire "saw visions and dreamed dreams;" visions that came back to him in Italy, in Sicily, in Germany, in France and England, and led him to write home from the noblest galleries of Europe—"These Old Masters do not discourage me, it is the poor work that discourages one."

Our Hearthstone story is very confusing to the theories of "natural selection," "environment," "heredity," etc., for we find in the same latitude and conditions, opposite types, and unaccountable qualities of the most piquant variety. A shy, studious little maiden, born in a little brown house, in a corner of Buckland twenty miles or so from here, learned very early in life to sweep and cook, to spin and weave, and to do all the religious duties inculcated by a pious family, and I am sure one of them must have been that "woman should confine herself strictly to her sphere." Nevertheless this shy woman from the hills went down into the Connecticut Valley, expressed her thought in work and words with such bravery and effect that Mt. Holyoke College is the outcome. What that means of work, self-denial, forgiveness of ridicule, and the slight of bigoted minds, what it means of farsightedness, persistence of noblest ideal, and strenuous faith, can hardly be expressed by terms outside of the legends of Saints, and our Saint is Mary Lyon—dead so long ago, yet never more alive than now in the full fruition of the college which was her heart and work, her hope and faith, for untold years; and a college for women in those days was an audacious thought.

Helen Hunt, author of "A Century of Dishonor," "Ramona," and other books, was born in Amherst. Solitude and the hearthstone are less recognizable in the evolution of her genius than in those I have mentioned; nevertheless with all her reserved and rather classic grace, her poems, "The Blind Spinner," and "Opportunity," both have the old Puritan metaphysics of preordination, or if one chooses to call it so, the Fate in Emerson's "Uriel." And in her poetry there is also that peculiar pathos too reasonable for tears, yet always flowing back to the memory in some kind of rythmical beat as of one's heart's blood. Helen Hunt had genius, beauty, wit; and was a favorite in the society of many cities, and beloved by many lovers, yet she had a New England trait of solitariness

that reminds one of Hawthorne's own temperament and his characters in romances and novels. Many lives of Helen Hunt may be written, all disagreeing with the estimate of her best friends, for she was a composite character, of acute perceptions, often of difficult interpretation. So in the continuance of our story we see —given a hearthstone, a farm, or shop, a Puritan family to occupy them, all kinds of sequences of the impossible challenge one's resources for explanation.

Miss Eliza Allen Starr is one of the enigmas of the hearthstone. The little hamlet near us here in the Old Street where she was born and reared, the rationalism of the Unitarian church which she attended, the Deerfield Academy where she was educated, do not account for the Catholic mystic and devotee of St. Joseph's Cottage, Chicago, where for so many years this distinguished woman has lived. She is a lecturer on Art and Mediæval History and has written many books. Her lecture room is in her own house. One finds a class of studious women there, and celebrities of all countries who greatly enjoy her benign presence and very graceful wit. One sees the Pope's decoration on her breast, and the little taper burning before the crucifix in her private room, and gratefully admits the force of Emerson's words:

> One accent of the Holy Ghost
> The heedless world has never lost.

The history of many of our scientific men begins with the hearthstone and the small uses and duties of daily life connected with its pleasures, and I recollect very well the impressiveness of an address by Dr. Stanley Hall given at one of the dinners in Ashfield on this subject. What he said was greatly enforced by the presence and sympathetic responses of Lowell, George William Curtis, Rev. Mr. Chadwick, and the president of the organization, Prof. Norton. All these distinguished men, in different forms of eloquence, urged simplicity and integrity of living, although I doubt if any one of the last named speakers had mowed and made hay in his father's fields with a Greek grammar in his pocket ready for use in breathing spells, and for the dinner hour by a rock under the shade of the maples. The president of Clark University mastered the hardest conditions of a student's life and many other secrets of the universe by that will to know, and power to subject the material to the intellectual. His present eminence in science and letters seems to me the very direct outcome of a pure, enlight-

ened life in his youth in a rare household, held together, I am told, by music and many other charms about the hearthstone. The integrities inherited from old, discarded faiths, without their superstitions and bigotries, are conspicuous in the type of character that originated in the old homes of New England.

I will add but a few more names to my imperfect list of illustrative characters. Charles Dudley Warner, in any modern theory of evolution and environment, should *not* have been born in a farming town, — small, secluded, without fame in any form of culture, literary or artistic. Yet Plainfield has the immortal honor of being the birthplace of this author who has brought grace and charm into our national literature. His treatment of current events of life, of characters in novels, essays, and magazine articles, is so full of the fine intuitions of art, with a humor so aeriel, so delicate, one often is unaware of the strenuous protest of the moralist against the sins and follies of our time, until the first enchantment has passed away. It would be difficult to find in any period of any nation such conscientious realism as we find in Warner's subjects, mastered by such fine humor, refinement and subtlety of form. And it is all American, not English, not French, not Greek, but American passed through some personal alembic of taste that ranks it with the classics of all ages.

Two illustrious names associated with the hearth-fires of Deerfield, representing the extreme opposite of Eliza Allen Starr, are our historians, the Hon. George Sheldon and Miss C. Alice Baker. Dr. Francis Parkman has said in one of his late books: "Too much praise cannot be given to these two authors for their contributions to American history." Nothing can be added to this estimate of our distinguished historians, but we in Deerfield are peculiarly indebted to our authors for their illustrations of ancient home-life and usage, as we see them in Memorial Hall, and in the restoration of "Frary House." The brave love, the labor, and patience, that founded the one and rebuilt the other, were the very indwelling genius and outcome of the Puritan hearthstone. No hands but those of a Deerfield woman would have scraped the mortar from every brick of an ancient chimney, that it might again be servant and token of a rekindled fire on the hearth beneath it. We must give these friends foremost seats in the firelight and warmth of the hearthstone which they have recovered and relaid, and may immortal cheer be theirs in our family circle!

All the sacred vitalities of character have their origin and first

impulses in the home-center, where pursuits, manners and thoughts are generous, noble and hospitable. A woman of this fair fortune born sends me this printed word of hers about Deerfield, where the writer, Mrs. Eels, has spent a long life:—

"The conditions of social life," she says, "in rural New England sixty or seventy years ago can never again exist, and for this loss all the improvements and progress of these years cannot compensate. At that time the undeveloped West and South had not allured the young men and women from their native soil, and our towns, villages and farms retained the brain and sinew of the land. Deerfield was a bright example of those palmy days. Rich in historical associations, with unrivalled beauty of scenery, and a fertile soil, her superior educational institutions, her libraries well stored with standard works and current literature, distinguished native professors in medicine and mathematics all combined to attract students from every part of the State. These, added to its own large circle of sons and daughters, gave to this town a rare social celebrity."

A descendant of one of the old Williams families, Mrs. Champney, not born I believe in Deerfield, but a long resident here, has restored the Old Homestead, and with true Aryan loyalty has "laid hearths." She is also an author of many books, a writer for magazines, a cosmopolitan in travel and taste. In New York her name appears in literary clubs, in philanthropies, and her homes either in city or country are hospitable. Authors, artists, young and gay people, or the wise and sober, gather about her hearthstone. Yet she is the busiest of women. Her publishers clamor for more "Vassar Girls," and "Grandmother's Girls" are always in quest. Her optimistic views, her vigorous style and kindly sympathies, keep her in the atmosphere of her young readers for whom her books are mostly written, and link her to neighbors and friends and to world-wide groups around the hearthstones of her admirers.

These are sparks, my friend, flying upward toward heaven from the hearthfires of old, and they are a great story and prophecy to the world. The questions of integrity and equality in married life practically settled themselves in the necessities of mutual labor, mutual dependence, courage and robustness that were developed in men and women and served them in contingencies, without much question of spheres. If a wolf or a bear invaded the sheepfold when the husband was absent, and the wife had the courage

to shoot, or to use a club, crowbar or pitchfork, or in any way to circumvent the beast, as many a fireside story tells us she did, nobody cried out in alarm that she had "unsexed herself." Women often had to take care of the cattle in the husband's absence. Children were helpers from very young years; for the home itself was a kindergarten *ready-made*, and the ideas of work, play and duty all entered the mind, not only very early, but in a perfectly natural way. No school of manual training could surpass those early risings in chambers without fires, where the young people slept, and from which in the early dawn they had to leave their snug feather beds, find their way down steep back stairs to an open porch, or a sink-room, break the ice in the water pail and pour the rattling contents into an iron skillet or a tin hand-basin, and dash it over their rose-red faces with their purple hands. I imagine there must have been a few moments of doubt and shrinking, but the final resolve and plunge probably ended in a triumphal exhilaration of spirits. At any rate, a tall, nobly-built Deerfield woman of handsome face, with pink cheeks, now over eighty years old, described to me this custom of her youth, with much humor, but assured me they joined the family around the hearthfire afterward without a thought of hardship.

But I must not linger about this New England hearthfire and its stories any longer. The great logs of maple that were flaming up the chimney when we began were long ago burnt to a bed of coals, the farmer raked them forward with the ashes until the bricks were bare, on them he carefully laid the coals, and heaped the ashes over them, and crossed the andirons before the sacred pile. The mother blew out the two tallow candles in the iron candlesticks, and with the snuffers extinguished the last spark. This was a century ago. The children?—there are none here. The room is dark and still. We must go; but our quest is still the hearthstone; we will look for it in the "mother country." But we shall not find the true significance of it in courts of kings or queens, or in the palaces of aristocracy; neither in the opposite direction, among the unhappy and extreme poor. The yeoman in villages and country places is the man, as the word signifies, who becomes important from his work and worth, conducts public affairs, and becomes arbitrator in disputes. I think in England we find his habitat and development in this extract from Welsh, who says: "Following the Reformation, religious exercises were set up in private families, as reading the Scriptures, family prayers, re-

peating sermons and singing of psalms, which was so universal that you might walk through the city of London on the evening of the Lord's day without seeing an idle person, or hear anything but the voice of prayer or praise from churches and private houses."

He says, "If it be asked what was the worth and meaning of this heroic sternness the answer is, 'it enthroned purity on the domestic hearth, labor in the workshop, purity in the counting house, truth in the tribunal; it developed the science of emigration, fertilized the desert, practiced the virtues it exacted, and saved the national liberty from the predominating church. The opinions and feelings that had been growing up in the bosom of private families now manifested themselves in parliamentary debates, then overturned the throne and instituted the commonwealth.'" But with this domestic purity and steadfastness in the middle-class homes in England, there has always been a peculiar national tendency to vagrancy in the extreme classes, high and low. In a history of English wayfaring life of the fourteenth century, I find the following list of people who were always on the road—drug sellers, buffoons, gleemen, minstrels, singers, messengers, peddlers, chapmen, outlaws, thieves, peasants out of bond, jobbing workmen, preachers, mendicants, friars and pardoners. The English hearthstone seems never to have been the universal magnet to high and low that the Puritan hearthstone became in our own country, for although it is a sacred word in the history of England and in its literature, the lowest working classes have always been too poor to have a hearthstone in our sense of the word, and the highest too rich to prize it in true Puritan fashion. Chaucer must tell his "Canterbury Tales" as a wayfarer, with wayfarers, and Spencer must have woods and gardens for his classic themes and Grecian graces. Neither of them knew apparently the hearthstone in the sense in which Hawthorne alludes to it in the following sentence, which I find in "The Marble Faun." He says, of a palace in Rome, "In the angles of the courtyard a pillared doorway gives access to the staircase, with its spacious breadth of low, marble steps, up which, in former times, have gone the princes and cardinals of the great Roman family who built this palace. In not a single nook of the palace, built for splendor, and the accommodation of a vast retinue, is there a vision of a happy fireside, or any mode of domestic enjoyment, in which the humblest or haughtiest occupant can find comfort." But notwithstanding these exceptions and others vastly

dreary and sad where the hearthstone disappears, all the historians of English people, in earliest times — Greene, Schaaf, Cox, Milman, Macaulay — assure us that the hearthstone in early England was sacred, and that "every freeman was his own lawmaker and judge, his own house-priest, and English worship lay commonly in the sacrifice which the house-father offered to the Gods of the Hearth." And here allow me to explain fully my position, and why I left our Deerfield hearthstone. It was simply to invite you to a larger family party. We left our Sheldons, Hoyts, Stebbinses, Catlins, Saxtons, Willards, Wilsons and Wellses, and all the other near and dear Deerfield names, when we dropped that tear on the ashes that the farmer scattered from his "slice" over the coals on the ancient hearthstone. But it was only to find older names of older ancestors, to whom we owe something in our hearthstone history. The very word "hearth," in its family likeness will introduce you to your relatives. In Anglo-Saxon our hearth is *heorth;* in Middle English, *herth;* in Dutch, *haard;* in Swedish, *hard;* in German, *herd, herde, heerd;* in Friesland, *herth;* in Icelandic, *hyrr.* Authorities say these words are all honest blood relations, not loan words from any other language, and all the people who use them were and are branches of the Aryan race. These words are like boulders and drift scattered all along glacial currents that tell of their kinship in some earlier place and period. They bring over these vast stretches of time a common story about the hearthstone; and these ancient cousins, and uncles and aunts of ours, these forefathers and mothers are the famous Aryans of whom Taine says in his *History of English Literature*, "A race like the old Aryans, scattered from the Ganges as far as the Hebrides, settled in every clime, spread over every grade of civilization, transformed by thirty centuries of revolutions, nevertheless manifests in its languages, religions, literatures, philosophies, the community of blood and intellect which at this day binds its offshoots together." He says, "When we meet them fifteen, twenty, thirty centuries before our era in an Aryan, Egyptian, a Chinese, they represent the work of several myriads of centuries." I call this a respectable pedigree for our Deerfield hearthstone; and when we add to this vast age the constant, unvarying, cumulative force of the religious, moral and social ideas that have inhered in the word "hearthstone," however recreant we have been in practice of its traditional virtues, I think we may profitably glance over its remotest past in this paper. The oldest record of this hearthstone religion is found in the Vedas

or sacred poems of India. They were transmitted orally with religious exactness in the Brahmanical schools for a long but unknown period. They are said by some writers to have been collected and written one thousand years before Christ, perhaps earlier. From that time they were with the greatest care preserved from the slightest possible change of form or accent. The following are a few extracts from the Vedas, given by Max Müller in his book on India, and from De Coulanges in his "Ancient City:"

"Come hither O Agni (God of Fire), with those ancient Fathers who like to sit down near the hearth, who forever praise the gods, the truthful, who eat and drink our oblations, making company with Indra and the gods."

"Oh Agni, thou placest on the good way the man who has wandered into the bad. If we have committed a fault, if we have gone far from thee, pardon us."

"May the Soma-loving Fathers, the lowest and the highest and the middle arise. May the gentle and righteous fathers who have come to life protect us in these invocations!"

"Righteous, wise, truthful, gentle!" These words from what we call a heathenish past, these concepts of character expressed in the daily worship at the hearthstone in India and Greece thousands of years ago, seem to me not only indispensable to a true history of our subject, but to account for the subtle sacredness that always and everywhere seems to inhere in the word "hearth-fire."

One would not probably wish to go back to Ancestor or fire-worship, but it would be an edifying experience in these days, in the heat of town, city or national political campaigns, to hear that men in homes everywhere in our land were invoking spiritual aid to make orators, editors, voters and all political workers, and parties "wise, truthful, righteous, and gentle!" But at least this may console us; scholars tell us all Aryan people united in their fire-side worship, family traditions of manners and morals, poetry and patriotism. In India, Greece and Rome for a long period the hearthstone symbolized all that was reverent, loyal, chaste and orderly, which in later times those nations embodied in their civil law, literature, poetry and art. Sir Samuel Maine says, "Ancestor worship developed the entire Hindu Law." Other scholars say the religion of the Brahmins as preserved in the Vedas is itself a vestige of a still more ancient faith, and that the language in which it is written indicates long use, learning and maturity. A question must arise even in the minds enlightened in the scientific theories of to-day as to the trend of Ancestor worship in India. Was it in

process of evolution from lower ideas, or was it in a state of retrogression from a purer, diviner thought from some dim age; the golden time that always haunts the vision of the poet and the mystic? Certain facts are given us in this sea of doubt. The Hindus and Greeks believed in spiritual existences, they invoked their aid at the altar on the hearth in which ideas of duty, nobleness of thought, remind us of Socrates, Marcus Aurelius, and even of our own Christian precepts. In Greece before ever a temple was built, or a civil government was organized, or city existed, each family had its own independent form of worship; every father was ruler, priest and judge in his own family. No neighbor knew the forms or rites of any other neighbor's worship, there was an enclosure about the hearth to prevent any outsider from accidental discovery of these sacred offices. Prayers and hymns were offered morning and evening, and on festal days, flowers and fruits as well as food. When the flames rose and brightened they thought the soul of the Ancestor shared in the joy of the occasion. This altar-fire was never allowed to go out. It was fed with a peculiar wood and tended by a daughter of the house, who in later times becomes the Hestia, or Vesta, we find in mythology. In approaching the hearth after an absence it was customary to make an invocation. We find this custom constantly appearing in the Greek poets. One of the most pathetic instances is in Euripides where Alcestis says, "O divinity, mistress of this house for the last time, I fall before thee, and address thee my prayers for I am going to descend among the dead. Watch over my children, who will have no mother; give to my boy a tender wife, and to my girl a noble husband."

Medea, the enchantress in Euripides, says, "I swear by Hecate whom I venerate, and who inhabits this sanctuary of my hearth;" and the following were common expressions, "The gods who sit near my hearth," "the Jupiter of my hearth," "the Apollo of my fathers."

Even the nomadic Scythian, fiercely riding his fleet horse, with the tanned human skin of a slain enemy triumphantly displayed on his saddle, Herodotus says, "held the hearth sacred, and when he would use the most solemn oath swore by the royal hearth." The Brahmin was forbidden to throw anything filthy into the fire, or even to warm his feet by it, and as in Greece the guilty man could not approach his hearth until he had purified himself.

Although the daughter had some share in this hearth-worship,

and in the Vedas is spoken of as having composed hymns, she had to relinquish her home worship when she married and adopt the rites of her husband's hearthstone. At the father's death the oldest son assumed all the offices of family worship and became priest, judge and lawgiver. But even in this partial, one-sided view of religion and duty there were developed some of the finest ideals of domestic life, reverence, obedience to parents, fidelity to the daily duties of the fireside and home, chastity, religious gentleness and decorum and all that inheres in the word "piety," as the Greeks used it.

From the opinions of many learned writers, with such books on the subject as our libraries afford, it is not possible to make other deduction than that out of family worship at the hearthstone grew the temple; out of the temple the whole hierarchy of Grecian and Roman gods; out of reverence for these gods, the arts, sculpture, painting, poetry, music, festivals, the drama, schools of philosophy, and finally a Socrates, Plato, Pericles, and all the genius of which the very word "Greece" is full of suggestion.

In studying this history of the hearthstone religion it does not appear that it originated in any physical necessity, or in any conflict with brute force, man with man, or of man with nature, or in the necessity of "environment," or in any outward conditions. Fire in a warm country like India was not so beneficent as to suggest gratitude or worship. In a physical sense it was a servant and not a master, as in cold regions of barrenness and desolation it might be considered. This hearth worship seems to have proceeded from within outward. Some divine sense of beauty was awakened by Dyaus, the dawn, by Agni, fire, which, mingled with domestic love and fidelity, so vivified the nobler instincts and aspirations of the Hindu and Greek mind that homes became possible founded in religious concord and beauty.

De Coulanges, in his learned work, "The Ancient City," uses the word "hearth" eighty-eight times in 525 pages, beginning with the Aryan in India and ending with Christianity in Rome. It is true the ancient hearthstone worship was narrow and exclusive. It did not know or teach the brotherhood of man, and it was not liberal toward woman. She had some part in the worship at the hearth, and later in the temple, and in the literature of Greece and Rome she was often a noble and inspiring figure; but she could never have the honor of being an ancestor in a religious sense, and was always subject to the father, husband and oldest son, and she

could not inherit property. But it is a curious fact that with all these drawbacks the Aryan genius seems to surpass that of any other nation, tribe or people in intuitive morals and religious ideas as connected with the family and home. When we leave these Eastern Aryans for those of the West, we shall still find among the savageries and gluttony of the ancient Germans the home idea. Taine says, in his "History of English Literature," that "Society among the German tribes being supported by affection and fidelity was kept wholesome. Marriage was like the state. Women associated with the men at their feasts, sober and respected. The law demanded her consent to marriage, surrounded her with guarantees and accorded her protection. She could inherit and bequeath property, appear in courts of justice, in county assemblies, and in the great congress of elders. Frequently the name of the queen and other ladies appear in the proceedings of the Wittenagemote." And as the religion of these tribes was, as Tacitus says, the worship of Hertha, like the goddess of Phrygia, we find a progressive movement in it even more remarkable than that in India and Greece.

Christianity destroyed hearth worship among our ancestors in Germany and the Norsemen in Scandinavia, but the hearthstone never lost its sacredness in the scant literature of the time. The temples were destroyed, but hints of former worship appear in fragments of poetry, in customs and proverbs. We read in very ancient Norse Sagas that

> The Asar met
> Who raised the Idavoll
> Altars and high temples;
> They laid hearths.
>
> Man and wife sat there
> White-haired at the hearth.

This subtle quality of reverence and purity clings to the word; it never leaves it. English poetry reserves it. It dominated the puritan faith and conduct and gave intensity to the hate of all pleasures and luxuries that would endanger home life, the church and the state, which were one and the same in their polity. Brice, in his "History of the American Commonwealth," says: "It was religious zeal and the religious conscience which led to the founding of the New England colonies two centuries and a half ago," "those colonies whose spirit has in such a large measure passed

into the whole nation." And he says, further, "Religion and conscience have been a constantly active force in the American commonwealth ever since." When Lincoln said in his speech at Gettysburg that ours was a "Government of the people, for the people, by the people," he formulated the Puritan idea in one short, immortal sentence. In that short sentence a nation of homes is a possible vision and a divine hope. Not congested cities with space and splendor in one part and vile tenements of squalor and filth in another; not this kind of national home and housekeeping, but the old Aryan pure "hearth-and-home" idea, broadened and enlightened by the American genius, active in "all the people for the people."

Some modern tendencies are full of promise. The college extension, as it is called, which our foremost colleges have organized, gives working men and women opportunity for study under the most learned professors in their specialties. These advantages are very generally and enthusiastically appreciated, and students in these extensions are numbered by the thousands in our country. I saw, in a lecture room in Chicago, five hundred or so of these noble students. Their faces were grave, earnest and sincere. Daily work in shops, stores and schools gave that subtle imprint that use in the world always lends to facial expression and motion, and which is, of all beauty, the most beautiful. These are the educated workers who will build homes, and like the Norse Asars, "lay hearths." They will make laws and evolve national integrity from the practice of reciprocal duties, which is a basic law of hearth and home life.

There is also the university settlement idea. Men and women who are tired of spending, in a fashionable, or in an ordinarily self-indulgent way, the wealth they did not earn, or wearied with amusing society, club life or lecture room, with learning disassociated from the serious energies of real struggles in real life, go and live among the unfortunate, generally those in the most hopeless parts of the city. They make their homes a "focus," (literally a hearth), for social gatherings with their neighbors; they have classes in science, literature and languages, cooking and sewing. Accomplished scholars, men and women, offer their services as teachers and lecturers. There is no sign of charity in the system. It is a purely social affair; the small sum paid by the students preserves their self-respect. All the rest is the simple outcome of the wisdom and sympathy once given to some mixed people, fishermen, a "publi-

can," some sinners of common mold, a few doctors and lawyers and anything that might be called a "multitude." And this was the saying that has lasted all this time, although there was no stenographer at that time in that place to report it for the next day's paper:

Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

So natural, wholesome and according to immutable law is this movement, it does not isolate the actors in it. To them flow all the advantages and privileges they are supposed to have left behind them, in the social, artistic and literary life. The best thinkers, the deepest philosophers, the far-sighted political economist, the intuitive leader and preacher go to the university settlement for help to solve problems in new phases of effort. Other systems of philanthropy, invaluable as they have been and are, seem partial, artificial and devitalized of some normal impulse and element of continuity. Is not this because the home sentiment has not been fully exemplified in and with the charity? There was no hearthstone in the hospitable deed, no fire-light, no warmth and soothing sense of reciprocal need, use and benefit. Of all dangers possible to the university settlement the "getting something for nothing" is most avoided. It is simply home life, a family among families, a neighbor among neighbors, living its own life in its own way.

Our hearthstone has beguiled us into a long journey and story. I hope our quest, begun in love, will end in veneration. We see ourselves related to a great Aryan world family, to whom the hearth was sacred. Is it not also to-day an inspiration and a hope, since the national life cannot rise higher than the fountain, and the fountain must forever be the home, with the purities, reciprocities and graces of family life, developed through ages from and around the hearthstone.

THE OLD DEERFIELD CANNON.

AN INCIDENT AND A POSSIBILITY IN THE LIFE OF THE HISTORIC OLD FIELD-PIECE.

BY GEORGE SHELDON.

To the Honorable the Councill and Representatives of the State of Massachusetts Bay:

The petition of Jonathan Hobby, Mass., Humbly sheweth: That your petitioner in April last Implored Major James Gray of Stockbridge to purchase Cannon for a privateer belonging to your Petitioner, among those purchased by the said Major Gray, was one purchased of Col. William Williams of Pittsfield, and the said Major Gray came to Deerfield, where the Cannon lay, and in removing it out of town, was interrupted by the Committee of said Town of Deerfield, and the Cannon conveyed Back, to the loss and damage of your petitioner.

Therefore your petitioner humbly prays your Hon. would give orders to said Committee to deliver said Cannon to your petitioners, and your petitioner as in Duty Bound shall ever Pray.

JONA. HOBBY.

Watertown, 24 Sept., 1777.

The above paper, recently found in the Massachusetts Archives, gives a new chapter in the adventures of the Old Deerfield Cannon. Since the date of that petition other parties have been "interrupted," while attempting the "removing of it out of town," but this is the earliest on record. Of later attempts, many traditions and many living men do testify.

By the same authority it has often been "conveyed back" from the hands of the spoiler, with many a hap and mishap, but in no case have there been so many interesting surroundings and possibilities. Had Hobby succeeded, what a course upon the high seas would have been opened for our old gun! How much British oak might have been splintered by it! Had it come safely back to us, in what gleeful tones it might rehearse these may-have-beens. How it might have been with the gallant Capt. Williams when he feasted his victorious crew on English "Duff," furnished by the captured ship "Admiral;" or even with the owl-like Whipple, captain of a Yankee privateer, who, in the guise of an innocent trader, sailed sleepily along by day under the English flag, as one of a large and scattered fleet of English merchantmen convoyed by a squadron of three English frigates; and how, when night fell, the crew and the vessel waked up, and on each of ten consecutive nights, quietly and deftly cut out one of the fleet, which

before daylight was sent off as a prize — as cute a game as Yankee ever played; and, how, when his true character was at length discovered, Capt. Whipple showed his heels to the pursuing warships and with a parting shot of derision at the tall frigate in the van sailed away westward to join his ten prizes in Boston Bay. What great fun this must have been to the jolly tars, to say nothing of the rich harvest of prize money.

Have I strayed away from our old gun? Not from its possibilities with the success of Hobby. But Hobby having been foiled, and a chance for said adventure cut off, our gun might have had work to do in defending the Connecticut Valley, had not Burgoyne's little scheme for a summer excursion over Green Mountains to Bellows Falls, and down the river been rudely interrupted at Bennington, by Stark and the Green Mountain boys.

As it has turned out, the Old Cannon has led a long life of inglorious rest and rust, save in helping to celebrate that "Independence day," which it had no voice in securing, albeit there was tragedy enough on its last appearance in that role.

Jonathan Hobby, the petitioner, belonged to a class of clear-grit Yankees, who, with a swarm of privateers, were at this date sweeping the English commerce from the seas. Forty thousand Massachusetts men — not all at the same time — engaged in the business of hunting, or fishing rather, for the ships of the enemy. Their "catch" of the various craft which were brought into the ports of Massachusetts alone, averaged more than seven a week for six years. Of course, Jonathan Hobby and his kind were in high feather and in high favor with the authorities, when he sent Maj. Gray scurrying over the State to pick up all the grim implements of his trade he could lay hands on. The year before, the General Court had sold Hobby 550 pounds of powder to be exploded for the good of the cause. How important the part played by Hobby in the drama of the Revolution, does not yet appear; an extensive search has failed to show him up in business.

"Col. William Williams of Pittsfield," the man who took it upon himself to sell the Old Deerfield Cannon, may have thought he had a right to do it. Let us hope so, to the stretch of charity. He had been commissary in Northern Hampshire, with headquarters at Deerfield during the old French war, and the old piece may have been under his charge. Col. Williams has a good public record. He served with credit on our western frontiers, on the Louisburg expedition and other places; but from what appears of

his private life, one need not be surprised if it turns out that where his own interest and profit were concerned, he was rather oblivious to the rights of others. He was a man who owed his official positions more to the boostings of influential relatives, than to his own merits or force of character; and he was at times a heavy as well as an ungrateful burden. The Colonel was at this date a prominent Tory, and he may have thought he could serve the king by removing one obstacle from the path of Burgoyne, and at the same time put a pretty penny in his own purse. He knew there were those in Deerfield akin to him in blood and sympathy on whom he could depend to aid him in the enterprise. Fortunately, others were there also, quite the "contrary minded" as shown by the result.

"The committee of said town of Deerfield," of whom Hobby complained, was, doubtless, the "Committee of Safety and Vigilance," who were at that time Col. David Field, Zebediah Graves, Joseph Barnard, and his son Joseph, Jonathan Wells, Elias Stone, David Saxton, Isaac Parker, Ebenezer Wells, and Eldad Bardwell. Those familiar with the history of our town in the Revolution, and the character of these men and their compeers, may easily picture to themselves the excitement here, when the operations of Maj. Gray were discovered, and also the manner of their "interruption" when he was overhauled. They can also see the triumph with which the cannon was "conveyed back" to the town.

No tradition of this attempt at abduction has been handed down among the sons of Deerfield, but the spirit with which it was met has never been found wanting on occasion, and it abides with them still. The General Court was, of course, ready and anxious to favor all projects like that in which Jonathan Hobby was engaged. It was probably in consequence of his petition, that three weeks later they passed a vote to look up and secure any stray arms which might be found belonging to the State. An attempt was probably made under that vote to secure our old cannon and its mate. But Deerfield had other views, and her people in town meeting assembled, voted, "Not to dispose of the two pieces of cannon;" and they didn't.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF GEN. HOYT.

BY MRS. L. W. EELS.

In harmony with the spirit of this memorial association, its president has chosen for my subject this evening a biographical sketch of Gen. Epaphras Hoyt, who, by his own antiquarian researches, has illustrated the principles for which this institution stands.

It is fitting that the lives of the great and good of a departed generation should be recorded before the voices are all silent that could speak from personal recollection.

A life so unobtrusive and even in its tenor, devoted to intellectual pursuits and the faithful but quiet discharge of official duties, is devoid of those unusual and striking incidents that are supposed to afford occasion for biography, and in this instance the writer is embarrassed for want of such material and there remains little to deal with but the character of the man, which, although of the first importance, is usually less attractive than novel and picturesque accompaniments. But these are partially supplied by the necessary reference to the times in which he lived that embraced some of the most eventful periods of American history.

From the commencement of King Philip's War in 1675, to the surrender of Canada to the British in 1763, the English colonies had suffered "destruction, captivity and slaughter," with only brief intervals of repose.

The subject of this sketch was born within five years of the cessation of these hostilities in which those most closely allied to him had been personally concerned, and the environment of his childhood wearing uneffaced the traces of its most tragic episode, impressed these events upon his youthful imagination with the vividness almost of a present reality, and if he could not say with Æneas of the sacking of his Troy, that "all of it I saw," it must have seemed that "a part of it he was."

Epaphras Hoyt was born in Deerfield, December 31, 1765, in the "Old Indian House," owned by his father, in the same room in which Mrs. Sheldon was killed in the attack upon the house by the French and Indians on that memorable night of February, 1703–4, and the first object lesson of his babyhood was the hatchet-hewn and battered door through which the fateful bullet sped.

If the touch of the bloody tomahawk conferred knighthood, as Miss Mary Allen so felicitously expressed it in her story of Old Deerfield, not one on the roll of chivalry of the Round Table of King Arthur could boast a purer lineage than Gen. Hoyt. His father was a soldier in the French and Indian war, his grandfather was a captive on that bloody trail to Canada, was redeemed and subsequently served as a skillful woodsman, scout and officer. A brother of his grandfather, on that fatal night after successfully defending with a few other brave men, a garrisoned house within the fort, left his wounded wife to pursue the retreating enemy with their captives and was killed in the meadow fight. His great-grandfather, the first settler of the name of Hoyt in Deerfield, a Lieutenant in King William's War was taken captive with his wife and four children. One little daughter was slain on the way, and he perished of starvation on that *via doloroso*. Such a record of his ancestry establishes his unquestioned claim to knighthood.

At the age of ten years "the shot was fired heard round the world," and the guns of Lexington and Concord reverberated among the hills of New England. The boy, too young for service, grew to manhood during the struggling years of the Revolution that kindled a pure, undying patriotism that was a distinguishing characteristic of his life. So strong was his devotion to the so-called Federal party, as opposed to the policy of Jefferson, that on one occasion, when consulted with regard to the matrimonial prospects of a young relative, he emphatically declared that he would rather follow a daughter to the grave than have her marry a Democrat.

I am not aware that he was ever engaged in actual warfare, but he was stationed at Springfield during Shays insurrection, when that place was threatened by the insurgents, and held some commission in the War of 1812. Quiet once more restored to the country, as "new occasions teach new duties," our knight, like Sir Galahad in search of the Holy Grail, sought other conquests in the peaceful realms of science, philosophy and historical research.

He was a profound mathematician and a practical civil engineer. He wrote upon astronomy and geography. An accomplished military tactician, he published a treatise on "Military Art," "Military Instructions and Cavalry Discipline," and the invaluable historical work, "Antiquarian Researches." He left completed a work entitled "Burgoyne's Campaign," and had partly finished a "History

of the French and Indian Wars." He kept a journal of current events replete with his own philosophical comments.

He was deeply interested in the discoveries and the progress of the arts and sciences and their application to the use and comfort of mankind. The introduction of the electric telegraph was a wonder and a delight, as well as the facilities of railroad travelling, of which, probably, he never availed himself, although an established fact elsewhere, had hardly during his life invaded the neighboring precincts.

We can perhaps more justly appreciate the public estimation in which he was held by subjoining a list of the offices to which he was elected or appointed, when such were conferred irrespective of politics and solely on account of fitness and ability to discharge their respective duties. His military degrees were first, commissioned cornet of dragoons; second, lieutenant of dragoons; third, adjutant of regiment; fourth, brigade major; fifth, brigadier general; sixth, major general of the Massachusetts militia. He received an appointment under Gen. Washington which circumstances compelled him to decline. The civil offices which he held were register of deeds, postmaster, high sheriff of the county, trustee of Deerfield Academy, justice of the peace and member of the Legislature, and one of the three brothers who represented the town and senatorial district for forty successive years.

The above-named official stations testify to his knowledge of affairs and practical business qualifications. To these I would add the honorable recognition of his literary and scientific attainments. He was presented with the honorable degree of A. M. from Dartmouth College, and with membership of the Berkshire Institution of Natural Sciences, membership of the New York Historical Society and he was a member of the National Institute at Washington.

In connection with this reference to the complimentary testimonials from the highest authorities of learning, it is interesting to note the fact that the recipient of these honors had himself never enjoyed the advantages of what is termed a liberal education. The academy of Deerfield was not in his youth established, and he never attended one elsewhere and had no private instructor. He therefore obtained only the simplest rudiments of learning as then taught in the village or town school. President Eliot of Harvard College says in a recent article upon public school education that the powers on the due exercise of which the growth of intelligence

depends are the power of observing facts, the power of accurately recording facts and the power of reasoning correctly in regard to facts; and he insists upon thought as the one essential element, and language as the garb in which thought is arrayed. Such were the powers that Gen. Hoyt possessed and his own mind was his university.

Deerfield was always his home. In 1790, Gen. Hoyt visited Philadelphia. Taking a boat at Cheapside, he went down the Connecticut to Hartford, thence by a sailing vessel to his destination. On his return through New York he attended a meeting of Congress in session at that place. He saw Gen. Washington riding on horseback, and when he dismounted was sufficiently near him to observe minutely his appearance, and after describing it in his journal adds the remark that "To give an adequate description of him is to say 'He is General Washington'; I now feel as though I could leave New York contented," so gratifying to him was this fortunate opportunity. Save this, his longest journey of which I have any knowledge, was a visit to the scenes of Burgoyne's campaign at Lake George and its vicinity, and his longest absence from home was in attendance as a member of the Legislature. But if journeys in those days were measured by time and discomfort instead of distance, though short and less frequent, they would compare well with those accomplished by the modern facilities of locomotion. Before these days of rapid transit in going to Boston, in order to catch the last gleam of the setting sun reflected from the State House dome, it was necessary to start during the preceding night or on the day before.

When arrived at manhood and leaving the paternal roof, his first residence was the quaint and picturesque abode now the studio of Mrs. Wynne and Miss Putnam, and his favorite retreat for study was at the parting of the large lower branches of the grand old elm that still overshadows the slanting roof. The next house was the birthplace of President Edward Hitchcock, who acknowledged his indebtedness to his uncle Epaphras for his aid and encouragement in his early studies and his success in these departments, and we are all familiar with his scientific achievements and distinguished career. The General's son, Arthur Wellesley Hoyt, an accomplished civil engineer, was also instructed by his father and owed to him his knowledge of the profession. Gen. Hoyt died, February 8, 1850, in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

It remains only to speak of his character, a delicate task, for a

true delineation may seem the exaggeration of personal regard, but less than the truth would do him injustice. I am fortunate, therefore, in being able to quote the words of one associated with Gen. Hoyt during the last ten or fifteen years of his life and especially qualified to form an impartial and correct judgment.

Luther B. Lincoln, principal of the academy, in an address before the Deerfield Lyceum, says of him: "Gifted with a soul conversant with the sublimest conceptions of our being, a heart enriched with its sweetest sympathies, an intellect familiar with creation's scripture and well instructed to look through nature up to nature's God, Gen. Hoyt was a noble specimen of humanity. He gave the hand of fellowship to every effort that was made to ameliorate the condition of man, and welcomed into the fraternity of science every invention or discovery or new application of eternal law based on the promotion of human happiness and the elevation of the race. Science welcomed him at her shrine. The angel of humanity greeted no sincerer advocate. In the true sense of the word Gen. Hoyt was a devout man. He felt a deep reverence for the eternal laws of God. He cherished an unlimited faith in the perfectness of the divine administration and adored the attributes of the Diety in spirit and in truth."

To this quotation I will add that one quality of the mental constitution of Gen. Hoyt seems to have escaped observation, and yet there was no deeper underlying element of his nature than the poetic, that divine interpreter of the true and the beautiful in thought, in nature and in art.

While he inspired the profoundest reverence in others, nothing was more impressive than his own humility and unconsciousness of superiority.

"As streams that run o'er golden mines,
Yet humbly, calmly glide,
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines,
Within their gentle tide;
So, veiled beneath the simplest guise,
His radiant genius shone,
And that which charmed all other eyes
To himself was all unknown."

FIELD MEETING—1894.

FIELD DAY

OF THE

POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1894, ON THE SITE OF THE FIRST MEETINGHOUSE BUILT IN GREENFIELD, MASS.

PROGRAMME.

9.00 A. M. Loan exhibit of Antiquities, in the Thayer Tavern (1812) now the residence of James R. Long.

11.30 A. M. Selection of the site of the meetinghouse by the committee chosen (1753) for the purpose, and driving the white oak stake to fix the chosen spot.

12.00 M. Opening of the roadside watering trough, as a memorial of the site of the meetinghouse.

12.30 P. M. Basket Dinner.

AT 1.30 P. M., HISTORICAL EXERCISES

Presided over by Hon. E. A. Hall of Greenfield, Vice-President of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association.

1. SINGING, By a Choir under the direction of Charles J. Day.
2. ADDRESS OF WELCOME.
3. RESPONSE, By Hon. George Sheldon, President of the P. V. M. A.
4. RECOLLECTIONS OF THE OLD MEETINGHOUSE, By Charles C. Corss of East Smithfield, Pa.
5. SINGING.
6. HISTORICAL ADDRESS, By Francis M. Thompson of Greenfield.
7. SPEECHES, Five Minutes Each, By Old Residents of Greenfield and Others.
8. SINGING.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

JONATHAN JOHNSON, H. C. PARSONS, FREDERICK HAWKS, ALBERT STEBBINS and R. W. FIELD.

JAMES R. LONG, Marshal of the Day.

REPORT.

GREENFIELD'S FIRST MEETINGHOUSE.

ITS SITE MARKED BY A MONUMENT.

When the good people who were the early settlers of Greenfield began what proved to be a serious task, the building of their meetinghouse, "where the legislature hath prefixed it," it must have been with the anticipation that the spot on "Trap Plain," chosen with much care, would become the populous as well as the geographical centre of the district, which in 1753 became the town. Such expectation was not realized, and when after over sixty years of service, the old meetinghouse was sorrowfully taken down by men for whom it had gathered many precious associations, it left the region around the common hardly better populated than when the committee drove the white oak stake in April, 1753. The new meetinghouse was a mile farther west, where a settlement had sprung up about the water power, and by so much nearer the meadows with their increased number of families. Gill had meanwhile (1793) been set off and had its own place of worship, and the town of Greenfield was growing away from, rather than towards, the common already made historic by its meetinghouse and the grand old training days. Even now the old common is not seriously crowded; it is still well out of town, and when the Memorial Association held its field meeting, Thursday, on the historic ground, it was under the shade of the old trees which had marked the roadway past the meetinghouse, and on land even less disturbed than when it resounded with the tread of the volunteer militia of sixty years ago.

The common is now marked by a granite watering trough, a plain solid block of granite, symbolical, aside from the poetical ways suggested in Thursday's speeches, of the Puritan plainness of the old meetinghouse. It stands on the southwest corner of the common, where now the Bernardston road, here beginning to be Federal street and Silver street intersect.

The features of the celebration, this week, were a reproduction of the original driving of the white oak stake, the opening of the watering trough by President Sheldon of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Asso-

ciation, the historical exercises in which the address, by Francis M. Thompson, was the strong and entertaining element, and a loan display of antiquities, which called out a large number of interesting heirlooms and treasures.

At a little before noon the committee of A. D. 1753, appointed with the sanction of the General Court, was seen advancing across the plain; its three members were finely mounted and handsomely dressed in the style of the days before the Revolution. They were Oliver Partridge, Samuel Mather and Ebenezer Hunt, and if any were curious to discover a resemblance to citizens of a later Greenfield, they suggested Nahum S. Cutler, Dr. Frank D. Beals and Frank O. Wells. In their fine old dress, cocked hats and dressy wigs, they went about in every direction, studied the situation, consulted the old citizens who were with them, and finally with great deliberation Mr. Partridge marked the spot with his gold-headed stick, and commanded the native who carried a straight, rough and sturdy oak stake to drive it there, which the young man, removing his old military hat, proceeded to do with an axe as old as any member of the committee — supposing him to have been an original. The committee was all the while in danger of a shot from the wily foe still lingering in the valley. No sooner had they finished their task than, when turning, they confronted his weapon aimed squarely at them, and being carelessly unarmed, they fell victims to a shot from — the camera of a modern "fiend."

The next ceremony was opening the fountain. A platform had been built in the yard of James R. Long's place, the Thayer tavern of 1812, and seats filled the space in front; ancient chairs stood on the stage, which was graced with national flags draped from the maples. Taking his place here the venerable head of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association proceeded to speak as follows:

DEDICATORY ADDRESS.

BY GEORGE SHELDON.

It was a happy thought, my friends, to mark the site of the first meetinghouse in Greenfield with a suitably inscribed block of granite. It was an inspiration to fill this block with a fountain of living water. All honor to the head and heart that planned, and to the hand that executed this dual memorial — for it is not only a monument to the founders, but to the present "Fathers of the Town," as well.

This granite typifies the soundness and strength of character in the builders of this temple; the flowing water, that for which the

meetinghouse stood, a living spring where the heart of faith found wherewith to refresh the weary, to solace the sorrowing and supply the spiritual needs of all thirsting souls. The symbols are harmonious and fitting; the execution all that could be desired. The men who cut and hewed the big oak beams for the meetinghouse lived in and were a part of the times—times which were pregnant with great changes. They saw the beginning of the end which freed the country from kingly and ecclesiastic rule. It may be fairly said that these sturdy yeomen lived by "try rule." Each stout tenon and shapely mortice, each joist and beam, and plate and rafter, every angle and joint in their new structure was fitted by "try rule." They tried the rule of the mother-town, and left it to set up a little independent republic. Tired of the ecclesiastical rule of the mother church, they established an independent one upon this spot.

When in the fuliness of time the crisis came and the rule of the king was questioned, they found less difficulty than others in cutting the apron strings of the mother country. These men were not saints—not every one of them—that was too much to hope. Of one it was said in reply to a query, "Pious? Wall, yes, Godward; but manward, he was a *leetle twistical!*" This man put crooked sticks in his cordwood. If good Parson Newton occasionally found a cantankerous woman in his flock—well, that was more his affair than ours. This was an age of transition, and on the whole it turned out in Greenfield men and women of sterling worth and independent character. If these old townsmen were sometimes found uncomfortable neighbors, and a little angular in their ways, it is no wonder when we consider that they lived by "try rule," and that even the "meetinghouse square" was a triangle.

Time was when our ancestors lived literally in the fear of God. Their lives were spent under a dark cloud of superstition and slavish fear of the Deity; and the constant aim of their lives was to deprecate His wrath, and secure His smiles. Did drouth parch, or floods deluge; did murrain fall upon their flocks or herds; did death strike down some shining light among them; did the Indian ravish their towns—it was plain that God's anger had increased against them. There was no doubt of that. The great question was, what was the cause, and how could His curse be turned aside? Has His eye been offended by some flaunting ribbon, a silk hood, or long, flowing hair? It may be; and at once the sumptuary laws are more vigorously enforced. Has some remiss-

ness been observed in going to meeting, the fines for non-attendance are at once increased. Fasts were ordained, the sins of the nation acknowledged, and abundant prayers put up that His heart be softened and the affliction be, in mercy, removed.

Let us believe that these times have passed away forever.

The mighty mills of science are grinding to powder the old beliefs and practices founded in fear and superstition. We are daily coming nearer and nearer the great kind heart of Mother Nature. With the electric fluid harnessed as a beast of burden, and trained to quietly light our pathway, the lightning's flash no longer reveals the flash of God's vengeful eye; the rolling thunder, no longer God's angry voice.

The storm is foretold and warnings given; the waters yield obedience to our laws; the spirits of earth and air obey our call, and from unseen fountains the sparkling stream comes when we will. If we can trust the poet:—

In snow-wreathed domes, benignant gnomes
Of the clouds are e'er distilling,
In alembics of air, our beverage rare,
And all earth's fountains filling.

In deeps of earth, has the forest birth,
From fountains of life ever swelling;
Its strength abides in the crystal tides
Which leap in its veins glad swelling.

I now summon the spirits of Earth and Air to unloose the gates and let the imprisoned waters go free.

At this point a blast from the conch shell gave the signal and the water was allowed to flow into the trough. Mr. Sheldon concluded:

It is done; and by the authority vested in me on this occasion, I declare this work to be dedicated to the free and full use of man and beast as a drinking fountain and watering trough forever.

THE HISTORICAL EXERCISES.

After the dinner in picnic fashion the broad yard rapidly filled and an audience of 500 people listened to the historical exercises. Hon. E. A. Hall, Vice-President of the Association, presided and opened the exercises with a brief speech in which he described the surroundings of the spot in 1753 and the first highways across the plain. A choir of twenty voices, under the direction of Charles J. Day, sang an old hymn with excellent spirit. In the absence of Rev. C. H. Watson, pastor of

the First Parish, there was no formal address of welcome, the Vice-President voicing the welcome of the people in a few words. Mr. Sheldon was called upon to respond, but excused himself and turned the task over to Herbert C. Parsons, who expressed the Association's satisfaction in marking another historic spot with a permanent memorial and reminded Greenfield of its duty to preserve in a fuller form than Willard's history, of over fifty years ago, the annals and traditions of the town.

Samuel O. Lamb read the recollections of Charles C. Corss, of East Smithfield, Pa., who, at the age of 91, writes a most interesting letter about the meetinghouse in which he received his religious training. After another good hymn, Francis M. Thompson delivered the historical address, occupying forty minutes and holding perfectly the interest of the people. Mr. Thompson's address is a model, treating of local historical facts, dry enough in themselves but made good reading, and good hearing, by his original and appreciative handling.

Speaking followed in short instalments. First, a letter was read from John S. Newton now in Omaha, Neb., who remembered the old meetinghouse, attended worship there, and helped take down the building. Timothy M. Stoughton of Gill, whose father was a deacon in this church, and who remembered the old house, spoke entertainingly of bygone days and told a succession of good stories.

Rev. Dr. Lyman Whiting of Charlemont made an eloquent, though short speech, using the circumstances of the choosing of the place as symbolic of the character of the builders, and putting the white oak stake to excellent use as typifying their stern traits.

Frederick Hawks, of Greenfield, occupied less time in an anecdote of an old time legislator. The day was a cheerless one and as it grew more uncomfortable the exercises were shortened. Among the things necessarily omitted was an interesting letter from Nathaniel Hitchcock, the venerable Secretary of the Association, who had made some interesting researches among ancestral records, in connection with the meetinghouse.

The loan exhibit overran the large front room and hall way of the Long house, and was partly shown out of doors. It was a rare collection of relics, many of them associated with the old church, but including many other articles. Columns could be filled with the list and the stories connected with the treasures,—old-time furniture, fine hand-made linen, fire-place furnishings, cooking vessels, old silk gowns, vast bonnets, silken slippers, old silver and pewter, Revolutionary flint-lock muskets, Indian clubs and utensils and much this classification does not even suggest. Among the generous contributors were Chauncey Bryant, Miss Grateful Smead, who sent the treasures of the old Smead household, J. G. Pickett, the Bascomb, Larrabee and other

North Greenfield families, T. N. Austin, Mrs. George A. Arms, George Sheldon, Mrs. Baxter B. Noyes, Mrs. Oscar Bardwell, Mrs. A. G. Loomis, Solon Newton, M. H. Tyler, Jonathan Johnson, Rev. Dr. Moors and many others.

A vote of thanks to Mr. Long and others of his family and to the singers was heartily passed.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE OLD MEETINGHOUSE.

BY CHARLES C. CORSS,

NOW OVER 90 YEARS OF AGE, WHO REMEMBERS THE OLD MEETINGHOUSE DISTINCTLY.

F. M. Thompson, Esq.—Dear Sir: You ask me to send you some recollections of the old meetinghouse which stood for so many years on Trap Plain. Are there no persons in Greenfield whose recollections of it go back as far as mine? I have no records or dates to depend upon, and hence my statements may not all agree with the facts in the case.

It is supposed that there was a log meetinghouse before the one on Trap Plain was built; but where it stood I have no means of knowing. According to Willard's History of Greenfield, materials for building the one on Trap Plain began to be collected in 1760; but it appears that pews were not put in till 1773. Size of the building 40 by 50 feet. It was located, according to the fashion of that day, in the middle of a wide street. The sheds for the horses were on the west side of the street and extended from the "Four Corners" ten rods or more, almost to the schoolhouse. They were built at different times; some were deep enough to shelter a team and wagon; but most of them only the team and the front end of the wagon. The house and sheds were torn down in 1831.

My first recollections of the old meetinghouse must have been as early as 1810 or 1811. I could not have been more than six or seven years old. On reaching home from meeting one Sabbath, I asked my mother who that man was who stood up in a high pew and talked, with a sheep on his head. It was Dr. Newton. He wore a big, shaggy, white wig. For the first fifty years or more, there was no way of warming the meetinghouse, and yet there were two services with an hour between. Most of the families carried foot stoves. Fires were made in the schoolhouse nearby

in the coldest weather. After Landlord Thayer built his hotel near the meetinghouse, many, both men and women, resorted to it at noon, and the kind old gentleman always had two rooms well warmed every Sunday.

I distinctly remember the first stove that was put into the old meetinghouse. It was a common box stove, not larger than you would now put into a room in a private dwelling. There was considerable opposition to it from the idea that a heater stove would vitiate the air, and that too in a church surrounded with two tiers of windows, one above and one below, and these rattling with the wind, when there was a wind, besides three big doors, and no vestibule. It was supposed that a basin of water on the stove would neutralize the miasms of the atmosphere; accordingly certain good ladies became greatly alarmed if they found the basin empty. One amusing anecdote used to be told of another church somewhere in that quarter. A stove was put into a church in the face of considerable opposition. A good lady who sat near the stove fainted. Some of the enemies of the stove arose in their wrath to take the hated stove out of the house, when lo, the stove was cold; there had been no fire in it.

The sounding-board was a conical shaped structure with its apex directly over the center of the pulpit. It was bell-shaped rather than a cone, perhaps. The bottom was about eight feet above the pulpit floor, extending the whole width of the pulpit. An iron rod ran through the center of the top and was fastened to the timbers overhead. It was made of narrow strips of board, like the staves of a barrel, or tub, tapered off to a point at the top. How these were bent into shape is more than I can imagine. The bottom was probably fastened to the wall of the house. It was intended to increase the volume of sound of the speaker's voice. I doubt whether it did it. It was a highly finished piece of workmanship, and perhaps was intended as much for ornament as for use. As I used to view it from the gallery it seemed to me in danger of falling, hung, as it seemed to be, by a small string. When the house was demolished I wonder that the thing was not preserved. It would be a curiosity to us now. If you had it to exhibit now you would prize it highly. It had so long been a familiar sight to the people they do not seem to have thought it worth preserving.

The old meetinghouse had galleries on three sides. In front all around was a seat for the singers. Immediately back of this

was another seat, and back of all, pews. In the southeast corner was a pew set on posts over the head of the stairs, called the negroes' pew. I never saw a negro occupy it. Men and boys occupied the west and south galleries and girls the east. Russell Hastings (if I remember the name) led the singing for a long time. He had a pitch pipe to give the tune the right pitch. For a time Mr. Wells, on the ladies' side, blew the flute.

At that early day bells on meetinghouses were few and far between. Churches were not constructed to hang them. In Rhode Island at an early day the beginning of the meeting is said, at one time, to have been announced by the beating of a drum. In Greenfield, in early times, it was by the blowing of a conch shell. My grandfather used to blow it, but my memory goes not back to that time. When the wind was favorable it is said often to have been heard several miles.

Russell Hastings, already named, was the tithingman for I know not how many years. Why he was called a tithingman I never knew. His business was to keep mischievous boys in order. I have seen him snatch a troublesome boy from his seat and set him down by his side. No boy attempted to have any fun in meeting without keeping one eye on the tithingman.

The most troublesome office and the one most reluctantly performed was the seating of the meetinghouse. Whether that was done every year I do not now recollect. It was done by a committee elected for the purpose. The pews were all graded, and of course the families; but no committee could satisfy all parties with the grade assigned them. The consequence was usually what might be easily foreseen. Funerals were seldom attended in churches. A prayer was offered by the minister and generally a few remarks were made. The coffin was then placed on a bier and carried on men's shoulders to the burying ground, sometimes at the distance of more than a mile. In going up and down hills, the shortest bearers were put on the uphill side. The Sabbath after the funeral all the family attended meeting and sat in the same seat. The minister read from the pulpit a request for the prayers of the church that the death of their relative might be sanctified to their spiritual good. While this was being read all the family stood up, so that all present might see them. I remember this was done on the occasion of a death in our family. Our pew was the second one from the pulpit on the left side of the broad

aisle. There was not a professor of religion in the family. Custom is a relentless tyrant.

About the most attractive object about the old meetinghouse was the bulletin board. It was a block or board about a foot square, its four edges surrounded with a moulding. It was fastened on the left-hand side of the south door, and was intended for posting any sort of notice. In those days intentions of marriage were required to be published to the world three weeks before the marriage was to take place. It might be "cried off," as the expression was, by the town clerk in the church, of Sunday, or be posted up on the bulletin. Our fathers and our mothers, especially the latter, to say nothing of ourselves, were like the Athenians of old, whom the Apostles charged with hearing or telling some new thing as the first object of their lives. It was not common for a whole family to attend meeting at one time. Some staid at home to take care of the house. What think you were the first questions asked when we got home from meeting by those who remained at home? Was it what was the text? What instruction have you got to-day? Can you give us an account of the sermons you have heard? Not at all. The first question sure to be asked when we got home was, "Who was published to-day?"

I remember when Gamaliel S. Olds was ordained in 1813. It was called an ordination. It was not an ordination, though so called. Ordination gives a man authority to preach the gospel and administer the sacraments. Constituting a man pastor of a church is installation. Those were great occasions in those early days. They called together great crowds of people. It was feared that the galleries would not sustain the weight of the crowd that would assemble. To make it sure, the three galleries were strongly propped.

Now the question arises, Were the former times better than these? Perhaps it would be expected that one like me ninety-one years old, would decide in favor of the former times. The former times were not better than these. Were I to begin my life anew, I would say, Let me begin now, rather than as the times were a hundred years ago. It must have been nearly one hundred years ago some youngsters wanted some lead for bullets; seeing no other way to get it they stole the sheets of lead with which the caps of the doors in the old meetinghouse were covered. I could name the persons who had a hand in it. I have referred to the two sermons on the Sabbath. That was before the Sabbath school

days; the first Sabbath school in the old church, I think, was when Sylvester Woodbridge was pastor.

ADDRESS BY FRANCIS M. THOMPSON.

Thirty years after the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock the efforts of John Eliot and his colaborers in the Christianization of the Indians had become so successful that a large community of them had been gathered in and about a place in Dedham called Natick, and in 1651 the apostle Eliot obtained from the government a grant of two thousand acres of land for the use of his "praying Indians," the land granted belonging to the proprietors of the town of Dedham. After twelve years of litigation concerning the title of this land, the General Court, in order to settle the dispute, made to the proprietors of Dedham a grant of eight thousand acres of land "to be laid out in any convenient place or places, not exceeding two, where it can be found free from grants; provided Dedham accepts this offer." The beauty and richness of the natural meadows of the Connecticut River lands had become known to the Dedham settlers, and they promptly relinquished their claim to the two thousand-acre tract and accepted the offer, and their committee employed Capt. John Pynchon of Springfield to aid them in locating their grant and afterward to purchase of the Indians their title. The lands selected were bounded upon the north by the present line between Deerfield and Greenfield, and Capt. Pynchon obtained from Chauque a deed extinguishing the Indian title with the exception of the right to hunt deer and other wild animals, and the free right to fish the streams on these lands, rights which I suppose still exist.

Other grants were made from time to time until the Deerfield line upon the Connecticut River was about twenty-five miles in length, and the tract was from nine to thirteen miles wide. Within this territory was included what now constitutes Greenfield and Gill. Samuel Hinsdale, whose descendant, Mrs. Julia H. Long, now owns the Long farm, was the first settler upon the Pocumtuck lands. He located his homestead in the midst of the old Deerfield meadows in 1669 and plowed and seeded his farm without neighbors nearer than Hadley.

Greed for bottom lands seems to have possessed our forefathers

as well as their descendants of to-day, and the beautiful natural meadow bordering the Puckcommeagon (our Green River) soon attracted the attention of the first Pocumtuck settlers, and as early as 1686 Joshua Pomroy had become the first settler upon the Green River lands by building a house and digging a well where the building, long known as the old Field bakery, stands, just below the Harugari Hall, near the line between Greenfield and Deerfield.

On the 19th of May, 1676, this locality where we so peacefully meet to-day was the scene of one of the most important events of Colonial history, the "Falls Fight." In the autumn of 1675 King Philip's War had broken upon the unprepared frontier towns of the Bay Colony, and the ambushment and massacre of Capt. Lathrop and his command of upwards of sixty men at Bloody Brook on the 18th of September had driven the pioneers of Deerfield back for protection to the palisaded strongholds of Hadley and Northampton. In the spring of 1676 large numbers of the Indians had gathered, as was usual, at their great fishing place, "Peskeomskutt," the word meaning the divided falls, or the rock between the falls. One Thomas Reed, a prisoner, succeeded in escaping from the Indians and made his way to Hadley on the 15th of May, and gave information of the exposed condition and the number of the savages, and a night attack upon their camp was immediately decided upon by the military and civic authorities. At nightfall of the 18th one hundred and forty-four men, made up from the garrisons of the river settlements and volunteers, under the command of Capt. William Turner of Boston, left the stockade at Hadley for a night march of twenty miles through an unknown wilderness, guided by the stars and sustained by the prayers of Rev. Hope Atherton, their chaplain. Nearly all were mounted men, and with them were Experience Hinsdale and Benjamin Wait as woodsmen and guides. So marched this little army, crossing the river at Hatfield, thence through the immense pine timber which then covered the Whately plains; up past the great swamp where Beers and Lathrop had been led into ambuscade the summer before; over the Bloody Brook crossing, where had been butchered Lathrop and the "Flower of Essex;" by "The Bars" and past the ruined homes of the Deerfield settlers; across the "North Meadows," where within a few years the guide Wait was to lay down his life in a vain attempt to rescue the Deerfield captives; then making a detour to escape the quick ears of the Indian scout stationed at the usual Pocumtuck ford, and wading the

Deerfield above, they made their way up the ravine and across Pettys Plains, along Green River to the mouth of Mill Brook; thence across Trap Plain, and striking Fall River where the Factory Village now is. Did the little army cross this very spot? It undoubtedly did, for at that time all this dry land was covered with gigantic pines, which would be open and passable for horses and men, while along Cherry Rum Brook, whose general course they followed, was an almost impenetrable swamp, the ooze of which was destined to drink up the life blood of many a gallant warrior before the close of that memorable day.

They reached Fall River just at break of day, and at the mouth of the little brook they left their horses under a guard, and then silently fording Fall River, and climbing the abrupt hill, they gained the rear of the huts and lodges composing the camp of their unsuspecting enemy and had their victims at their mercy, hemmed in as they were by the surging waters of the mighty Peskeomskutt Falls. Sheldon says, "Silence like that of death brooded over the encampment by the river, save for the sullen roar of the cataract beyond. With ears strained to catch any note of alarm, the English waited for the lagging light, and stole silently down upon the unsuspecting foe, even putting their guns in some instances into the wigwams undiscovered." At a given signal a hundred shots echoed above the everlasting din of the waters, and the half-crazed savages rushed pellmell for the river shouting "Mohawks! Mohawks!" Many jumped without paddles into their canoes and were swept over the falls to instant death; some were shot, and in falling overturned their canoes, drowning all the occupants; others escaped by swimming or in their canoes to the opposite shore of the river, whilst others struggled in the water against certain death. A few found hiding under the banks of the river were hunted out and slain, Captain Holyoke, as the record says, "killing five old and young with his own hands." The victory was complete, only one of the attacking party being wounded; but the English made no distinction as to age or sex in their slaughter of the savages and their loss was estimated at four hundred. When the work of destruction was nearly completed, a few Indians were discovered crossing the river in their canoes at some distance above the falls. Some of the English made an attack upon these reinforcements and were outnumbered. While falling back to the place where their horses had been left, the Indians made a furious attack, having been reinforced by large num-

bers from a camp upon Smead's Island, which is situated just above the present Montague City bridge. An escaped white prisoner asserted that King Philip was at hand with at least one thousand warriors, and the disorderly retreat became a rout. The guides disagreed as to the best line of retreat and each shouted, "If you would save your lives this day, follow me." Scattered in the almost impenetrable swamp, the fleeing soldiers mounted on horses were no match for the fleet-footed savages, who, thirsting for revenge, and filling the woods with unearthly cries, dodged from tree to tree and cover to cover, picking off the straggling and terror-stricken men, even following them below the ruins of the Deerfield settlements. There is a tradition that several men were killed and afterward buried near the brook which runs just north of our Main street, and from this circumstance it was called Grave or Graves brook, and was thus described in early deeds.

Capt. Turner was a sick man when he made this attack, and being severely wounded and hardly able to keep his saddle, the command fell upon Captain Holyoke, who bravely exerted himself to save his men and retrieve the misfortunes of the hour, but the English had become so demoralized and scattered that escape was the only thing thought of. Capt. Turner died near the mouth of Mill brook on the bank of the Green River, and his body was found by scouts a few days after his death. We must omit the exciting story of the escape of Young Jonathan Wells and the experiences of the Rev. Hope Atherton. This battle was the turning point in King Philip's War, and the end of the Pocumtuck nation, so long the lords of this beautiful valley, though the English lost that day Capt. William Turner, Sergt. John Dickinson, the guide, Experience Hinsdale, and thirty-eight men.

The next year a few settlers returned to Deerfield, but their buildings were soon burned and they were forced to again take refuge in the Hadley settlements. In 1680 the General Court took steps toward the reëstablishment of the settlements at Deerfield and as early as 1687 the selectmen of Deerfield had selected our present Main street as a suitable place for the Green River settlers to build their houses, and several four-acre home lots were granted. In 1714 Captain Jonathan Wells was licensed to erect a corn mill at the Green River falls where the cemetery bridge now is, and rates of toll were established.

Schenectady was destroyed February 18, 1690–91, and the alarmed Deerfield settlers built a strong blockade on Meeting-

house hill and scouting parties were constantly on the alert, but notwithstanding all caution, in 1693 the Broughton and Wells families were slain. Castreen attacked Deerfield, September 15, 1694, and Daniel Severance, who first discovered the enemy, was killed, but all the rest of the settlers escaped to the fort, and by a spirited defence repulsed the attack of the enemy, with but two of the defenders wounded. September 19, 1696, two boys, John Smead and John Gillette, were "tracking bees up Green River," when they were attacked by nineteen Indians. Gillette was captured, but Smead fled and escaped. Seventeen of the enemy continued on to Deerfield and boldly made an attack upon the house of Daniel Belding, within gunshot of the stockade, killing Mrs. Belding and three of the children and capturing Belding and his other three children, but the boy Samuel "kicked, scratched and bit" his captor until in his anger he sunk his tomahawk in his head and left him for dead. The boy was rescued and recovered from his wounds.

These instances are given in order to show under what discouraging circumstances the settlement of the Green River lands was undertaken and prosecuted. It would seem that not much progress could be made under such conditions, but the cultivation of the fields was not abandoned, and the people of Deerfield courageously undertook the building of a meetinghouse. Our Green River lands, however, were exempted from taxation for this purpose.

Queen Anne's War broke out in 1702, then came the sacking of Deerfield by the French and Indians in 1703/4. For the next twenty years it is probable that the Green River lands were only farmed by residents of the village of Deerfield. Deacon Samuel Field was seriously wounded by Indians in 1724 while looking after cattle on Green River. Frequent action of the proprietors of Deerfield was taken in regard to Green River land from 1719 to 1736, at which later time it was voted "to divide part or the whole of the undivided lands north of Cheapside and east of Green River at the rate of eight acres to the cow common," which was the basis of ownership in the Dedham grants.

In the mean time settlements had made such progress, notwithstanding the constant danger of Indian attacks, that in 1743 the "setting off" of the Green River district was much agitated, the Green River men constantly urging the Deerfield River as their south line, and the town conscientiously voting "in the negative" all such propositions. At the same time Deerfield declared its

readiness to a division upon the eight thousand-acre line as the south line of the new district.

The French and Indian War broke with full force upon the unprotected settlers in 1744, and division of the town was lost sight of in the struggle for existence. A line of forts was established between the Connecticut and Hudson rivers, with Fort Massachusetts in the Hoosac valley and block houses at Colrain, Rowe and Heath, and at Green River the houses of Shubel Atherton, Thomas Nims, James Corse and Fort Stocking were palisaded. In 1749 the selectmen of Deerfield caused our main street of to-day to be platted and put upon record. In December, 1751, Deerfield "voted that a school be kept at Green river three months in ye winter," and the next year it was voted "to allow ye people living at ye farms ye liberty of ye schoolhouse on Sabbath days, they finding their own wood."

The people of Green River and the proprietors of Deerfield wrangled for years concerning the south line of the proposed new district, the town "passing the negative" all motions to make the Deerfield River the south line of the new district. In April, 1753, a compromise measure was decided upon, and the town and district agreed to the choice of Col. Oliver Partridge, Dr. Samuel Mather and Lieut. Ebenezer Hunt, disinterested outside men of ability, as a committee, and they were instructed to "consider and determine where the dividing line shall be," where the "meetinghouse shall be placed," whether the "allotted and divided lands" should be taxed to build the same, and settle a minister, and what part of the "sequestered land they shall be entitled to, and for what term." If the committee fixed the line south of where the town had voted, then the town to pay the cost; if not, then the inhabitants of Green River to pay the cost.

The committee promptly performed the duty assigned them, and made an elaborate report. April 12, 1753, the line was fixed where Deerfield had voted it, — the eight thousand-acre line, — the line of to-day, but the taxes upon the Cheapside lands were to go to the new district, and unimproved lands were to be taxed. The committee fixed a white oak stake yonder, on Trap Plain, where the meetinghouse should be built; and the district was to have the use of one half of the sequestered lands lying north of the Deerfield River.

The General Court in approval incorporated the new district as a town, June 9, 1753, the birthday of our beautiful Greenfield.

Time will not permit me to tell you of the growth of the new town, its struggle for existence during the second French and Indian War, and its part in the war for independence.

At its incorporation Greenfield had only 192 inhabitants, and included what is now Gill. In 1763 the population had increased to 368, and at the commencement of the Revolution there were probably about 500 people within her bounds.

Greenfield, like other New England towns, considered it to be her first duty to settle a minister, and promptly made choice of Rev. Edward Billings. Meetings were for a season held at his house, — Old Fort Stocking, — and in 1754 the town "voted that the committee for passing men's bills agree with Joseph Severance for drumming the year past on the Sabbath." The committee allowed him £4 10*s*., and probably thought this too expensive, for they made an arrangement with James Corss to pay him £2 "for his house to meet in on the Sabbath, and other necessary meetings, he giving the signal to meet." His house stood where the Hovey mansion now is, and his signal was a blast upon a conch shell. In December, 1759, the town "voted to build a meetinghouse this year, 45 feet long and 35 feet wide, upon the spot where the General Court hath prefixt it, and to shingle, rough board and glaze it, and lay the under floor, and make the doors." In 1760, another vote was passed to build, the size having increased to 40 by 50 feet. The house was erected and closed in between 1760 and 1764, but it had no pews or slips until 1773.

The seating of the meetinghouse in those days was a problem that required the utmost tact and careful management. The jealousies and heart-burnings among neighbors because of the seat they occupied in the synagogue was something to be dreaded. December 4, 1775, the town "voted to seat the meetinghouse by age and estate, each man to model his estate as he sees fit in his own family. The first three in the list shall have their first choice in the pews; they that choose the Great Pew, or either of the north corner pews, shall have the next on the list put in with them, and so till we get through the house." "Voted that one year's age shall be equal to three pounds in estate." "Voted that those people that do not come to choose their seat at the time appointed, the committee shall seat them." "Voted that males be seated from sixteen years and upwards, and females from fourteen years and upwards."

The pew built over the gallery stairs, spoken of by Rev. Mr. Corss, was put there under authority of the town. "Voted that Simeon Wells and others have the liberty of enjoying a pew built at their own expense, over one pair of the gallery stairs, until the next time the house be seated, and if the cost be not then paid by the town, that it be granted till they see fit to pay it."

But soon the exigencies of grim war exhausted all the surplus energy of the people, and they were absorbed in more vital questions than seating meetinghouses. This common and the meetinghouse was the great military centre of the town, and here the people met by natural impulse upon the receipt of the news of the battle of Lexington. Willard says that Thomas Loveland, the drummer, took his station at the horse block which stood under yonder massive elm, and beat the long roll for volunteers.

There were two military companies in the town; one in the village commanded by that old patriot, Captain Agrippa Wells, and the other whose headquarters were at the meetinghouse, commanded by Captain Ebenezer Wells. He and his Lieutenant and Ensign stood somewhat in fear of committing an overt act of treason. But the rank and file were filled with patriotic zeal, and they called with one voice to Sergeant Benjamin Hastings to take the command. No call to duty ever found him unprepared, and upon his acceptance of the office, Captain Wells said: "Sergeant Hastings, you will have your neck stretched for this." Hastings subsequently declined the chief command in favor of Captain Timothy Childs, who was an officer of great experience and was a Lieutenant when the company marched for Boston. Captain Agrippa Wells's company also marched to the seat of war, and no braver men fought at Bunker Hill or Bennington than these. Sheldon, after full examination, finds only the company of Captain Agrippa Wells went from Greenfield. Rev. Dr. Roger Newton was the minister of the town during this period, and it was understood by all that he sympathized with the royal cause, but he was guarded and cautious; while the Rev. Mr. Ashley of Deerfield was an avowed Tory. Dr. Newton, thinking his people needed a little sound advice upon the iniquity of treason, arranged an exchange with Mr. Ashley. Upon this occasion Mr. Ashley arraigned the Greenfield rebels with a most satisfying vigor; that was what he was there for. During the intermission there was a meeting at the horse sheds, and a committee of patriots chosen, who proceeded to fasten up the meetinghouse door. When Mr. Ashley returned

from his dinner and his toddy, he found a crowd surrounding the door with staunch Samuel Hinsdale as their leader. While Parson Ashley made inquiry of Hinsdale, for the reason for such proceedings, Hinsdale gave him a rude hunch with his elbow; the parson expostulated against such treatment, and received another hunch, when he exclaimed, "Mr. Hinsdale, you should not rebuke an elder." "An elder! an elder!" exclaimed Hinsdale; "if you had not said you were an elder I should have thought you was a pizen sumach." There was no preaching on this ancient common that afternoon.

Slavery existed in a mild form in Massachusetts until after the adoption of the Constitution, and a decision of the Supreme Court rendered in 1783, freeing all slaves. Rev. Mr. Newton had a female slave, called "Old Tenor," and she had a daughter, "Phillis," whom "Jack," the slave of Col. Moore, thought most comely and fair. Jack hovered around the sweet Phillis like a bug around the candle, and many were the pranks Phillis and a neighbor's maid played upon poor, smitten Jack. One day they persuaded Jack to permit them to roll him in a barrel about the back yard of the Newton mansion. Watching their chance the girls sent the barrel and in it poor Jack spinning down the steep hill among the great walnut trees, which then covered the grounds where the railroads now run, until at last the barrel was smashed in pieces, and Jack emerged from the ruins terribly bruised and chagrined. At last Jack's inconsiderate attentions became obnoxious to Phillis, and she determined to be rid of them; so one evening while carding tow, she managed to cover him without suspicion upon his part, with her waste cardings, and then suddenly, as if by accident, over went the candle, and Jack was wrapped in instant flame. The good doctor and his family had considerable trouble in subduing the fire, and the humbled Phillis was forced to confess her motive in setting Jack on fire, and he then forsook the faithless maid.

After the experiences of our forefathers, with irredeemable paper, both during the colonial and the revolutionary period, it is not likely that were they with us now, that they would favor fiat money. About 1745, Colony "Bills of Credit," which was called "old tenor," had become one fifth the value of silver, when, as a remedy, "new tenor" was issued which was current at one of new to four of old tenor, but during and after the close of the Revolution, continental money depreciated until it became absolutely worthless; even worse than was the Ohio money of 1830, about

which the story is told of a steamboat captain hailing a woodman on the bank of the Ohio river, with whom he had the following conversation: "Have you any wood for sale?" "Yes." "What is it worth?" The woodsman says, "What are you going to pay in." The captain responds, "Galipolis money." "Wall, I guess about cord for cord." In 1780, Massachusetts passed the "Tender Act," whereby the debtor could turn over to the sheriff, cattle, grain, lumber and other products, on an appraisal, in satisfaction of debts.

The people residing in the northeast district (now Gill) began about 1780 to urge the town to build a meetinghouse in that section of the town, but Greenfield voted in 1781 to allow Gill to be set off as a separate town. Greenfield paid Gill for her interest in the old church and was incorporated in 1793.

Scotch Irish emigrants introduced the manufacture of linen early in the 18th century. My great-grandfather, a Scotch Irishman, settled in Colrain about 1748, and in the deed of his land he is described as a weaver. In the rural districts there were no light carriages in use until after the Revolutionary War. The women rode on horseback to do their trading. Farmers removed boulders by building great fires upon them, and then dropping heavy balls of iron on the rock. The stone for building Kings chapel in Boston was obtained by this method. We have still standing a few samples of the better class of the houses built one hundred and fifty or two hundred years ago, the marked peculiarities being the immense chimneys, the large fireplaces, the small windows with little panes of glass, and the long sloping roof and leanto in the rear. Boys were indentured for seven years and girls for four years. The military spirit ran high, as, for an hundred and fifty years there had been almost constant warfare, and military titles and honors were held in much higher repute than in these degenerate times of peace. Many a time has the ground we this day occupy resounded not only to the tread of the soldier and scout in actual Indian warfare, but in the grand muster of the town and county militia. Weeden says, "A faith—half trust in a living God, half blind superstition, fearing an unseen power ever meddling in human affairs—moved the sluggish mental atmosphere of this period. It was generally believed that the mighty fortress of Louisburgh was delivered into the hands of the faithful, in direct answer to their prayers." The heavy forests which covered these lands were to a great extent reduced into potash, which was a sta-

ple article of trade. Lotteries, both public and private, were very popular, even the Colony establishing one to raise seven thousand five hundred pounds for the Louisburg expedition; shares payable one fifth in new tenor, and the balance in old tenor, four to one. The Deerfield bridge at Cheapside was built from the proceeds of a lottery. Harvard College had the benefit of one in 1773. Mails were first established about 1760 between large places. Bundling was prevalent in Western Massachusetts and Connecticut. It was certainly not a puritanical custom, and Jonathan Edwards proclaimed against it. Early marriages were frequent, some brides being only 15 or 16 years old. Men and women sat apart in the meetinghouse, and the difficulties of secret communications between young men and maids were so great that sometimes courting sticks were in use, the whole family being gathered around the one fire.

An amusing anecdote of love at first sight is told by Weeden of a love-stricken youth, who had discovered an unknown damsel, while attending some ordination or unusual religious meeting, to which all surely flocked. The exquisite beauty of the girl ravished all his other senses and the effect of text, prayer, hymn and sermon were all lost on him, until at last the meeting broke up, when in his frenzy he rushed through the crowd and seizing the maid in his arms, cried out: "Now I have got ye; ye jade! I have! I have!" And from this rude beginning a marriage followed.

Nearly all the lands which are now plains, were covered by an immense growth of pine. Agents of the crown had traversed these forests and wherever a lofty pine reared its head straight and handsome above its fellows, upon its trunk the crown surveyor fixed the broad arrow, and it was thus designated for masts and spars for the "Royal navy," and could not be cut for common uses. Connecticut River was the grand highway for the conveyance of this ship timber to the sea. Cattle and sheep, which run upon the commons, were distinguished by marks, the record of which may be found upon the town books. The dress of the people in the Revolutionary period was marked with comeliness. The cocked hat rested on a bottomed wig; coats were without collars, with full broad skirts or fitted more at the body and cut away over the thighs; large pocket flaps and cuffs were in fashion; buttons, plated or in silver, ornamented the front as well as the long waistcoat; this was buttoned closely with simple neckcloth, or opened over ruffled shirt fronts, and ruffles were worn at the wrist; breeches fitted closely

with buckles at the knee; long gray stockings with white t[illegible] boots or silver buckled shoes were worn; sometimes in full dr[illegible] the stockings were of white or black silk.

Ladies attired themselves in caps and high-heeled shoes, and took the air in bonnets of silk or satin. Gowns of brocade or other rich material were very long in the waist and they overlaid stiff stays. Tight sleeves prevailed, but loose frilled sleeves, showing a bare forearm, were worn. The most common ornament was a string of 39 gold beads the size of peas worn on the neck. These were the fashions of the better class, and they were not common in the country. Laborers and boys wore leather breeches, and woe to the man or boy who got them thoroughly soaked and allowed them to dry on him. It was common to walk from the farms barefooted on Sunday, and when they approached the meetinghouse, to put on their shoes and stockings. Some years ago my mother showed me the hole in the wall, near the old Baptist meetinghouse in Colrain, where she used to hide her old shoes while she wore her best into church. The life of the people was largely shaped by the minister, the doctor and the schoolmaster. The district school was open two months in the winter with a man teacher, and about the same length of time in the summer with a woman teacher. The three "R's" were about the extent of instruction, unless some ambitious youth, thirsting for knowledge, sought the aid of the minister in his preparation for entering college. The doctor's fee, even in Boston as late as one hundred years ago, was but one shilling six to two shillings. Full citizenship was quite limited and only about sixteen per cent of the population were entitled to vote, prior to 1790, and in fact only three per cent did vote. Racy stories, practical jokes and horse talk, while sitting around the blazing barroom fire, sipping gin sling, hot toddy or flip, seems to have formed the greater part of the village entertainments in the long winter evenings. Many stories are told of old landlord Aaron Denio, whose house stood where the Odd Fellows block is now located. Willard says that a few convivial souls who nightly met to enjoy his hot tod and tell stories, much to the benefit of the landlord's exchequer, agreed among themselves to meet and order no drinks. They all assembled, sat around the room, smoked and talked, but no one ordered the drinks. Landlord Denio came in, stirred the fire, put in the loggerhead, stood around awhile and said "A nice fire, gentlemen; a nice fire." He went out and in, expecting the usual order, but none came; he bustled around as long as he could stand it, and cried out at last:

"I do sweer, gentleman, what'll you have to drink?" One day he came in hungry and cold, and seeing the pot hanging from the crane, bubbling over the hot fire, he exclaimed, "My dear, what are we to have for dinner?" "Victuals," answered the wife. "But, my dear wife, tell me vat is in de pot?" No answer. This was too much for the Landlord's French blood, and he grabbed the steaming pot from the crane, and, rushing to the back door, sent it whirling down the steep hillside, saying, "I vill know what is in de pot; sacre!" A traveler came one day and called for a little lunch — just a bite. Denio watched him eat with wonder and astonishment, and at last said to him "my dear sir, if you will stop now you are welcome — entirely welcome to what you have had."

Could these ancients be permitted to revisit this place of their former abode, I should like to say to old Samuel Pickett, "This is your great-grandson, Job, selectman in your place. Come and see his sulky plow and compare it with your wooden one. See him mount his Buckeye mower and cut more grass in an hour than you could with your scythe in a week; stand back while he saws his wood by horse power, and threshes out and cleans up in a day all his season's grain. Enter the house and find it warm and comfortable, heated with coal from the mountains of Pennsylvania, and kindled perhaps with oil flowing from the bowels of the earth; and see his wife bake her bread in an iron oven standing in the middle of the room. Go into his fields and see his fences made of barbed wire, in place of upturned pine stumps and Virginia rails. I would take old John Denio to Erving and show him the modern way of chair making, where a hundred can be furnished for twenty dollars, but one of his would perhaps outlast the hundred. I would take along uncle Job Graves, the cooper, to see pails made of sapling pines which he would have scorned to use as kindling wood. Old Captain Grip Wells, the blacksmith, would view with wonder the John Russell cutlery works, the busy trip hammers, and would examine with curiosity the vapor fires which heat the steel, and perhaps regret the loss of his charcoal fires. How James Corse, the hunter, would miss the giant pines which covered Trap Plain, and wonder what had become of the deer and bears and wolves he had made such havoc among, and who it was who had found a bear trap with three hacks on the bottom for, which he left set, near the great spring, about a mile north of here. When he heard the screech of some passing locomotive, would it not be funny to see him reach for his old flintlock that

he might be prepared for any "varmint?" I should be proud to introduce to James Roberts, the first schoolmaster of Greenfield, his grand-many times, granddaughter, a post-graduate of Yale, and professor in a woman's college, and ask him what were his ideas of female education. I think I should array old Dr. Newton, in his great white horsehair wig, and install him in the Second Congregational Church pulpit, and ask him to preach an hour long sermon, on charity, peace and good will; and then announce that "with divine leave the subject would have further consideration in the afternoon." Suppose we take one of these old worthies to the Mansion House instead of Aaron Denio's tavern; what will he think of the burning gas jets, or the brilliant electric arc light; and think you would he blow out the gas, or believe that the lightning has been tamed to the uses of man? If the fire plugs are turned on and the water rushes above the highest steeple, will he believe that it comes by natural pressure from the Glen brook? Will he be convinced that lightning furnishes the power to run the Gazette printing presses? Can you convince him that he actually converses with the man in Springfield, when he speaks into the telephone? How can he comprehend that the news flies along the iron wires to Boston and back in an instant, and that we communicate daily by the ocean cables, with the whole world? What causes the cars to rush over the iron rails at so rapid a rate? Do these tracks stretch on and on to the Pacific ocean, and to Mexico? Do they actually run into Canada? What prevents the whole French and Indian nation from coming down to attack us? Are the guns which keep firing without loading, bewitched? And how comes that hole clear through the Hoosac mountain?

ANNUAL MEETING—1895.

REPORT.

The capacious, heavily-furnished old kitchen of the Memorial Hall at Deerfield held, Tuesday afternoon, February 26, the members of the historical family who come together once a year to recall the dim past and plan for the preservation of its memorial. The business meeting heard the reports of the officers, and discussed the value of the new old things added to the collection during the year. The members spent an hour or two in skimming over the great collection of antiquities which are the society's pride. There is almost the informality of a family gathering around the fireside in a business session of the Pocumtuck association. The high-backed settle standing by the great fireplace accommodates a row of men who once were boys, not quite long enough ago perhaps to be familiar with the habits of original settlers; the chairs of one or two centuries age, about the room, prove the degeneracy of the New England back as men of 1895 strive for comfort in them; and quite without distinction of official rank, the heads of the family sit about a table of old-time plainness, strewn with resurrected account books and time-stained documents, and transact business with intervals for stories of the people of other days. Nathaniel Hitchcock, secretary by grace of twenty-five years of faithful service in the office, represents the first organization of the society and his dignity preserves the traditions of the older-time gentlemen who figure in the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association annals. President Sheldon, the other of the first corps of officers is missed, and his place is filled by the enthusiast over local history, Francis M. Thompson, of Greenfield, vice-president and warm supporter of the Association. Younger men still share the kitchen's comforts with some remaining seniors who are good for reminiscences of sixty years or more.

The secretary's report is the concisest statement possible to the language of what the Association has done for a year. It records the departure of valued members—this year, Rev. Edgar Buckingham, for many years the corresponding secretary, Martha G. Pratt, an especially valued member, and Mrs. Mary Hemenway of Boston, who was a life councillor and greatly interested in the work of the Association. The year is shown to have been a prosperous one. The number of visitors has greatly increased, being 2,530 during the year. The collection of antiquities has grown and has been well cared for.

In his treasurer's report, Dea. Hitchcock shows the society to have a balance of $1,051. This is a reduction of over $500 from the balance of a year ago, accounted for by the $650 expended in publishing the "History of Deerfield," which Mr. Sheldon now has in press. The Association's receipts were $185 from the admissions to the hall, $14 from annual dues and $40 in dividends. The cost of running the hall was kept down to the modest sum of $120. So it is seen that the society keeps ahead of the world, and only reduces its surplus when it supports the publication of such a work as the valuable Deerfield history.

The curator's report, Mr. Sheldon's, states that the collection in Memorial Hall has been enriched by many small contributions. In several departments it may be said to have reached the limit of capacity if not of desire. The library has grown into a very valuable collection. A contemplated addition within the coming year will bring it well up the scale of value in the ranks of the historical libraries of the State.

Among recent additions, some of them made on the day of the meeting, have been the valuable Crafts' genealogy, the work of James M. and William F. Crafts, 800 pages; an ancient piano presented by Geo. W. Horr of Athol, and said to have been bought by Pres. Edward Hitchcock and presented, upon her marriage, to a young woman brought up in his family; a valuable collection of about twenty books and pamphlets published from 1762 to 1840, from Mrs. Henry Cowing of Brattleboro, Vt.; a framed picture of South Deerfield in 1850; a Bible from the estate of Joseph White of Williamstown, first owned by Dinah, daughter of Moses Rice who was killed by the Indians at Charlemont, June 11, 1755; a child's high chair, 1796, and old blue plates from Alfred Booth of Springfield; the valuable old account book kept at Fort Massachusetts, beginning in 1744, by Col. Ephraim Williams, presented by Edward Chase of Winsted, Ct.; the ancient sign of the Doolittle tavern, Northfield, by Chas. Alexander, and other antiquities and books of hardly less interest.

The following officers were elected: President, Hon. George Sheldon of Deerfield; vice-presidents, Francis M. Thompson and Hon. Eben A. Hall of Greenfield; recording secretary, Nathaniel Hitchcock of Deerfield; corresponding secretary, Herbert C. Parsons of Greenfield; treasurer, Nathaniel Hitchcock; Councillors, Rev. Dr. Robert Crawford, Mrs. Catherine B. Yale, Elisha Wells, Charles Jones, Robert Childs, Zeri Smith of Deerfield; Eugene A. Newcomb, Nahum S. Cutler, John Sheldon, S. O. Lamb, Esq., Hon. James S. Grinnell of Greenfield; Hon. John W. Smith of Sunderland; George W. Horr of Athol; Miss Ellen Chase of Brookline; Henry R. Plympton of Boston and John Lewis Hildreth, M. D., of Cambridge.

A committee chosen a year before to investigate the location and condition of old cemeteries in Deerfield reported. The bounds of two yards

were no longer marked, but had become parts of pastures, where a few stones only were left to mark the graves, with the prospect that these soon would be lost to view. The Association voted to ask the town to enclose and preserve the ancient burying-grounds.

The council had a meeting and chose a field-day committee: Jonathan Johnson, N. S. Cutler, J. H. Stebbins, H. A. Pratt and R. W. Field; librarian, George Sheldon; finance committee, Chas. Jones, Robert Childs.

The usual excellent supper which was served by the Deerfield people, was enjoyed by the visitors in the town hall and the historical exercises followed. Vice-president Thompson presided in the absence of George Sheldon, the honored head of the Association, and enlivened the proceedings with his introductory speeches. The paper by Mrs. Miller, on the Connecticut River, was heard with great interest, and it was effectively read by its author, as was also the graceful poem by Miss Helen A. Hawks of Greenfield, which was read by Mr. Thompson.

Judge Franklin G. Fessenden gave a valuable historical address on "Some phases of our New England institutions." He went back to the beginning of the settlement to show the method by which land came into private ownership, from its first ownership by the crown to the acquiring of personal titles. The development of the town meeting was another phase of New England history dwelt upon, and it was treated in a scholarly and interesting manner.

A characteristic poem by George B. Bartlett of Concord was read by Principal Tyler of the Deerfield Academy. Then Mr. Thompson called up a succession of speakers. J. P. Felton told a story of South Deerfield people, with a little of the warmer side of the future life in it, and this called out Rev. John Cowan, the South Deerfield minister, who made an excellent speech, taking up some points in Judge Fessenden's address. Horatio Hoyt spoke briefly on Deerfield's modern smartness in political affairs. Samuel O. Lamb of Greenfield spoke with interest and feeling of some Deerfield people of his recollection, "Uncle Sid" Dickinson, James C. Pratt and others.

L. J. B. Lincoln of New York, who was expected to give an address on the life of Martha G. Pratt, telegraphed that he had been called to Boston by the illness of his sister.

THOUGHTS,

ON WALKING THROUGH LAND OWNED ONCE BY MY FOREFATHERS.

BY HELEN A. HAWKS OF GREENFIELD.

As hot feet know the yielding turf
From miles of dusty road,

As blind eyes know the blessed sun
When clouds away are stowed,

So knows my heart this heavenly air,
These green hills rising slow,
My immortality goes back —
These meadows tell me so.

Upon this bridge I know I've stood
To fish for minnows rare;
Along this road I've surely walked
To the little schoolhouse there;

My hand was in the hand that set
The apple trees a-row;
Am I this immortality?
Does he feel pleasure now

As I, to see the blossoms white
On every wide tree spread?
Are his hopes carried down in me!
Do I live in his stead?

O land that once my fathers trod,
O sires I cannot see;
May I your future make as dear
As you the past to me.

CONNECTICUT RIVER.

QUINNEHTUK, THE INDIANS CALLED IT.

BY MRS. MARY E. MILLER.

It is to be hoped that our forefathers got their first sight of this magnificent river when the floods were on and it was pouring its mighty torrent through the gorge of Mts. Holyoke and Tom; but whether they saw it then or afterwards shrunken to its summer's peaceful flow, they recognized it for its worth as a highway of nations and built their towns upon its banks as beads are strung upon a necklace.

It was our practice in my early days to have supper at 4 o'clock during the summer months and after it go down to the Great River, which we reached through a lane lined with elders and berry bushes. There we would play upon its pebbly bed, laid bare by the drought of summer, or would sit upon its banks, chattering of the current

that still ran deep near the eastern shore, or of the old piers of the bridge that could be seen at low water; or we speculated on the grasping nature of the stream, which had carried off a half acre here and a whole one farther down to make new land on the Hadley side; and we wondered how long it would be before the ferry-house, now on a high bank, would be carried off in like manner. The same banks now are protected by a broad planting of young willows, but the ferry-house is gone; even its well is in the middle of the stream. The bluff, red-faced ferryman, too, is dead, but one story of his lives yet.

On a November Saturday night the river closed over during the hours of darkness. As the weather was extremely cold the ice had thickened somewhat by noon of Sunday, but not enough for any sane man to trust himself on it. As he stood outside his door, looking northward, he saw a man venture forth on the bending sheet, here nearly a quarter of a mile wide, now running, now sliding, but not turning back. The blunt, rough old man went inside and shut the door. He could not bear the sight.

It was Hatfield's young minister, fresh from city life, who, lacking a sermon for the afternoon, had planned an exchange with Brother Beaman of North Hadley. When he reached that clergyman's door (in what condition we can imagine) the wiser, older man would not make the perilous trip. Instead, he begged his young friend to stay with him till the ice was thicker. But no persuasions would move the young pastor from his strong sense of duty. How he made the return no one ever knew, for he would not speak of it. I saw him when he came into the entry, where the Sabbath school scholars were standing around the big stove. They made a little opening for him. He stopped there a moment, his collar hanging like a limp rag around his neck, and his face looking of a deadly hue as if all the life had been drawn from it. That afternoon we had deacon's meeting, the minister sitting exhausted in the front pew.

Sometimes we children used to vary our walk and go the mile long way to the original ferry that was between Hatfield and Hadley. This ferry was started before our town had a name; it was then called the west side of Hadley, or shortened, the Side. Across this ferry the Side settlers were expected to pass with their wives and children, "rain or shine" to the divine ordinances in Hadley. They made an affecting story of it when they appealed to the General Court that they might be set off in a separate township, tell-

ing how hard it was for them to empty their canoes of rain water; or worse, cut them out of the ice with half frozen fingers, oftentimes crossing in rough weather with high and dangerous waves, and how the women and children would scream with fear, and be in such distress even after they got to the meeting that the services would do them no good. Some six or seven years after its first settlement, the west side became Hatfield by consent of the General Court. Hadley's unwillingness to part with them is not to be wondered at when we remember that their only gristmill was on our side of the water.

A fairer picture of this ferry was to have been seen in the first quarter of this century, when Hatfield's young men and maidens met on the shining shore, bound for Hopkins Academy in Hadley, the first grammar school established thereabouts. The walk and the company certainly added to the pleasures of getting an education, for I have been told the very flower of Hatfield was there.

The canoes were succeeded by rowboats and a flat-bottomed ferryboat with low sides. This was pulled across by a wire. The far-sounding tin horn was often heard in those days, as this ferry was on the most direct road to Springfield. On one occasion a dire mishap befell a party crossing. At that time two tailoresses found occupation in Hatfield. The elder, Martha, had learned her trade in Boston, and well-skilled was she. She could make a broadcloth coat that a judge would not be ashamed to wear; she could turn such a coat and make it look as good as new.

She, with her sister Lucretia, went about from house to house, finding plenty of work, for there were then no ready-made clothes. Money accumulated on their hands, and their old house, though it might have been restored and kept for old fashion's sake, was not good enough for them. Indeed, it was the happiness of their lives to plan a new house, and when they had got the house to furnish it. Each article of furniture was a dream of delight to them; after the furniture, crockery and china were to be bought; every piece cost them hard work but satisfied their wishes. At length their china closet was nearly full; and on the day they were returning with their last basketful, a dinner set of mulberry crockery, they came to the Hadley ferry, a team with a restless horse went on the boat before them; this horse pranced about and backed against theirs till their horse turned and pushed the carriage against the side of the boat, so that the wheels mounted the parapet and went over, dragging horse and chaise after into the deep current in the

middle of the river. The waters closed over them and nothing was left to mark the place to the onlookers at the shore. Lucretia alone was sitting in the carriage, and her first thought was to shut her mouth tightly. The horse plunged violently, and as she felt her head strike the top of the carriage, the idea came to her that perhaps she could climb up and show herself above water. She did so; was seen from the shore, was rescued, carried to a house in the vicinity and there restored. The carriage was saved, not the horse, but the mulberry dinnerset has never since appeared to mortal eyes.

Before the time of railroads there was much traffic on the river by means of "pine boats" and "oak boats." Both were deep and wide; the oak had both cabin and mast; they carried farm produce from the back country; potash, shingles, cider-brandy, cattle and "smooth" horses; they brought back sugar, rum and molasses, flour from Albany and other stores; they landed at the wharves of Cheapside. In 1792, a bill passed the house for the purpose of raising £600 to build a bridge at Cheapside. Navigation was also improved by canals and business was lively in the towns on the Connecticut. Some fortunes were made. The books of Oliver Smith of Smith Charities, still extant, show that he, too, traded down the river.

The boats were propelled by strong ash poles when the wind was not sufficient for the sails. I remember we used sometimes to see the mast of a vessel apparently winding its way through the green fields, and we might often have seen boats poled up or down the river, but that we fled in the opposite direction when word was passed that they were coming, being afraid of the rough men. The first steamboat reached the wharf at Cheapside on December 2, 1826. She was called "The Barnet." She came with booming cannon and flying colors. She was welcomed by a salute from the old Pocumtuck gun and by cheers. She had in tow a barge with passengers who sent back cheer for cheer. The Barnet also responded with twenty-six guns (the number of the States then in the Union) as she steamed to her landing. After this the flat boats in fleets, from three to six, were towed by steamboats up and down, twenty-four round trips being made in a season of eight months.

It was in the time of this general activity that the bridge over the Connecticut at Hatfield was built. The means by which the money was raised for this purpose, by that God-fearing commun-

ity, is astonishing. Witness the advertisement in *Hampshire Gazette*, September 27, 1806, of the drawing of Hatfield Bridge Lottery, which was to be continued without interruption till the bridge was completed. The patronage of the public was respectfully solicited, and they were told that every one adventuring had a fair prospect of gain, and should they be unsuccessful they might with pleasure reflect that they had generously contributed to the useful enterprises of their country.

They had a great celebration at the opening of the bridge. Cannon were fired; Dr. Lyman preached the sermon; Priest Wells of Whately made the prayer, praying for every individual on the street, and for each one who should cross the bridge; then hemming and hawing till a bystander said, "Jump ashore, parson, jump ashore;" which he did. The farmers said that from the first a flock of sheep or oxen crossing made it rattle and shake so that it seemed as if the bridge would fall. It was gone before my day, but I know an old lady, Miss Lois Hubbard, who told me of an excursion she made across it to Amherst, to do shopping there. She had made an appointment with Miss Patty Gerry to go with her. The most astonishing part of her story was that they reached Amherst before sunrise, and this being in the summer, seems to me to have been rather early.

If we go farther back in our history to the time when there were no white men living about this part of the Connecticut, we find there was even then a great and busy population in what is now the town of Deerfield. The Pocumtuck Indians were estimated in those days to be five thousand in number. The Dutch called the Pocumtucks one of the Great Tribes, meaning very numerous. They made this region their home; they hunted in the woods and they planted a common field at The Bars with corn and beans and squashes. At one time they had an encampment hereabouts of five hundred wigwams. In the winter of 1637–38 the general court contracted with William Pynchon of Springfield to furnish corn to the colony at Windsor and Hartford. Mr. Pynchon came up here to the Pocumtucks to buy it. As Mr. Sheldon says in his History of Deerfield, "the Pocumtucks had plenty of food to sell and it must have been a busy and exciting day when Pynchon came among them to buy five hundred bushels of corn, bringing twelve thousand strings of wampum to put in circulation there; in a short time a fleet of fifty canoes freighted with Indian corn, was on its way down the Connecticut to relieve the impending famine in

the settlements below," a memory of the Indians that for once is pleasing and may go along with a story I used to hear in my childhood of an Indian runner, carrying on his back, papoose fashion, a little girl from Northampton to Boston — this at a time when there were no settlements between the river towns and the bay, but only thick woods. According to tradition both shad and salmon used to abound in the Connecticut. At Turners Falls in particular, where the fishway to the headwaters was obstructed by the rapids, they were so massed together that it needed no great stretch of imagination for a man to say that he believed he could cross the river on their backs.*

The fish were a great source of food supply to the Indians, who gathered them in, it is supposed, with a kind of net made of coarse hemp, which they were known to raise. Having dried them they stored them away in Indian barns. Their so-called barns were circular holes in the ground, the remains of which have been miscalled Indian cellars. These circular cavities have been sometimes lined with clay and always the earth inside was looser and more friable than that outside. On one occasion it is related that the English went to these "barns" and got a great store of food.

Turners Falls fight is too well known to be repeated, but I will recall a few incidents. The Indians all over Massachusetts had, during the winter of 1675–6, suffered from scarcity of food caused by their having been on the warpath during the previous summer when they should have been raising corn. Mrs. Rowlandson, a captive in another tribe, says she was allowed only six grains of corn per day when travelling; that at one time, when she was fainting from hunger, an Indian gave her one spoonful of samp and as much as she could drink of the water in which a dried horse's hoof was being boiled, and that once when she was invited to dine with King Philip her dinner was a cake as long and as wide as her two fingers, made of parched wheat and fried in bear's grease. After all this scarcity the Indians welcomed the return of the fishing season. In countless numbers they crowded around Turners Falls, fishing and feasting till they forgot their usual caution. Meanwhile an order had gone forth from the General Court

* These traditions must be true, for there is an ancient poem, the only one on the Connecticut, which runs thus:

O Beautiful Connecticut,
O river that ran
Bringing shad to South Hadley
And pleasure to man.

to the smaller towns to break up their settlements and get together in a few large, well-defended places. This was so little to the minds of our forefathers that they did not obey the order and prepared to strike out for themselves. Turners Falls fight was the result.

The Indians were surprised and killed in great numbers at first, then they rallied and caused the English to fly in disorder. There was one interesting incident in that fight. It was the way in which the Indians regarded Hope Atherton, the little parson from Hatfield. They called him "the white man's God" and would have nothing to do with him when he tried to surrender himself to them. We can but wonder what kind of a holy look was on his face that they should call him "white man's God." When Mr. Atherton reached home and told his story it was not believed. People thought him a "little out" from his sufferings. It was for this reason he left a written account, from which I copy a few passages. He said:

> I was encompassed with cruel and unmerciful enemies and they were restrained by the hand of God. I passed through deep waters and they overflowed me not. I subsisted three days and part of the fourth without ordinary food. If I should be silent and not set forth the praises of God through Christ the stones and beams of my house would sing hallelujah.

Two years after Hope Atherton died in consequence of the exposure at that time.

The Great River was to us in our youth what his mountains are to the Switzer and his ocean to the sailor. There was a fearful delight in going down at floodtide when the ice was breaking up and the huge blocks sailed by, crashing and jamming together. We could almost believe that a sentient power was in the stream, that a giant was looking over the banks for a short cut across our meadows and sometimes he found it, too. The lower part of Hatfield lies in the angle of the river where it makes a turn right about to the west, and when the floods come up the straightest way for the waters would be across Main street. At first they would come, gently, softly rising, then deeper and deeper, till the dwellers there would know the Connecticut itself was upon them. Long before that they had driven their stock to higher ground, but their forgotten fowls would grow dizzy on their high perches, fall into the stream and whirl away, as I have seen them at times. Also, their cord wood, if not well housed, would be carried off. I have seen a neighbor's woodpile, his year's supply, cut stove length,

stick by stick leap into the flood and pass on. The current between our house and the next has been so strong that a good rower could not stem it. In the highway on the other side so deep a hole has been gullied out that a horse and carriage getting in, the horse was drowned.

At such times the mighty power of the swollen waters was so impressed upon us that we could not feel the inconvenience of the damage it was doing, not even when after their subsidence we went around the farm and found the buildings leaning that must be propped, the autumn-plowed fields stripped of their rich soil and holes made that would each take a hundred loads of earth to fill. Wonder and amazement rather than regret and dismay would fill our minds. We used to be sure that the flood was laughing at the puny works of man when the bridges from up stream would go sailing by. Several times has Sunderland bridge done this. A more pleasing incident is one related of an Indian squaw, who was a basket maker at the Farms in the north part of Hatfield. There was an inlet of water at floodtime which she attempted to cross, having her little girl and dog with her. The board paddle she used broke and they were all floated out to the Connecticut. As they were passing North Hadley the squaw cried out lustily. "Why do you hollow, mother?" said the child; "we ride pretty." The cries were heard and the party rescued.

It is to be hoped that such great floods are gone by, but now a new cause of alarm springs up. Our streams are dwindling year by year, causing wells not used to failing to run dry and water to be brought from a distance. The cutting off of trees about the springs causes them to dry up. The springs united form the brooks that make up the rivers. When the springs fail where will the brooks be and where the rivers? Every year for weeks at a time we see the Connecticut full of logs which have been cut off around its fountain heads; each year the logs grow smaller. What does this signify? One cannot help saying, "What if our mountains should become bare rocks in consequence of the springs drying, would not Massachusetts bcome barren like parts of Asia, Persia for instance? There are mountains in the south of France that were so denuded of trees that the earth slid off in an avalanche. The government is now spending millions of francs in an effort to restore the forest to the heights. The city of Holyoke made a large reservoir on Mt. Tom, but they sold the woods that protected the springs which fed it; the woods being cut their

water supply failed. The geologist, Prof. Shaler, says, "Now the danger is that the process of destroying the woodland will be carried so far as to dry up the mountain sources of the rivers and reduce the land to the sterility of the existing arid region, which contains probably one-third of the area of the United States."

When I crossed the Deerfield this past summer it looked to me not unlikely that the time would come when there would remain only its stony bed, and later on the same fate would befall the Connecticut, and poor old Massachusetts would be left with her rocks and not her rills. Should a prophet arise and prophesy against us as Babylon, the home of the bittern, was prophesied against, would we not tremble with fear and beg the state government to take possession of our wooded hills and preserve them as necessary to the life of the people? But why appeal to a paternal government? Why should not individual landowners in the town of Deerfield and every other town in the State conserve their own trees and protect their own water springs?

A POEM.

BY GEORGE B. BARTLETT.

To the President:

That I cannot accept your call I very much deplore,
Two places on a single day are all that I can bore.
Though actors in three pieces, on one night may appear,
I cannot speak in Boston, in Newtonville and here.
But the best part of my poor self will always be with you,
For my heart to dear old Deerfield is ever leal and true,
For here my youthful steps were led to antiquarian lore,
When on your mantelpiece was kept the chief part of your store,
Which now the mighty museum to overflowing fills
With ancient works of every kind from Franklin's vales and hills,
And as the future ages roll the trump of fame will call
Him happy on whose youthful head your mantelpiece will fall.
Upon the stage where now you sit, or rather down below,
I first essayed, with timid hand, to guide the fleeting show.
So gazing on the shifting scenes, as swiftly on they glide,
We greet the living who remain, and blessèd ones who died—
The noble artist in his days of poverty and care
Which could not bow his splendid head or dim his genius rare,
Fuller and grander every day, by loving nature taught,
His works forever will endure, with mighty genius fraught;

The kindly preacher, staunch and true, and steadfast as the rock,
Whose certain faith no wavering doubt had any power to shock;
The gentle, sweet and gifted soul who bore the Martha's part
By constant toil for those she loved, with all her tender heart,
Who was so great in mind and soul that she could only see
Greatness in all things but herself, in meek humility.
Full many a sturdy yeoman, too, and many a gentle dame,
Have to this old society bequeathed a worthy fame,
Who live in all our memories and merit all our praise,
But cast a shade of sadness on these anniversary days.
Then let us count our treasures flown, our loss is but their gain,
And prize with loving tenderness the dear ones who remain,
Trusting that each, as time goes on, as we grow old and gray,
Will prize with growing joy and pride the great P. V. M. A.

SOME PHASES OF OUR NEW ENGLAND INSTITUTIONS.

BY FRANKLIN G. FESSENDEN.

To-day as we enjoy ownership of lands in our towns, and carry on our self-government of such great importance, rarely do we think of the difficulties encountered by our ancestors in securing these blessings. We say without fear of contradiction, that we own our lands absolutely and in fee. We come together in town meetings, and, without question as to our right, pass votes concerning the welfare and property of each other. It is well for us who inherit the privileges, to call to mind how our forefathers obtained them.

What is the story of our titles to lands? How did this right of local self-government come into existence?

First, as to titles of lands.

It should be borne in mind, that our ancestors looked to the unwritten law of England — the common law — for their guidance. A well-settled rule of law was, that the title to all land was held from the crown.

"The King is the universal lord and original proprietor of all the lands in his kingdom, and no man doth or can possess any part of it, but what has, mediately or immediately, been derived from him. . . ."

As in England, all the land is held from the crown, so, in the colonies, the title of land was from the crown, either by actual or constructive grant.

How did the crown get its title?

There was no grant as such to the crown. Yet it had the ownership in fee of the colony lands. Ownership in fee necessarily presupposed title and possession. Possession could be obtained by conquest. But that would not give title. When one nation was victorious over another, if lands were exacted by the victor from the vanquished, a treaty usually was executed which gave the title. In the absence of any such treaty, the question of ownership in fee gave the learned lawyers of the day considerable trouble.

Our ancestors were practical men. They desired the land and wished to hold it by a title beyond question. Merely taking the land from the savages gave no title. Something more was essential. Finally they came to the conclusion that discovery and possession would answer. Discovery alone was not sufficient; for, if it had been, there was danger arising from the fact that others also had discovered the land. We know that several discoverers had sailed across the ocean, and had gone up and down the coast, landing here and there. Therefore simply discovering the land was not sufficient. The jurists came to the conclusion that discovery followed by continued possession would answer their requirements of the law and would also meet the exigencies of the particular case.

It is now well settled that the title of the crown was based upon discovery and possession, the discovery by the Cabots in 1497–8, followed by the possession taken by Sir Humphrey Gilbert in 1583, under letters patent. It was a rather wide gap, 1497 to 1583, but it was not too wide for the jurist and statesman of the day to span.

The title then, being in the crown, the power of the king to make grants was unlimited and absolute. He was restricted somewhat as to lands in England, but as to this land of ours he was unhampered. Incidentally to the grant of the land, he could give rights to establish local self-government by the colonists, with power to legislate. Still there was an uncomfortable feeling about the Indian. What were his rights?

The English law always paid great attention to, and had profound respect for, the person in possession. Without that the king himself could get no title. The judges were fond of maxims about possession. One rule recognized as sound, was, that two persons with claims adverse to each other could not have possession at the same time. Here was the Indian, hunting, fishing, growing

maize and living on the soil, doing all acts that an owner could. But he did not show any title which was sufficient to satisfy the powers, and they concluded that he was not in possession.

There was such a thing as custody of personal property without possession. So there was occupancy of land without possession. The Indian was the occupant, not the possessor; and his rights were those of the occupant and the occupant under the possessor. This was a solution. The discoverer and possessor was the owner. The mere occupant must hold subject to the rights of the owner. For his estate, in comparison, was very insignificant. This was the rule of law actually adopted and acted upon. However unjust, it forms the basis of the original title, under which we all claim now.

The colonist respected this right of occupancy and did not deem the title in the colony complete until the Indian gave a deed conveying his interest. The bargain was sometimes rather one-sided so far as the consideration was concerned; but the deed was wanted and obtained. The government, however, did not generally recognize the validity of a deed from the Indian to the individual. It claimed as the owner of the land to be the protector of the occupant and insisted that the deed could only be made to the crown or those claiming thereunder.

Although grants by Indians to private individuals were made, they were not recognized as valid. Ultimately a license from the legislature was required, to give effect to such grants. If the license was on condition which was not fulfilled, the colony would take the land from the purchaser of the Indian title. Roger Williams did not agree to this, and bought of the Indiams, and was tried for so doing. Royal grants were obtained to settle his titles in Rhode Island.

A grant of land from the government would by implication, give the right to purchase from the Indian a release of his right. While the government would not recognize the validity of a deed from the Indian to an individual, an important exception was made in the case of the deeds from the natives in Maine. This is accounted for by the conflict of the interests of the colonists and Sir Fernandino Gorges. It will be remembered that he held a patent from the crown, by virtue of which he claimed rights which were antagonistic to those of the colonists.

Title to land in Maine by purchase from the Indian was upheld by the courts. There is no occasion to say anything here about the controversy between the colonists and Gorges. After the col-

ony of Massachusetts Bay purchased from his grandson, no further questions could be raised. But enough had been raised to make sufficient trouble and disturbance.

The crown conveyed to the colony companies by means of charters and grants. The Great Council for New England was the chief source of title for the colonists. The charter of the Great Council did not work satisfactorily and was surrendered to the crown. Before the surrender, however, the council made grants of a great part of its lands and began to divide the rest. The grants were favorable to the colonies, and the estate was satisfactory. The rights were substantially the same in the various grants, i. e., in free and common socage.

When we consider that the country was unknown and the extent of territory undefined, it is easily understood that the crown charters and grants conflicted. The confusion which arose caused much trouble, and many years passed before anything like a determination of the rights of the settlers could be made. But the title passed from the crown to the companies or colonies, and the latter then became the owners. The individual did not take title from the crown directly. He derived his title from the colony.

In order to understand the means by which individuals got their title we should keep in mind that the greater part of the land came from the Great Council for New England. In England the council appointed a committee to devise a way of dividing the lands. They adopted the following plan:

1. Each adventurer (or shareholder) of fifty pounds in the common stock was to have 200 acres, and holders of other amounts in like proportion.

2. Every adventurer might personally, or by his servant, request the government to allot him land. If this was not done within ten days, he might occupy any land not already improved, not exceeding one half of his share.

3. But if the town plat was made and known publicly, no one was to build elsewhere (except Massachusetts Bay under directions). And if his lot in the town plat was not assigned to him within ten days after application, he might build anywhere within the plat, and improve half an acre for each 50 pounds of stock unless otherwise directed as to quantity by the government.

4. Adventurers who went or sent others at their own charge, were to have fifty acres for each person transported. Persons other than adventurers going at their own charge with families,

were to have fifty acres for the master of the family, and such further portion "according to their charge and quality" as the governor and council might determine, unless otherwise agreed.

5. Conveyances under seal were to be made by the company to such as desire it.

6. If a settler disliked the place taken by him under section 2 he might choose within the allotment whenever dividend was made.

There were some other provisions which it is not necessary to state.

Before the company came from England it acted through a representative here, and grants were made through him. But after the transfer it acted itself directly. This was done in General Court. The estate granted was commonly a fee. The court appointed a committee which examined and reported. The grant was made usually without naming boundaries, the place being named. A committee was then appointed to "lay it out"; and the court confirmed their doings. Provision was made for settling bounds, and if they were not placed within a given time, bona fide purchasers were protected. In this respect great care was exercised. Grants were made in this way to private persons, to those engaged in the "adventure," and afterwards to persons who had rendered services to the colony, or had expended money for it or had undertaken enterprises which it was hoped would prove beneficial to the colony. School teachers, gunpowder makers, printers, those writing up the laws, miners, etc. These grants show great method. The general welfare was looked after with the utmost care.

Grants were made to communities of settlers. These constituted by far the greater proportion. Pains were taken in the organization of these communities. Again, committees were appointed to take charge of the allotment of lands. Plantations were formed, villages and settlements were founded. The grants to communities were very large in extent. This is not the time to consider them in detail. It is sufficient to say that the individual was subordinate to the plantation, and the plantation to the colony.

The community thus owning the land, it was only a question of time when the land should be divided among the members or proprietors, or commoners as they were called. There are in this county to-day, books of the proprietors. How were these divisions made? Frequently by drawing lots. There were first, second,

third, and so on, divisions, and first, second, third, and so on, drawings in each division.

Record books were carefully kept. Accounts, plans and descriptions of the lands drawn were made and recorded in these books. Sometimes deeds were delivered. Sometimes a slip of paper was given to the person showing what land was his, and this was his muniment of title.

It is surprising how few mistakes were made. Great pains were taken that one lot of land drawn should not interfere with another. The title was thus completed in the individual, who afterwards conveyed, in the ordinary way, by those strangely sounding, complicated deeds. This in brief is the story of the titles.

Second, as to local self-government.

Perhaps the most practical question with which the founders of our New England had to deal, was that of local self-government. It certainly was the most difficult theoretically. And only by a violent stretching of the charter or grant, could the powers assumed and actually exercised by the colonists be found authorized. Authorization was indispensable to the exercise of the powers.

All authority proceeded from the king, who gave the charter or grant. He could give it only by charter or grant. To the charter or grant then, the colonists looked. The charter of Charles the 1st gave life to the company. The charter "resided" in England. But it was intended (at least the colonists and company so thought) to be the basis of the government of those to whom the charter was granted. To have the governing body under the charter in England, and those governed in America, weeks away, was awkward and troublesome. We must remember that it was not then the matter of a few minutes to transmit a short order or direction by electric cable, nor of only a few days to send a long document by steamer. It was necessary to allow weeks and in stormy weather, months to convey the message. During the time necessary for the passage of the sailing vessel, conditions changed, the emergency, which might be extremely pressing passed away, and directions which were given to meet the emergency, and which were calculated to relieve the situation, became unnecessary and in fact even worked hardship. It was far better to be on the ground, that the government might deal with the problems and difficulties at once, as they arose. But could this be done legally? This was a vexed question, much considered and debated. The company had among its members, distinguished persons, of wealth

and position. They were willing to venture their fortunes and lives in the enterprise. They did not intend that the company should be a mere means to enrich themselves in England. They had loftier views and hopes and ambitions. Could they carry out their plans and realize their ambition to found a Commonwealth here? It took some time to get a satisfactory answer to this question. At last a favorable opinion was obtained from the legal advisers of the crown and company. They advised that the charter created a corporation in the place where it was to exist. By reasoning that the more natural existence would be in the place where the undertaking was to be carried out they came to the conclusion that the corporation was created to exist in this country. This view was denied. It was said that the grant was of "only such privileges as are usually allowed to corporations in England," and that the docket entries of the grant so read, and that among the papers there was one which showed that "it was intended thereby the corporation should be resident in England." Later some of the most prominent men and distinguished jurists in this country held the same view; among them Hutchinson and Justice Story. The latter in his commentaries on the Constitution said: "The whole structure of the charter presupposes the residence of the company in England, and the transaction of all its business there."

But the deciding opinion was that the charter could be transferred. King Charles did not object to the transfer, and this was deemed to have great weight. The grantees of the charter came then to the conclusion that it created a corporation *of* and not necessarily *within* England; that the powers were full, that they held not by commission but by grant or free donation; that (this is of the greatest importance) they were not subject to the laws of England, although they could not enact contrary laws; that parliament could not interfere with them so far as their orders and judgments were concerned; that they were "independent in respect of government" — while owing allegiance to the British crown, because they held their lands by English tenure, and depended on England for protection, advice and the continuance of naturalization and free liegance of themselves and posterity."

Therefore they did not consider their corporation a mere trading company under a narrow "construction, but one "affording the means of founding a broad political government, subject to the crown of England, but yet enjoying many exclusive privileges."

"We came to abide here, and to plant the gospel, and people the country, and herein God hath marvelously blessed us."

They were shrewd men. They differed in religion from the king, yet they did not care to undertake a settlement on their own account. Accordingly they procured the charter. But it is apparent from the earliest time that they did intend to establish and maintain a practically separate and distinct government. The Puritans were experienced statesmen and skillful diplomatists. Strong in purpose, tried by persecution, they carried out their plan persistently and with rare ability.

The charter was theirs. They brought it with them to this country. It had been obtained at great trouble and expense. Its validity was not impaired by being brought here. They were determined to realize the greatest benefit from it with the least loss, and were bound to be successful in the great enterprise. They could work more advantageously with it here. So it was brought here. This was a great step. To be sure to save all possible question and to guard against any contingency, a board of trade was organized by some of the members of the company, who were to remain in England and look after the welfare of the company so far as connected with the crown—the source from which the charter was derived.

There was an immediate reorganization. John Winthrop was chosen governor. The transfer was a great epoch in our history. It had a great and deciding effect on the subject of this paper. It settled definitely the policy and the future of this colony. There was a local government from that time on, exercising its own powers, enjoying its own privileges and founding the institutions which make us here in New England an object of envy for the world.

The charter being here and the government started, what was to be done for local control? No details had been worked out. Generally the purpose was as stated by Winthrop, "Cohabitation and consortship, under a due form of government, both civil and ecclesiastical." But what was a "due form?" The charter was transferred in 1629–30. About five years afterwards, "The deputies having conceived great danger to our state in regard that our magistrates, for want of positive laws in many cases, might proceed according to their discretion, it was agreed that some men should be appointed to frame a body of grounds of laws in resemblance to a Magna Chartar, which, being allowed by some of the ministers and the General Court, should be received for fundamental laws."

A year afterwards John Cotton, who had been requested to assist the magistrates in compiling a body of laws, presented a copy of "Moses, his Judicials," taken almost literally from the books of Moses. It was never adopted; but it was printed in London in 1641, as "An abstract of the laws of New England as they are now established."

The Rev. Nathaniel Ward, formerly a student and practicer in the course of the common law, composed the Body of Liberties. This was established for three years, "by that experience to have them fully amended and established to be perpetual."

As this formed the basis of our town system, it is well for us to note certain provisions. "The freemen of every township shall have power to make such by-laws and constitutions as may concern the wellfare of their town, provided they be not of a criminal, but only of a prudential nature, and that their penalties exceed not 20*s.* for one offence, and that they be not repugnant to the public laws and orders of the country. And if any inhabitant shall neglect or refuse to observe them, they shall have power to levy the appointed penalties by distress. . . . The freemen of every township shall have full power to choose yearly, or for less time, out of themselves, a convenient number of fit men to order the planting or prudential occasions of the town, according to instructions given them in writing, provided nothing be done by them contrary to the public laws and orders of the country; provided, also, the number of select persons be not above nine."

In 1635, the General Court had passed an order similar to this. The terms "plantation," "town," and "township," were used indiscriminately "to indicate a cluster or body of persons inhabiting near each other; and when they became designated by a name, certain powers were conferred upon them, by general orders and laws, . . . which in effect made them municipal corporations; and no general acts of incorporation were granted till long afterwards." It is probable that some of the towns never had any specific act of incorporation. They could, however, sue and be sued, as well as choose their own officers. It is interesting to note that the selectmen in early times were the judges of the breach of the laws of the town.

The company assumed that it had the power to create municipal corporations, and it exercised this power. Had they this power? This was denied. Much was said. Comparison was made with the Gorges Charter, which contained a provision specifically grant-

ing the power to erect and incorporate cities, boroughs and towns; and the charter of the company being silent in this respect, it was insisted that the power did not exist. This was no mere theoretical question. Our ancestors were practical men, who looked after the individual, as well as the common interests. In 1632 the parson and elder at Watertown advised the freemen not to pay a tax levied on them by the Court of Assistants, as the Court had no more authority than the mayor or aldermen of a municipal corporation.

But considerations of the general welfare and the very necessities of the situation were paramount, and the power was read into the charter by the very useful way of implication.

And so the towns became local self-governing bodies and have continued to be so to the present time. But what was meant by the word "prudential," for the meaning of this word determines the extent of the towns to legislate for themselves. Hutchinson said, "What is intended . . . is not very easy to determine." Long afterwards it was defined as follows: "Perhaps no better approximation to an exact description can be made, than to say that it (prudential) embraces that large class of miscellaneous subjects affecting the accommodation and convenience of the inhabitants, which have been placed under municipal jurisdiction of towns by statute or by usage." This definition proceeds upon the practice and experience of the towns.

The colonists had to depend upon their own good judgment and sense in working out the problem. With what wisdom they worked time has shown. Thus arose the town, the little republic in itself, with powers and responsibilities more important in actual practice than those of the state.

To-day we have essentially the same town. The system has worked well. When we compare the transactions of the town with those of the county, state, and federal government, the latter, so far as they affect the individual, seem to fall into insignificance. The county and state taxes form a very small part of our annual tax levy. In the matter of local self-government the by-laws of towns and ordinances of cities form a considerable body of the law. This local self-government practice was not at all the practice in England. Some have likened the selectmen and town affairs to the vestrymen of the English parish. To a certain extent the likeness holds good. But we must look further for a truer likeness. This is found in the annual meetings of the Teu-

tonic races. But whatever may have been their origin they were established here by the practical sense and great wisdom of our Puritanic ancestors. We have them; we value and cherish them. May the time never come when they will be impaired. Whether, under our present rapidly changing conditions, we will loose any part of them, time will show. They were formed and established and maintained by wise and learned men, by patriotic men who loved their democracies and were jealous of the slightest interference with them; men who were willing to sacrifice property and hazard life itself for them. So long as their spirit exists, the institutions so valuable to us all are in no danger.

Mr. Bryce, in his book, "The American Commonwealth," suggests that when any considerable section of the people are strangers, such as he says have latterly poured into New England, the institution works less perfectly. Yet he acknowledges the admirable working of the local governments. Often have they been eulogized. The words of Jefferson are fresh in our minds. "Those wards called townships in New England are the vital principle of their governments, and have proved themselves the wisest invention ever devised by the wit of man for the perfect exercise of self-government, and for its preservation."

It remains for us who enjoy these blessings, by patriotic, zealous care, to hand to those who shall succeed us, the beneficent institutions which our ancestors bestowed upon us.

And here in this place, with all its historic memories, let us express our gratitude to the Puritan, who, with all his severity, selfishness and faults, worked out the problem. Experienced, skillful, prudent, zealous, resolute, he gave us a better local self-government than had ever before existed, and than exists elsewhere to-day.

FIELD MEETING—1895.

FIELD MEETING

OF THE

POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,

AT BARTLETT'S GROVE, MONTAGUE CENTER, MASS.,
TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1895.

COMMEMORATING THE SETTLEMENT AND EARLY HISTORY OF MONTAGUE.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

1. Singing, By Montague Male Quartette.
2. Prayer, By Rev. Alfred Free.
3. Address of Welcome to the Association, By Rev. M. L. Richardson, of Montague.
4. Response, By Francis M. Thompson, Esq., of Greenfield, Vice-President of the Association.
5. Singing, By Montague Male Quartette.
6. Original Poem, By a Native of Montague.
7. Historical Address, By Robert P. Clapp, Esq., of Lexington.
8. Singing, By the Quartette.

COLLATION.

9. Short Addresses, By Members and Guests of the Association, interspersed with Singing.

Committee of Arrangements.

J. Johnson, N. S. Cutler, John S. Stebbins, Prof. H. A. Pratt, R. W. Field, for P. V. M. A.

Hon. J. F. Bartlett, I. Chenery, J. A. Taggart, Seymour Rockwell, E. L. Bartlett, Rev. M. L. Richardson, Dr. E. C. Coy, for Montague.

REPORT.

To Montague, an almost untrodden field for historical research, the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association betook itself Tuesday for its annual field day. The town is less famous in history only as it was more favored by the freedom of its early settlers from the incursion of savages, which gave bloody pages to the annals of Deerfield and Northfield. Again, it is a more modern town. It set up a separate existence as an independent district in 1754, having been, up to this time, a part of Sunderland, and as a town in 1775. So its history, falling within the more peaceful periods of permanent settlement, offers less of the tragic and more of the peaceful, leaving little to startle, however much to interest. As it proved, there is indeed much to interest. A particularly scholarly and engaging address by Robert P. Clapp, a son of the town, presented enough of the story of the town's early days and its comfortable existence as a well-ordered New England town, to prove it deserving a more elaborate study, which he expressed the hope he might stimulate. The ideal antiquarian presence of Hon. George Sheldon, the President of the Association, was an unexpected gain to the day, and though the revered historian somewhat playfully announced that it was his last appearance, and his third last one, his appearance was more vigorous than when a year ago he spoke at the North meetinghouse celebration in Greenfield, and the prediction was heard that many farewells were yet to be hoped for from him. The presentation to the society of one of the most sacred and valuable of recent accretions to its great storehouse of prized antiquities, the Bible of Rev. John Williams, Stephen Williams, D. D., the captive, and others down the line of their descendants, was made the subject of one of Miss C. Alice Baker's perfect literary-historical papers, and was altogether an impressive episode.

The exercises took the usual form, almost ritualistic now, and the formal address of welcome by a resident of the town visited, and response by an official of the society visiting, preceded in due form the historical address. Then, the dinner over, the proceedings became less formal, and the charge of the exercises having been given over to the chairman of the local committee, a succession of speeches was furnished by Amasa Eaton of Providence, R. I., F. L. Whitmore of Sunderland, A. M. Lyman, Deacon Richard Clapp and Rev. Mr. Richardson of Montague. An excellent male quartette furnished music.

As a whole the field meeting, which, by the way, was held within the four unvernal walls of the town hall, because of the dampness of the grove, was most satisfactory, a worthy member of the succession of suggestive summer historical meetings of the Memorial Association.

The hall gradually filled with people from Deerfield, Greenfield, Gill and Sunderland, in addition to the Montague citizens interested in the old town, while the last vacant seats were taken early in the proceedings by the bright girls and boys of the high school, which adjourned for the purpose.

Ex-Senator J. F. Bartlett of Turners Falls, chairman of the committee of arrangements, opened the meeting by calling on the Montague male quartette for a song, and their singing through the day was one of the most acceptable features. Prayer was offered by Rev. Alfred Free of Turners Falls. Then the address of welcome was made by Rev. M. L. Richardson of Montague. Mr. Richardson gave the Association a cordial greeting and extended his address into a studious discussion of the nature of the historical work it was doing and of the character of old New England institutions and people.

Mr. Sheldon briefly responded to the greeting and in the absence of both vice-presidents of the Association turned the more extended response over to Herbert C. Parsons, the corresponding secretary. Mr. Parsons expressed the Association's satisfaction in coming to the heart of Montague for its field day. It was the quarter-centennial anniversary of the Association's first field day, an event which could only escape notice because twenty-five years was an insignificant period compared with the stretches of time over which the antiquarians looked backward. But it had been filled with valuable work and the Association could review it with satisfaction in recalling the historic places visited and marked, the valuable addresses which had contributed richly to the store of historical knowledge and preserved in permanent form the annals and traditions of the old towns, the volumes of history written under its inspiration, the great collection of priceless antiquities at Memorial Hall, and best of all the awakening of the historical spirit and a common regard for the sacrifices of the early settlers. He quoted from a poem of George B. Bartlett at an early field day these lines:

> These peaceful homes by them were won from bloody, savage foes—
> The howling wilderness was made to blossom as the rose;
> To sword and plowshare joined in one, rough earth and savage yields—
> With spade and musket hand in hand, they won their hard fought fields.
>
> Then treasure up each noble deed, with tender thought and care,
> To generations yet to come transmit the record fair;
> So that their valor, faith and skill, as shining lights may stand,
> And live forever in the sons of our beloved land.

The historical address by Robert P. Clapp of Lexington occupied the remainder of the morning. Mr. Clapp is a native of Montague and his address showed a personal interest in the town as well as the thorough research necessary to an accurate review of her history. The

address was effectively delivered and held the interest of the audience to the close.

A delightful dinner was spread in a neighboring chapel for invited guests, and the people who brought their basket lunches occupied the Grand Army hall, where hot coffee and tea were served by the Montague people, who in every way displayed a generous hospitality.

Senator Bartlett presided in the afternoon. Seymour Rockwell's poem, which he had modestly declined to place among the solid matter of the morning, opened the exercises. It was a report of Lo, the poor Indian, to his tribe after a visit to their old haunts, and was full of bright references to the present time.

An impressive proceeding was the presentation to the Association of the Bible of John Williams, and Miss Baker's address in delivering it to Mr. Sheldon was in accord with her many valuable contributions to the Pocumtuck literature. The Bible came down from John Williams, the Deerfield minister settled in 1686 and the "Redeemed Captive" of her history; Rev. Stephen Williams, his son; Eunice Williams Stebbins, his daughter; Stephen Williams Barker, her grandson; Elizabeth Barker, his sister; Eunice Stebbins Daggett, her niece, who has owned it since 1847, and now gives it to the Association. Mr. Sheldon briefly spoke the Association's thanks and read the autographs of the successive owners from the flyleaf.

Amasa Eaton of Providence, whose summer home is Montague, responded to a request for a speech by a valuable address on the New England town meeting, its Teutonic origin and its American development. F. L. Whitmore gave one of the short bright speeches for which he has a reputation, speaking for Sunderland. A. M. Lyman of Montague explained the use of the grain fan, which he presented to the Association. Nathaniel Hitchcock suggested a fitting observance of the quarter centennial, at the next annual meeting. Then Deacon Richard Clapp made an interesting short speech recalling old-time social relations and commending the Association's work. Rev. M. L. Richardson spoke in an enthusiastic strain of the Puritans. Rev. Alfred Free excused himself in a clever way from speaking, and Mr. Sheldon "pronounced the benediction."

Near the close of the meeting a vote of thanks was tendered the people of Montague for their hearty welcome, and bounteous hospitality; Robert P. Clapp for his admirable address, and particularly the quartette for their excellent singing.

Among the older citizens of Montague present were Henry Shepard, the son of a revolutionary soldier, Warren Bardwell, Deacon Richard Clapp, Cephas Porter, Erastus I. Gunn, Harrison F. Root, and Mrs. Louisa Rowe Root. A letter was read from Samuel D. Bardwell. Among the visitors were Charles B. Peabody and wife, Mrs. Peabody

being a descendant of the Montague Bardwells, Samuel O. Lamb and wife, and many others from Greenfield and Deerfield.

ADDRESS BY ROBERT P. CLAPP.

Fellow Townsmen: — It was the custom with a pious clergyman of Georgia, a gentleman of color, in the days which followed the war, to begin the exhortations to his congregation with the simple salutation, "Bredderen," immediately adding, however, "and by 'bredderen' I mean de sisteren, too, for de bredderin do embrace de sisteren." With like brevity I may greet you, to-day, well knowing that the good citizens of Montague on this occasion embrace with the arms of a generous hospitality our friends from across the peaceful river, giving a most cordial welcome to the members of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association.

Believing, under the influence of that local pride which easily possesses us on an occasion like the present, that our town affords as attractive a place as any in the county for a "field meeting" of your venerable society, and acknowledging the honor which your presence here implies, I can but regard it as a matter of mutual regret that your visit has so long been delayed; and I am directed by the committee to impress upon your resident members at the outset the fact that Deerfield Mountain and Taylor Hill, nature's barriers against the incursion of hostile Indians in the remote past, were never intended to cut off an interchange of friendly courtesies at the present day.

Mr. President, and members of the committee, in honoring me by your invitation to speak for the old town, though you have rather illustrated your kindness than shown evidence of good judgment, you have kindled a warm feeling in my heart. Adopted by the town of Lexington, a town whose heritage of historical treasure, though justly shared by all in the commonwealth, yes, by our whole country, is held dearest by Lexington citizens themselves, I might be thought to have renounced my earlier allegiance beneath the spell of her charms. But not so. Each succeeding year, as I return to Montague, more and more do my feelings find expression in those lines of Goldsmith, fervid with patriotic devotion to home and native land:

> Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
> My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee.

The subtler charm with which the associations of boyhood invest nature in the region of one's birth is the germ from which springs love of country; and in so far as a man is unresponsive to this sentiment he lacks that element in character which sets before him an ideal involving the consideration of other than mere selfish ends. There is, I am sure, no native of Montague who will not join me in saying to her, with tender appreciation, as he wanders through these green meadows or climb your stately hills,

> Thy shades are more tender, thy sunlight more dear
> Than descend on less privileged earth.

Your speaker to-day would have been glad to satisfy the voracious antiquarian appetite of this society, which justly demands that every town gather the minutest details of its early history, the exact age of every old house, the names of every settler and a circumstantial account of early life and manners. But such a task would have been far beyond the opportunities at his command and contrary to express stipulation made by him when consenting to speak. Departing, then, a little from the custom which has usually prevailed, the address to-day will show less exhaustive research among the old records and will deal with the past in a somewhat general way. It will, I trust, be found of interest and profit to recall a few characteristic incidents, to contrast the old life with the new, and to see what may be the promise of the future. Such facts as have been gathered are intended merely as clues which may be of service hereafter to him who shall write a history of the town. May this work not be much longer deferred; and do you, citizens of Montague, see to it that the town records, now in a confused and dilapidated condition, with some parts missing, are speedily cast into as good shape as the services of an expert copyist can put them.

As this is a day for considering the old town we need not pay further regard to our suburbs of Turners Falls and Millers Falls than to point out what a privilege it has been for them to possess a share of our soil. Besides, we may to-day fairly indulge a spirit of mild resentment at the former of these thriving villages for having captured and carried away from us our town meeting. As one of the institutions established by the fathers, it deserves to be here now, close by the site of the first school and church, the three together symbolizing the practical sagacity, the learning, and the piety of New England.

The origin of Montague as a town carries us back in the history

of this fair valley of the Connecticut *only* a hundred and forty-two years. I say *only* a hundred and forty-two years, because the date of our incorporation in 1753 is but halfway in the course of events, traced backwards to the first settlements in the valley. When the yeomen who occupied lands within the limits of our present boundaries, accepting the provisions of the incorporating act, found themselves citizens of Montague, granddaughter of the venerable town of Hadley, they were as far distant from the early days of the grandparent as we now are from the first administration of Thomas Jefferson. Deerfield, Northfield and Sunderland also, were well advanced in years, the first bearing scars which the tomahawk had left in 1675 and 1704, and the other two rising above the perils and disasters which had thwarted their first attempts at settlement in the closing half of the seventeenth century. In the dignity, therefore, which mere years confer, Montague falls below most of her neighboring towns.

Though settled too late to share, as a town, the perilous experiences and heroic sacrifices which consecrated with blood the soil of Deerfield, Hadley, Hatfield and Northfield, Montague was ready to do her part, and more, at the first opportunity she had to acknowledge the debt which all posterity owed the heroes of Pocumtuck Valley. In the final war against the French and Indians, which began in 1755, and ended in the subjection of Canada by the English in 1760, Montague furnished more than her quota of soldiers, and we shall find that in later days of peril and disaster the fires of patriotism never burned low within her borders.

Until the outbreak of King Philip's War in 1675 the settlers throughout both Massachusetts and Plymouth had, in the main, lived on friendly terms with the natives; and though the deluge of fire and blood which swept over these two colonies at the command of Philip during the succeeding two years, the busy hand of the red man during the "woeful decade" of William and Mary's War (1688 to 1698), and the bloody raids made by the Indians and their French allies upon the frontier in the ten years following 1703, kept life filled to the full with the discipline of grief and pain, yet the power of the savage, at the time to which our minds revert to-day, was broken, and the people in this region, save for two short periods hereafter noted, had little occasion to fear his further attacks.

When, therefore, Ebenezer Marsh began the settlement at "Hunting Hills," now Montague, by building for himself a rude

cabin at the southerly foot of Taylor Hill (near the Nathan Hosmer place), in 1726 or '7, the scene enacted at "Bloody Brook," two hundred and twenty years ago to-morrow, was an event which had occurred before he was born; the fight at Turners Falls was almost as far in the background of the history of Indian warfare; and, though the horrors of the event lay clearly in his recollection, twenty-two years had elapsed since that cold December morning in 1704, when the half-starved and blood-thirsty French and Indians fell, with firebrand and tomahawk, upon Deerfield's sleeping inhabitants, while the darkness yet obscured the dawn, and led away a full third of them captives, as the flames of the burning houses lighted up the scene of pillage and murder.

The savages had not, however, yet quitted this section forever. The peace of Sunderland and Hunting Hills was never, in fact, disturbed by any serious attack, but the intermittent raids made up and down the valley, under the influence of the French, from 1722 to 1726, and again in 1744–48, were such as justly to give the inhabitants much alarm. Under the self-imposed burdens of blazing out roads in the primeval forest and clearing lands which might yield a scanty subsistence while they builded for themselves homes amid the privations of the wilderness, the settlers were unable alone to provide for their defence. Farmers at Northfield, in the autumn of 1723, having twice been surprised and killed, or taken prisoners by bands of roving Indians, the General Court tardily made provision, the following year, for a fort called the "Block House," on the northerly side of that town. Sunderland, in the winter of 1724, sent in a complaint because men whom the government had provided the preceding summer had not appeared, the petition averring that the inhabitants had been put to great difficulties in guarding and scouting for themselves. The Court responded by ordering that ninety-nine [more likely nine. Ed.] men be posted at Sunderland for the purpose of guarding the farmers "when getting in their harvest."

Following 1726 were twenty years of comparative freedom from depredations, embracing the period during which a considerable number of farmers were building homes at Hunting Hills. Though they saw the Indian only as he roamed through the woods killing game and paddled his canoe up and down the Great River in quest of shad and salmon, prudence required that they keep themselves armed against such stragglers as they might casually encounter. Some of the houses were provided with palisades. Deacon Clapp's father, Eliphaz, who built the substantial residence now occupied

by his son, on Federal street, found, rotting in the earth, the stubs of palisades which surrounded the house occupied, on the same commanding site, by Lieutenant John Clapp, common ancestor of the several families of that name still in Montague. The old house was bought by John in 1754. That enthusiastic and well-informed lover of antiquities, Mr. Jonathan Johnson, is authority for the statement that a few rods northwesterly from the barn on Dr. Shepard's place (afterwards occupied by Emery Ball) traces of a fort are discernible to-day. It was called Fort Ellis, or Allis, probably named for William Allis, one of the first settlers here. A portion of the ell of the present house is said to have been a part of the old fort itself. The site of another primitive fort is placed by tradition on the southeasterly side of Sawmill river swamp, near Federal street. It is probable, however, that these were not "block houses," or forts provided with regular garrisons of men, but simply other instances of fortified houses, where the families of the neighborhood might gather for protection in case of an alarm.

To sundry petitioners from the town of Hadley, whose ample territory stretched originally a broad belt on the east side of the river, all the way from South Hadley Falls to Lake Pleasant, the General Court, in 1673, granted six square miles of land lying "near to the northward bounds of Hadley," the grant containing the usual condition as to settling a specified number of families, and settling a minister. This was the first attempt to settle Sunderland, or Swampfield, as the plantation was then called. It ended in disaster, as did a first and even second attempt to plant Northfield, owing to the depredations of the Indians during King Philip's War, and William and Mary's War, which followed. But in 1713 the grant was revived, and in 1718, the proprietors showing that they had settled forty families, and otherwise fulfilled the conditions imposed, the inhabitants were duly incorporated as a town, the name being changed by the act to Sunderland. The proprietors, after procuring honorably from the Indians an extinguishment of the latter's title, planted the land. The eastern bound was a line running parallel with the river, only four miles distant therefrom; for it was found that the northern bound — namely, a line running east from the mouth of a "little brook called Papacontuckquash and Corroheagan, lying over against ye mouth of Pocomtuck river" — was nine miles from Mohawk brook (Indian name, Nepesencag), which was taken as the boundary between Swampfield and Hadley. Papacontuckquash was the name

of that now called Cold Brook, which flows into the Connecticut between Seymour Rockwell's and Franklin Field's. The line drawn east, passed a little south of Green Pond, cutting off a small portion of the upper end of Lake Pleasant. A map, now to be seen among the State Archives, shows that the proprietors petitioned, in 1714, for an addition to their territory three miles wide on the east. The court disallowed the petition, but confirmed the plat showing nine miles in length and four in width. In 1729 or 1730, however, a strip two miles wide was granted, making the width six miles. This, and not, as some have said, a strip lying east and west, next north of the Cold Brook line, was the so-called Two Mile Addition.

The act creating the northerly part of Sunderland, or Hunting Hills, a separate parish or precinct, was passed June 17, 1751. The territory embraced began at the Connecticut River, twenty rods north of the mouth of Slatestone Brook (now known as Whitmore's Brook); thence ran east to the corner of the town bound — i. e., six miles; — thence north, on the town line, to the northeast corner of the town; thence on the northern boundary line, west to the river; and thence on the river to the brook first mentioned. It was, however, ordered in the same act, that the lands lying between said north line of Sunderland and Miller's River should be annexed to the Parish, "to do duty and receive privilege there." These were a part of the so-called unincorporated, or province, lands. The act further directed that such portions of these lands as were then "unappropriated" be sold at public auction, the purchaser undertaking to settle ten families on the tract, build ten houses, eighteen feet square, with seven-foot stud, and bring into condition for tillage five acres of land for each family, within three years from the sale.

Within the limits of this addition lay the Bardwell grant. It has been a pleasing tradition among the Bardwells of the present generation, that the General Court, in grateful remembrance of a service rendered by their ancestor, Robert, who settled in Hatfield, by bearing an important dispatch through to the Connecticut valley, under circumstances of great peril, voluntarily bestowed upon him a tract of land a mile square. But alas, the cold facts of history, unearthed from the State Archives, dispel the romance of the event. It turns out that Robert Bardwell was a survivor of the Narragansett fight, which occurred in 1675; and that his grandson, Samuel, of Deerfield, the great-great-grandfather, I think, of our Warren,

more than fifty years later, in 1733, petitioned for a pension! The court responded by granting to the heirs of Robert, 100 acres on the east bank of the Connecticut. Upon this tract Gideon Bardwell settled in 1761, moving over from Deerfield with an ox team, which bore his worldly goods, and his two-year old son, Samuel, the grandfather of the generation now living. The car in which the boy came was a portable wooden cupboard, divided into compartments, and pressed into service on this occasion as a sort of improvised Pullman sleeper. The infant was given the lower berth, while a pig was snugly stowed away in the upper. Gideon, we are told by his living descendants, built as his homestead the Chauncey Loveland house.

The first corporate meeting of New Parish was held July 29, 1751, in the house of Joseph Root, possibly the oldest house in town now in existence, — the present home of Spaulding Pierce; its covering boards, fastened on with wooden pins, and the solid oak partition walls within, attest its great age. Beyond the simple record of officers chosen, the only vote recorded is, "That we will hire preaching among us." Joseph Root was chosen parish clerk; Messrs. Joseph Alvord, Eliphalet Allis and Samuel Smead, assessors; Enoch Bardwell and Ebenezer (or Ephraim) Marsh, collectors; and Samuel Bardwell, Simeon King, and three others, a committee to warn future meetings. I can find no record of another parish meeting, nor any of a town meeting previous to December, 1755.

It would be hard to name many of Montague's earliest citizens. Not until 1774 were they numerous enough to entitle the town to a separate representative to the General Court. By the original act, the new town was to join Sunderland in the choice of one. Either Ebenezer Marsh, or possibly Samuel Taylor, was the first settler, the time being about 1726. Mr. Taylor threw up a house lot granted him in that year at the south end of Hunting Hill, — the hill that now bears his name, — and received one in return situated at the northerly end, though the exchange was made in 1730 or 1731. Samuel Harvey, William Allis, Joseph Root and Nathaniel Gunn (the latter the great-grandfather of the late Elijah and Phelps Gunn) came among the earlier settlers. Nathaniel's homestead occupied the site of Edward P. Gunn's home. The latter's great-grandfather (also named Nathaniel) kept a tavern there, until some time later than the birth of his son Elihu in 1763. Being the place where wayfaring Baptist ministers always stopped, it came to be known as the Baptist tavern.

In 1745, a field on Millers Plain was divided into eighty lots, and it may be assumed that the grantees of these lots were nearly coincident with the persons then inhabiting our territory. Among them, the only names familiar among the inhabitants of to-day are Marsh, Root, Taylor, Sawyer, Graves, Gunn, Scott, Smith, Billings, Wright and Field.

It is worth while here to note that Montague village was never formally laid out or plotted. The grouping of houses here as a center was an accidental result of the scattered locations chosen by the first settlers. Always eager to possess land, and land in abundance, the pioneers from Sunderland first occupying the south part of the township, the Meadow and Taylor Hill, spread over the eastern territory, possessing themselves of Harvey, Bald, Chestnut and Dry Hills, and pushed on even to the northern bounds. The Scotts becoming numerous as holders near the present village, this portion of the town was known as "Scotland." It was naturally selected as the site for meeting and schoolhouses, because the settlers had built on all sides of it — not especially in the central tract. The Sunderland proprietors divided a large field in Montague among themselves in 1719, into two tiers of lots, 43 in each; but these lay in the meadow west of Taylor Hill, and not, as local history says, in Montague village. In quite a different way arose the village streets in the older towns, where grants to proprietors preceded actual settlement. When Sunderland, for example, was planted, the proprietors, thirty-nine in number, laid out a broad street and plotted forty "home lots," twenty on either side, taking thirty-nine for themselves and reserving one for a minister. This seeming digression has a value for us on account of its relation to the common lands which were not finally disposed of in this town until forty or fifty years ago. Let us briefly review the situation.

The grantees of a town like Sunderland were at first simply a land-owning community, or it may perhaps be better said, an ordinary commercial corporation, organized for the purpose of assembling families, settling a minister and getting ready for the making of a town. Of course the families brought together were usually those of the proprietors. In this work they were under the parental guidance of the General Court, represented by a special committee, and when ready to receive the gift of political rights they obtained them by further action of the court. But these rights, when conferred, belonged to them, not as proprietors of the land, but as inhabitants of the place. The land-holding community and

the political community were separate and distinct bodies, capable of dealing with third parties and with each other. If a new inhabitant was admitted he must buy or trade for his land as best he could.

When, therefore, the thirty-nine proprietors in Sunderland took possession of their home lots, all the remaining territory in the plantation, including all lands in present Montague, belonged to them as undivided or common lands.

While these were the legal relations existing between proprietors and inhabitants, they were often lost sight of after a little, especially in slow growing towns, where the number of new comers was small; though in some of the older places there were contentions between the two interests, which became bitter in the extreme. Sometimes the demands of new inhabitants were satisfied by allowing them an undivided share in the common lands alone, again by setting off a specified tract in fee simple, with no further rights of division; and still again by admitting the new comer into full proprietary rights with the others, thus recognizing a sort of moral trust as to the entire tract of common land in favor of all the later inhabitants. The divisions of the Sunderland lands were made among the proprietors on a basis of strict equality, except that a large tract, embracing nearly all of the Two Mile Addition, divided about 1730, was apportioned according to the assessors' valuation of those who participated in the division. This was probably because the grant was made to the town or its inhabitants in their corporate capacity. It is a curious fact that allotments in certain towns were often made out of common lands according to rank, social condition and property values of the proprietors, such division being made by mutual agreement, thus showing that the Puritan fathers were not influenced by any visionary theories of equality. They had great respect for rank and official position. In Hadley a division was made on this principle, the wealthiest receiving about four times as much as the poorest; and yet we are told that "the equity of the division was never called in question." When Leverett was incorporated in 1774, the General Court ruthlessly confiscated the Sunderland proprietors' rights by providing that all common lands lying in the territory cut off should belong to the inhabitants of the new town. In the Montague act no such provision was made, but Sunderland, at a later date, generously released to the inhabitants of Montague all rights in the common lands lying within our bounds. Montague sold them from time to

time for the benefit of the town treasury. In connection with the disposition of them, there appears, in 1772, one of the first recorded protests in our town against forcing the people to support the ministry. Moses Harvey and Nathaniel Gunn, Jr., the tavern keeper, in behalf of themselves and others who had embraced the Baptist faith, entered their protest in town meeting against appropriating money rising from the sale of common lands towards repairing the meetinghouse.

Thus we are brought back to the point from which we ought not, perhaps, to have departed — the meetinghouse. Obedient to the earliest recorded resolve, the inhabitants settled a preacher in 1752, in the person of Rev. Judah Nash, and the meetinghouse itself came into existence one or two years later. This house remained standing until 1833, when it passed away, the last visible memorial of scenes amid which the church and town life were one. A plain, two-story structure, with a belfry at one end towering above the gable, it stood north of the common, with side toward the road, on the site of Mr. Chenery's building, so long occupied by the post-office. There was an entrance at either end, one of them leading through the belfry, and another entrance in front, on the side next the street. To the right and left of this entrance led a passage way connecting with two flights of stairs which conducted to the gallery, both flights being against the front wall of the building. Opposite the main entrance, and against the rear wall, stood the pulpit, with deacons' seats railed off in front of it. From the pulpit to the easterly and westerly walls, and thence across these, save for the two end entrances, ran a row of square box pews, all of them adjacent to the walls. The body of the house, excepting the space taken by three aisles running at right angles to the pulpit side, was occupied by pews of the same description. The gallery extended along the front side, opposite the pulpit, and also across both ends. The windows you must fill in to suit your imagination. A town vote, in 1755, declares that there shall be six on the back side, two of them back of the pulpit. The pews were constructed from time to time by individuals, under restrictions imposed in town meeting. Four of the leading citizens were, in the same year, reimbursed for money expended for rum, being no doubt, rum dispensed among the public at the "raising" of the meetinghouse.

In 1757, that difficult and delicate task of seating the meetinghouse was entrusted to a committee of nine, divided into three

sets or subcommittees. Each set was to seat the house by themselves in the first instance, and then compare notes, the committee as a whole to adjust the differences. We may imagine the fancied slights and heartburnings which the committee's work produced, however wisely they acted; Mrs. Samuel Harvey, perhaps, complaining because she had been assigned a seat inferior to that given Mrs. Lieut. Clapp, and others making similar criticisms without end. Too poor to buy a bell, the people voted to hire Lieut. Clapp's "conk" shell to be blown as a "sygnall on the Sabbath day," and it was afterwards purchased by the town for one pound and ten shillings. It exists to-day, a treasured relic, in the hands of Deacon Richard Clapp.

Going back, in imagination, say one hundred and twenty years, to some bright Sunday morning in summer, we hear the deep, harsh blasts of the shell reverberating between the hills. The villagers issue from their houses in proper order and walk with pace dignified and slow toward the house of worship, husband and wife taking the lead, the children closely following; the dwellers on the outskirts jog along the thickly wooded way on horseback, a wife or daughter often seated on a pillion behind the rider; all coming in dutiful response to the same summons. Only as a deer, frightened by the approach, here and there capers into the thicket, the brush crackling under his feet, does aught occur to break the silence which prevails along the lonely road. Arrived at the meetinghouse, the women, decked out in such primitive finery as they possess, exchange greetings and gossip while they await the coming of the minister. The Rev. Mr. Nash, a little belated (for he has allowed not quite time enough to compass his circuitous route all the way from the Marsh house, opposite Lieut. Clapp's down Federal street, and across the southerly swamp road), enters and ascends the pulpit, the congregation rising out of respect for his personal worth as well as for his high office; and lastly the boys, having quit their secret wrestling in the horse shed, scuffle up the stairs to their pews in the gallery. We will not follow the long service, nor take more than a passing notice of Mr. Judah Wright, the tything man, who perambulates the aisles, seeing that everybody is an attentive listener except himself. Carrying a staff, tipped at one end, perhaps with a squirrel's tail, he thrusts it in the face of a sleeping maiden; and with the other, capped with a deer's hoof, he silences some mischief making boy. The interest in this scene for us lies in the fact that here are the town and

the church all in one. Gathered as church members to-day, the men may assemble in the same place as citizens and voters on the morrow. Communion table and moderator's desk — one and the same — what unity of needs and aspirations this fact implies! A people held together by bonds of mutual sympathy and sacrifice almost as strong as the ties of family affection. In 1858, it was "voted to make good the damage sustained by the Widow Pryson by the burning of her house," and also to make good the damage sustained by the Widow Rose by the burying of a feather bed that —— —— died on of ye small pox." Puzzling questions of administration arising, these men solved them in their own practical way, creating, not following, precedents. Developing as a plucky, self-reliant, freedom loving people, they were quick to discern the necessity of organization to oppose the British oppression and ready to contribute treasure and men when the conflict came.

In April, 1773, the town chose its committee of correspondence, consisting of Moses Gunn, Elisha Allis, Stephen Tuttle, Judah Wright, Nathaniel Gunn, Jr., and Moses Harvey, and during the same month they sent to Boston a letter, which closed with the ringing declaration "that a criminal and scandalous inattention or indifference to our rights may be an infamy never justly charged upon us, esteeming a tame submission to slavery more infamous than slavery itself." In the following July, the fourteenth day of the month was set apart, by vote of town meeting, as a day of religious observance. Boston harbor being closed, by command of the royal government, our townsmen pledged themselves to suspend all commercial intercourse with Great Britain, and to abstain from purchasing or consuming any British wares from and after August 6.

The alarm from Lexington, where the first blood was shed, April 19, 1775, reached Northfield, and probably Montague also, on the following day. Provision for minute men had already been made as early as January of that year, and there is no occasion to doubt that a company of Montague men answered the alarm by marching at once toward the scene of conflict. In the state records appear the names of

Capt. Thomas Grover,	Moses Brooks,
Lieut. John Adams,	Uriah Week,
Lieut. Josiah Alvord,	John Brook,
Philip Balard, Sergt.,	Samuel Smith,

Simon King, Sergt.,
Asa Fuller, Sergt.,
Josiah Burnham, Sergt.,
Elisha Phillips, Drummer,
Elisha Wright,
Daniel Sprag,
Jil. Barthrick,
Henry Euers,
Elias Sawyer,
William Allis,
Asa Smith,
Joel Pirkins,
Jonathan Harvey,
Samuel Bardwell,
Thomas Whiting,
Daniel Burnham,
Nathaniel Nicholas,
Reuben Grandy,
John Combs,
Joseph Combs,
Elisha Frizel,
Joshua Serls,
Zebediah Allis,
John Euers,
Moses Harvey,

men from this town who, as the official return of their commander, Capt. Thomas Grover, states, were "Allarmed April 19th, 1775."

Another company, under Capt. Robert Oliver, of Conway, who marched, as their muster roll explains, "to the releef of the Country, April 22nd, 1775," included the following Montague men:

Asahel Gunn,
David Patteson,
Ezra Smead,
Rufus Smith,
Elijah Smith,
Ebenezer Grover,
Samuel Gunn,
Samuel Taylor,
Ebenezer Marsh,
Caleb Benjamin,
Elisha Clap,
Ira Scott,
Nathaniel Taylor,
Joshua Gawse (Goss),
Joel Adams,
Samuel Larance,
Salvenas Sartel,
Daniel Baker,
Simeon Cox,

Every year during the progress of the war our citizens exerted themselves to the utmost in supplying men, clothing and provisions. In 1781, the bounty given by the town for one year of volunteer service was twenty yearling heifers. The list of Montague men who served in the war, exclusive of the minute men, numbers more than one hundred and sixty. Time's relentless scythe has spared until to-day but few own sons and daughters of the Revolution; and so it is a notable circumstance that there resides with us now a son of one who served in the army of Washington. A third son, Joel, passed away only two years ago, but the genial presence of Henry Shepard and of his brother Frank, still abides. May they continue in health and happiness for many years to come.

In 1790 Montague had one hundred and fifty houses and a population of nine hundred. We need not follow the statistics through the decades, but they are such as to show a steady and healthy growth down to the time which marked the beginning of deca-

dence in country towns. Including Turners Falls, the first drop, I believe, which the census volumes show, has occurred in the five years just closed. The inhabitants numbering 6,054, as against 6,296 in 1890.

Of Montague's industries I had proposed to speak briefly, but time passes, and the subject must be left for special treatment on another occasion. The manufacture of scythe snaths, wagons, hats, chairs, furniture, rakes and wallets, has at one time or another given to village life that diversified, healthful and interesting character so well known and appreciated in Massachusetts during the past two or three generations. If you must inquire something about the very beginnings, time may be taken to say that the first mill in this region was, in all probability, on or near the site of the present Billings mill near North Leverett. It was already there when the committee for Swampfield in 1716 granted to Benjamin Munn and others the privileges of taking lumber on "Saw Mill Brook," they to sell "bords" to the inhabitants for twenty shillings per thousand. The grant was not to be allowed to interfere with the erection of a corn mill near by. Lying half buried in the bed of the river, just above the Billings mill, is to be seen to-day an old millstone, worn by the rush of waters almost beyond recognition. This stone, a relic of the corn mill referred to, is probably the oldest mark in existence of the hand of civilized man in Montague.

The old taverns and roads are worthy of special treatment, but time fails me now. I have here a tracing of a map of the town, made by Elisha Root in 1794, showing the main roads, the ferries, mills and taverns. Three corn mills, seven saw mills and one fulling mill are shown, the latter on or near the site of Col. Lawrence's, that many of you remember. Four taverns appear, with these locations: Gunn's (already mentioned), Kinsley's, on the west side of Main street in the village, where Mr. Martin afterwards kept; Severance's on the east side of Federal street, a little south of Dry Hill road, and Taft's (afterwards Durkee's), nearly a mile south of the mouth of Miller's river on the Northfield road. Was Martin Root's tavern, then, in 1794, abandoned? It is not shown on the map. The old sign, dated 1785, now in the Memorial hall at Deerfield, used to swing from the original Joseph Root house, already mentioned, and it is supposed to have invited the weary traveler to a good dinner and a plentiful supply of "flip" and new rum until a much later date. Martin was but thirty-two years old in 1785, and died in 1833.

The present hotel in the village was built by Col. Aretas Ferry, about 1830. Col. Ferry is well remembered as the shrewd, affable Yankee store-keeper, who, boasting one day of his accomplishments in the trade, said that he could "do up" a pound of tea in a smaller bundle than any other man in the country. "Yes," quickly answered a customer, "and you can put a pint of rum in a smaller bottle!"

Let us now look, for a moment at the history of our schools. Prior to 1757 there was no regular schoolhouse, but each committee was expected to provide a suitable place. In that year it was voted to build a house, sixteen by eighteen feet, of hewed or sawed logs, and to put it by Ensign King's barn, near the Mill swamp, a site in the vicinity of the Amos Rugg place. The vote provided that during the winter the school be kept "in Joseph Root's corn house;" but this seems to have provoked serious opposition, for at a later meeting in the same month, the town declared that the school should be at the house of Widow Smith, till the committee could provide a more suitable place. In the winter of 1758, the record shows a vote to provide the "stuff" for the schoolhouse which it was "in order to build next spring." This is what you taxpayers have to do on occasion at the present day; but the "stuff" contemplated in the old vote may have been the material for the house rather than the funds with which to supply them. The town appears not to have built the proposed house, but to have bought from John Scott, in 1759, a dwelling house, which was put to school uses. Its location is not known. This building the town voted, in 1762, to move to the south of John Gunn's land. It appears to have been burned during that year, for, in a petition to the General Court by the towns of Sunderland and Montague, in May, 1763, asking for the remission of a fine of ten pounds laid upon them for not sending a representative the previous year, the excuse alleged was that their numbers were small and their public charges large, "besides which, they had had the misfortune to have two schoolhouses consumed by fire." The petition was granted.

About forty years ago the workers on the highway dug up, near the present fence on the easterly side of the common, and midway between the brick church and Mrs. Hollis Chenery's, some brick which mark the location of what those now living remember as the "old schoolhouse." Either this building, or its immediate predecessor, was built in 1766. The town vote provided for a

building eighteen by seventeen, and directed that it be placed next to Dea. Gunn's fence, about eleven rods southeasterly of the meeting-house. Measuring from where the meetinghouse then stood, you will reach the site just described. Mrs. Louisa Root (born Rowe), whose memory well preserved, goes back to about 1816, attended school there, the first teacher whom she remembers being Mr., afterwards Rev., Durfee. The house was moved to the westerly side of Main street, to a lot lying between Joseph Clapp's and Henry Morse's house, where it stood till 1842. Abandoned in that year, it was separated into halves and sold, one of which halves stands to-day down the "Lane," incorporated into the house occupied by Everett Scott.

Prior to the division of the town into school districts the winter school was kept at the Centre, but in order to satisfy the demands of different localities, the summer term was shifted from place to place.

To Asahael Gunn's wife is due the honor of being the first teacher mentioned in the records, the entry being in 1755. Joseph Root, Moses Gunn, Jr., and Aaron Estabrooks were among her successors, they receiving from thirty to forty shillings a month for their services.

In 1764 every person was ordered to send wood to the school-house and pile it where the master should direct, neglecting which his children should be sent home. This primitive custom continued well into the present century. What penalty was imposed, do you ask, for not complying with this regulation? None at all, except the restraints of public sentiment, for any one who refused to send his share of wood was considered as exhibiting the extremity of meanness. A former inhabitant of Federal street, refusing to do so on the ground that the school was not in the center of the district, the older ones at the school would not let his boys come near the fire.

Crude, indeed, must have been the schools kept here down to, and even later than 1800 — deficient in appeal to the reasoning faculties, in sentiment, and often in refinement; deficient, in fact, in pretty much everything except earnestness and high moral purpose on the part of the teacher; and but scanty funds were furnished for their support. But in proportion to the resources of the time, the little that was done bears testimony as creditable to the fathers as that which the liberal appropriations to-day bears to the sons. From the day when a majority demanded better

accommodations than could be afforded by Joseph Root's [illegible] house, the tendency has been ever upward, until now, when what ever is asked for is cheerfully given.

The "little red schoolhouse" you hold in affectionate remembrance, not only as a symbol of the importance attached to education in American life, but as a reminder of what the common school has done for New England character. We hear much about improvements in educational methods, and speak of the advances made during the past and present generations. They have, indeed, been substantial; but in one respect, perhaps, there has been a loss. The new system, following the tendency everywhere manifest to aggregation, combination and operations conducted upon a large scale, is inevitable — at least in the more populous towns. In no other way can the large numbers of pupils be taught with due regard to economy. Grading, classification, and, to a certain extent, instruction in different branches by teachers assigned to them alone, become a necessity as a matter of mere administration. By these changes the quality of instruction has been vastly improved, and pupils have in many ways received a better education than that obtained in the district. But these schools possessed, at least, one virtue which should be carefully noted when the old ideals are sought to be replaced by the new. The centralized school of to-day turns out children with larger and more diversified attainments; its graduates have fivefold the knowledge of history, geography and natural science that one obtained at school half a century ago; but it is to be feared that they are more in need of praying that their knowledge may ripen into wisdom. Less in mental and moral contact with an individual teacher, and held throughout the course in the iron vice of a system designed for ordinary and usual needs common to all scholars, they leave school with corners well rounded and special aptitudes undeveloped, better *average* graduates; but has the school-trained youth of to-day, to the same degree as of old, the elements in him of the strong, self-reliant man, one on whom may worthily fall the mantle of his father as a public-spirited citizen, devoted to the welfare of the town and state? If not, let us see to it that, so far as public instruction is concerned, no blame can be laid to its door. The direct, constant presence in the olden times of a single master or dame, exercising the moral influence of his or her individual mind and studying, as occasion offered, the characteristics of each pupil, impressed the mind and moulded character in a manner never to

be equalled by methods, apart from personality. The good, strong men and women, many of them natives of this town, who so instructed our youths in the days of district and select schools, would make a noble list; and there lives to-day in your memory some to whom you owe a debt of deepest gratitude.

The subject of Montague's schools should not be dismissed without mention of the valuable and devoted service given in their behalf for more than a quarter of a century by one who is here to-day. His modesty appeals for the suppression of his name, but in obedience to the higher demands of the historical record I shall give it. Your recent school reports show that, under the present committee, of which he continues chairman in virtue of his capacity and experience, the ever present and legitimate demand for advance and innovation shall never be allowed to make of the elementary school anything else than training grounds, where the mind and heart may be put to the development of what is highest and noblest in them. If there be any short cut to the honest acquisition of a fortune, or if people shall persist in placing riches above character, instruction in the means to be employed must be sought after school life has ended, and against the influence of its counsels. May the schools of Montague always have the guiding hand of so devoted a friend as Seymour Rockwell.

An institution that occupied a conspicuous place in this town from 1835 to late in the "fifties," was the village debating club, or lyceum, which did much to furnish wholesome amusement, and to quicken intellectual activity. Though common to many towns, this kind of an organization probably never received a more generous support, or produced better results, in any place having as small a population. In the winter of 1834–35, Samuel Bardwell, his brother Warren, Erastus P. Gunn, Moses Root and Elihu Gunn met and organized, the first named being chosen president. Others immediately joined; and that perennial question, whether capital punishment should be abolished, received its first public discussion in this town, Erastus and Elihu Gunn leading the debate. Many times during the existence of the society its members, young and old, wrestled with the same question, and once, if we may believe Mr. Gustavus Bissell, with disastrous results. Samuel Bardwell, having undertaken to demonstrate the futility and barbarity of this method of punishment, Mr. Bissell retorted that the speaker, with strange inconsistency, had hung himself, and that he need do nothing further — by way of reply to his opponent — than to let him swing!

In changing hands the lyceum flourished until near the outbreak of the war. During a greater part of the time, it should be remembered, the active participants were mature members of the community, as well as young men not yet beyond the "select" school. The ministers, Merrill, Bradford and Elder Andrews, will be remembered as among the leaders; and also those gifted school teachers, Cephas Brigham and Charles A. Richardson. In the later days, John and Seymour Rockwell, H. B. Gunn and Emery P. Andrews may be mentioned as among those who worthily maintained the spirit and work of the institution. A regular feature with which you associate the pleasantest recollections was a manuscript newspaper, strongly flavored with wit, and unsparing in criticisms of local abuses or personal foibles. Of the graduates of this training school, himself a Montague boy, fostered in her district schools, is one whose name is high on the honor roll of public service in an adjoining state. Hon. Charles B. Andrews, justice of the supreme court of Connecticut, formerly governor of the same state, achieved his first triumph by becoming a leader on the floor of the Connecticut house of representatives, where he exhibited with commanding influence those intellectual gifts — a ready wit and incisive logic — which were exercised and developed here in the gymnastics of local debate.

The "B. D. C." (Boys' Debating Club) composed exclusively of boys in the high school, and maintained for several years between 1870 and 1880, deserves recognition as among our past educational influences, but time forbids more than a passing mention of it. Rev. William Dugan, Edgar Bartlett, Merritt Holton, Francis A. Rugg, Frank Desmond and R. P. Clapp were of the leading members.

Some incidents of a political nature, occurring during the anti-slavery agitation, may be recorded before passing out of memory. In 1840, when the rallying cry of the Whigs was "Protection," there was held here, in the interest of their party, a mass meeting to which delegations came from the surrounding towns. "Uncle" Avery Clapp, as a suggestion for their consideration, posted on the fence opposite the old town hall, a picture drawn by himself, representing some negro slaves writhing under the lash of their master, and printed in bold letters underneath the picture, the word "Protection!" An attendant at the meeting tells me to-day that no speech on that occasion so much impressed him or influenced his future political action, as the mute appeal of that pic-

ture. He became at once an earnest advocate of abolition. In 1844, Montague cast three votes for James G. Birney, the presidential candidate of the Liberty party, by the hands, I am told, of Elijah Gunn, Joshua Marsh, Jr., and Samuel D. Bardwell. In 1848, the Free Soilers held the balance of power in town; and after the regular November meeting, which resulted in no election, succeeded in sending their candidate, Joseph Clapp, to the legislature. Alpheus Moore, also of that party, was elected the following year and held the office two years successively. A joint debate in the town hall, between Mr. Moore and Sanford Goddard, on the principles of the Free Soil party, will be recalled as an important local event in 1848, the former championing the new cause. The question was decided by the audience on the merits of the debate, overwhelmingly in his favor. In the debates of this period, which occurred among the attendants at village stores, feeling sometimes ran high. Joshua Marsh and Kendall Abbott were the most outspoken of those declaring for immediate emancipation. Finding himself hard pressed in an argument with one of them, Dr. Shepard exclaimed, in a burst of sarcasm, "Well, when the Lord sees fit to liberate the slaves, he will do so without calling on Josh. Marsh or Kendall Abbott!"

As this sketch does not profess completeness, it cannot deal with the old military companies, the "Floodwoods" and their successors, the "Franklin Guards," the latter under the command of Thomas Lord, the popular landlord, of splendid physique, fine address and pleasing manners. Nor can we more than mention the annual training day in May, when the "Guards" successively under the captaincy of Mr. Lord, Calvin Hunter, Carver Clary and Lucien H. Stone displayed their skill in manœuvres; the official programme followed always by an impromptu game of round ball, a bout of good-natured wrestling among the boys, including sometimes the schoolmaster, and finally a knock-down fight between rival toughs, to decide some long-mooted question of superiority. The days of rough practical joking were ended by the founding and development of the library. To Miss Bailey was due great credit for her successful work in introducing this auxiliary educational factor, which has done a vast deal in this village by supplanting rusticity, coarseness and vulgarity with refinement and taste.

A notable figure in Montague's earlier days was Dr. Henry Wells, who came here from Brattleboro in 1781. A gentleman "of the old school," he was noted for his high character and pub-

lic spirit. His reputation as a physician was such as to make his services in demand throughout a much wider area than this town or county. The memory of his useful life is cherished by his descendants, the Rowes, who are of our inhabitants to-day.

Jonathan Hartwell, the first lawyer in Montague, although not a man of brilliant parts, was a man of strong common sense and sterling worth. He was postmaster for, I think, nearly forty years, and represented the town in the legislature year after year.

Among those from Montague who have sat in the State senate, may be mentioned Elder Erastus Andrews, Sanford Goddard, J. H. Root and Joseph F. Bartlett. Clapp Wells is well remembered as a high sheriff in the county, and the latest of Montague's citizens to serve in this capacity, keeping faithful guard over the criminals which *other* towns furnish, is Isaac Chenery.

When Mrs. Andrews was laid to rest from this village a few years since, a last tribute of filial affection was paid by a galaxy of sons of whom any mother or town might be proud. One of these has already been mentioned. His brother, E. Benjamin Andrews, president of Brown University, has achieved a no less distinguished career.

Montague's record in the Civil War is creditable indeed. By the close of 1862 the town had paid $4,500 in bounties to forty-five volunteers. We were ahead of our quota for the first two years, and also at the end of the war. The total number of soldiers furnished was nearly one hundred and fifty, out of whom twenty-three lost their lives in the service. The spark of military genius was touched; not in a son of Montague, but in one born in the older town down the valley. As the graves, however, of those twenty-three fallen heroes, and of their comrades who have since joined them, are decorated here from year to year by the slowly diminishing band of veterans, the memory of their sacrifices just as worthily touches the chords of gratitude in your hearts, and renews the fountains of feeling which impel to unselfish deeds, as the brighter fame of that gifted commander whose courage and devotion to country were lately honored in the town of Hadley, General Joseph Hooker.

This community mourns to-day the loss of two of her prominent and honored citizens — Thaxter Shaw and R. N. Oakman. Neither was a native of Montague, but both were long indentified with her interests. Mr. Shaw settled here in 1861. Mr. Oakman came in 1846. Beginning in that year he served our schools either as teacher or committeeman for nineteen years, and his labors in be-

half of the town's interests were given as a member of the board of selectmen for more than twenty-five years. His life, spared until a ripe old age, was filled with public service well performed.

It has been customary to close an address of this kind by a worshipful appeal to the work and character of the fathers as ideals ever to be followed, confidently predicting that fidelity to their example will enable the present and succeeding generations in some way to solve every problem, which, under new social and industrial conditions, may arise; but the judicial and philosophical spirit, which has only lately characterized study of the founders of New England, compels us to admit the fact that along with recognition of their virtues, must go condemnation of grave faults. The argument by historians of generally accepted authority that the Puritans acted wisely according to the standard and light of their time, cannot be accepted as an excuse for bigotry and persecution; and the reasoning will some day come to be regarded (if is not so already) as a species of special pleading or sophistry which must be condemned none the less because it has sprung from generous sentiments of loyalty and filial affection.

On a panel set in one of the gateways at the World's fair was written: "Toleration in Religion the best fruit of the last 400 years." Was the sentiment prematurely declared? Toleration has not, indeed, been fully realized, but the world moves; and the principle of freedom of conscience, coupled with absolute equality before the law, which Massachusetts once allowed to pass from her borders to be established in Baptist Rhode Island and Catholic Maryland, is now too firmly rooted here to be overthrown by any society or class of men.

As illustrating the progress we have made in this town in the best fruit of civilization, reference may properly be made to an event which occurred here more than fifty years ago. The participators are gone, and from their children, also, the old animosities have passed completely away. The event should be forgotten but for the lesson it teaches. Public feeling was not more highly excited in 1861 than it was in 1833, when the old meetinghouse ceased to be. So great was the bitterness manifested by the respective parties with regard to possession of the church property, that the conservatives, in order to make sure that it would never fall into the hands of the radicals, turned out one day with axes and crowbars, and, under the lead of one of the deacons, razed the house to the ground. These times are past and we to-day rejoice in the union

of Christian friendship and charity. But our duty to education and to the State will not have been performed, unless we allow to others what we demand for ourselves — absolute freedom of conscience — and proscribe no man of whatever race or creed for his opinions so long as he is a loyal citizen of the republic.

The State demands of her sons to-day broader views and sympathies, and a greater degree of moral courage than in the old days when the communities which formed towns and commonwealth were a homogeneous people possessing practically the same needs and desires; and it may be said that the highest type of patriotism partaking less and less of the instinct of self-preservation, is a nobler and more unselfish sentiment to-day than ever before in our history.

Along the banks of the abandoned canal this side of Turners Falls the delicate forget-me-nots silently appeal for some recognition of the old boating days on the river, when barges laden with West India goods and manufactured articles were poled up the river by the rum-soaked boatmen; leaving Montague's supplies at Bardwell's Landing, and taking thence on the return her produce to market. The traffic through the canal and the busy handling of merchandise at Adams Landing were such as to justify for the locality choice of the name which now seems only an ironical designation — Montague City. The recent run by a young man on his bicycle from Brooklyn, N. Y., to his home in Turners Falls, 197 miles, within twenty-hours, was a notable feat, but not more notable than a task often performed by Joseph Day, back in the "twenties," when he used to walk from Montague to Hartford, more than fifty miles, between sunrise and sunset, so as to be ready to start back with a boat on the following morning. The railroad, opened through to Boston in 1848, marked the closing days of the old epoch. The modern era of fierce industrial competition then began. This competition growing sharper and sharper with the perfection of travelling facilities and mechanical inventions, no one knows how it will end.

The drift of rural population to the towns and the migration of both people and industry from towns to cities have seemed to subject the country districts to decay; but a loss in population means not necessarily a loss in the elements of political strength and purity. The rising tide of surplus population in the cities, making municipal government more difficult and aggravating the dangers of poverty and crime, must, it would seem, turn back to-

ward the country. Something in the way of an additional countervailing influence may be expected from the extending of improvements, the electric railway among others, which will make it easier to live in the country and be in communication with the larger centers of trade and industry.

It becomes, therefore, the duty of the farmers and tradesmen to work together in a spirit of liberality for the introduction of improvements. Whatever makes the village more attractive, more comfortable as a place of residence — better roads, better lighted streets, a good water supply — should be welcomed, to the end that there may be brought to the side of the farmer and villager something of the attractions which now entice people away. Here are the wellsprings of a pure, peaceful life on the native heath, amid influences which mould and develop character.

Though the functions of the State will be more and more extended, the institution of private property will not be abandoned, the stimulus to individual effort and ambition which that alone can give will remain, and there will be no other means of individual progress than hard, self-reliant toil. At this point, we may well go back for inspiration to the labors and sacrifices of the fathers, remembering with Stevenson, that however many hilltops we may reach in life, the El Dorado lies always beyond; that "it is a better thing to travel hopefully than to arrive, and that the true success is to labor."

THE ADVENT, THE RETURN AND THE REPORT OF LO THE POOR INDIAN.

BY SEYMOUR ROCKWELL.

Massasoit, Pocumtuc, great bosses of Red Men,
Dusky warriors and other illustrious "head men,"
We're casting about for a redskin to go
To the P. V. M. A. to be held down below
In a picturesque grove by the sweet, babbling rills,
That gurgle in the shades of old Hunting Hills.*
A ballot was taken — but one had a show —
The election had fallen on poor Indian Lo;
Instructed to note and the true minutes keep
Of whatever had changed since they'd all been asleep.

* Early name of Montague.

Had their administrators, the P. V. M. A.,
Kept valid their contract since they've been away?
Had Sheldon and Johnson inscribed on their urns
Appropriate willows, lit by incense that burns?
For these were the parties by them delegated
To see that their merits were rightly narrated.
To exhibit their feats was any one present
Like they have at the pow-wows displayed at Lake Pleasant?
Did the fellow from Boston make good his case
That wherever a lawyer claims a birthplace
That spot is ne'er lacking in fame or in grace —
That a town with High Sheriff and Senator too
Had got 'bout as big as a town ever grew?

In accord with the mandates which we have related —
All the service performed that they had dictated,
A loud buzz and a whizz lifted up a thick fog,
An electric had taken old Lo and his dog
Away to the courts of the brave disembodied.
To which, Lo returning, respectfully nodded —
With deference due to "His Honor, the Court,"
And a bow to the counsel, he read a report.
He asked Prose to help him, but he had to refuse,
"But perhaps he could hire a 'grass widow' muse."
If lame is her verse and but "chestnuts" her jokes,
Indians used to get "beat" when they dealt with the white folks.

REPORT.

The first thing I met was an august committee;
Some came from Grouts Corner, some came from "the City,"*
Which said that no corpse had right introduction
To society good without some reconstruction.
So they picked from my eyes the coppers that closed them,
Removed all the film that could have opposed them,
Refastened the nerves as they ought to connect,
And just how they did it I can well recollect.
To my dull old orbs a great glare they then loosed on
From a star on a pole called Thomson and Houston.
They thought I just dropped from the old planet Mars
And that I might see our hard fighting stars
They gave me a pass on political cars,
Supplied me with glass of Sam. Weller power,
So that in sly places that I'd have to scour,
I could find their great throne, see the sachem upon it,
And the fat fellows all, with a "bee in their bonnet."
They passed me a note-book for short-hand and pleonics,

* A section of Franklin county comprising Turners Falls, Montague and Deerfield, now called Millers Falls.

Said, "After a dose of political tonics
They'd like me to write of their new economics."
They shadowed my steps wherever I went to,
Allured me away from the grove I was sent to,
Allured me away from legitimate labors,
To babble and tell what they do at their neighbor's,
Who has all the bossing of county conventions,
Where all the great feats shall exploited be
Of that athletic fellow, the big G. O. P.
For all the old relics preserved in a near field
Can be seen semi-weekly in beautiful Deerfield.
Before I succumbed to seducing temptations
To write up the big subjects of forty odd nations,
All sorrowed and saddened at wanton mutations,
To see what had happened to rural plantations,
I found the brooks posted as I walked about,
Though nothing that swam there was worth angling out.
In the old gentle streams the waters were failing,
Wouldn't shelter a trout or nourish a grayling.
If I dropped in a line or threw in a fly
They'd sue me for trespass, "the law 's on," they'd cry.
In old Whitmore pond, once a fine poaching place,
Proud trout had surrendered to ignoble dace;
Where our deer used to "round up" and wild turkeys nest
Sat degenerate chipmunks and shy ones at best
And fit for just nothing, to shoot or to catch,
Save the count of their tails at the fall shooting match.
A beleaguered old fox was dodging old Spear,*
Of those Millers Falls chasms he shivered in fear;
One cunning old coon made nocturnal runs
Over Toby, pursued by Low Clapp and his sons.
I witnessed the hunt with some resignation
That into such hands fell my dear occupation.
They have not to sweat to raise beans and pertaters
Nor make their obeisance to sharp speculators,
For in these times of panic they say they are able
Of minks and of muskrats to make Russian sable.

* * * * * * * * * *

But I am a savage, it is not expected,
With vision political so long neglected,
But that I should say things that should be corrected,
Fall into some dog'rel that should be rejected.
To make observations I stamped around alone —
Couldn't talk very well through the Bell telephone; —
I'd been told about lightning: to let it alone.
My fingers wer'n't made to serve me as pliers,
To pick information from telegraph wires,

* Great local sportsman.

And ne'er to my brain was attached a great motor—
Like Greenfield's Gazette or Bagnall's Reporter;
Didn't know the new names of the brooks and the rills;
The students from Amherst rechristened the hills.
Not knowing much Greek you would hardly suppose
I could make a report in verse or in prose.
If the muse came to serve me, Fate seemed to defeat her—
The numbers came wrong, could not hold the meter.
But you know that way down in this netherland
They do that with machines which they can't do by hand;
So I bought a machine that had all the five senses,
Understood syntax, prosody and all the six tenses;
Devoured every word you could well care to hear.
Turn the crank on the side, stick the tube in your ear;
'T will deliver Clapp's speech, repeat every speech-maker
And find a "square meal" at the board of your Baker.*
After suffering the pain of the vast devastation,
Of what modern vandals style civilization,
I cried: Show me the fields where we slayed the pale face,
The graves of our chiefs, and the last resting place
Of our pestles and arrow heads, I can't find one!
Were they stuffed in the mouth of that big Krupp gun?
The sight of our wigwams where we wooed a dear mate,
The scalps on the rafters, have they shared a like fate?
To my long list of questions they all shouted, "No!"
"Return well contented, dear, dusky friend, Lo,
That same gracious God in the clouds may you see,
Who will still let your dog be your best company;
We've a tangible proof that we have an invention
That shelters the treasures of which you make mention;
Your long servant, Johnson, has gathered them all;
Each one 'lies in state' in Memorial Hall,
When Time in its course and another September
Brings the festive field day you'll like to remember,
That no vine to the oak so tight ever held on,
As clings to a relic, our venerable Sheldon."
Then up rose Pocumtuc, who said with decision:
"Since your service was done without a condition,
And although your lines they lack in precision—
Some being too blunt and others too tapering,
While the whole business needs some sand-papering—
And is quite bad enough, it might have been worse
Had you been in the towns that 'grant license' to verse.
Before Time wheels us round to another field day,
The stuff is so light, it will winnow away;
We'll accept your report, forgive every stanza,
And label the document 'Lo's Extravaganza.'"

* C. Alice Baker, a distinguished antiquarian and member of the P. V. M. A.

THE WILLIAMS BIBLE.

THE NEWEST TREASURE OF THE POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

In presenting the Bible Miss C. Alice Baker spoke as follows:

The good physician, Dr. Samuel Fuller, came in the Mayflower, leaving his wife and young baby in England, to follow him later. The baby's cradle, now one of the most interesting relics in Pilgrim hall, he brought with him, doubtless to save his wife trouble in packing. We can imagine the comfort that little cradle was to him in the days of starvation and sickness that followed. Lieutenant Fuller, probably the son of this baby Fuller, and Thomas Doggett, stand together in a list of persons to whom lands at Namasket were granted in 1664. Namasket, now Middleboro, was one of Massasoit's towns, and after his death was settled by Plymouth and Marshfield people. Dr. Samuel Fuller's great-granddaughter, Joanna, married the 4th Thomas Doggett of Middleboro.

The sadness and solemnity of the first emigrations to New England is relieved by the presence of children on board the crowded ships. It is not without a purpose I introduce to you two of these children and ask you to join me in some genealogical gleanings which concern my mission here, to-day. The names of these children are Thomas Stebbins and Samuel Williams.

In 1634 Rowland Stebbins, with his wife and son Thomas, a lad of fourteen, sailed from Ipswich, England, in the ship Frances, and settled at Roxbury, Massachusetts. The next year many settlers of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, attracted by the reports of the fertility of the lands on the Connecticut River and for weightier reasons unnecessary to mention here left the Bay settlements at Dorchester, Cambridge and Watertown, and sat down at Windsor, Hartford and Weathersfield.

At about the same time the inhabitants of Roxbury were granted liberty to remove to any place they should think meet, not to prejudice another plantation, provided they should continue under the government of Massachusetts. In 1636, availing themselves of this permission, William Pynchon, a patentee under the colony charter, and others from Roxbury, with their families, came

to Springfield, then known by its Indian name of Agawam. Among these first settlers of Springfield was Rowland Stebbins, who had been the friend of Pynchon in England, had come with him to New England and now removed with him to the Connecticut river.

Later, Rowland Stebbins and his younger sons went up the river to Northampton and Deerfield. His eldest son, Thomas, remained in Springfield and was the founder of that branch of the Stebbins family. He married Hannah, daughter of Deacon Samuel Wright. Their eldest son was Samuel Stebbins, one of whose sons was Lieutenant William Stebbins, of Springfield.

In 1638, two years after the settlement of Springfield by William Pynchon and his Roxbury friends, Robert Williams, probably of Welsh descent, the first of the name in America, with his wife and son Samuel, then six years old, sailed from Norwich, England, and settled in Roxbury. There in due course of time his son Samuel married Theoda, daughter of Deacon William Park, and their sixth child was John Williams, the first minister of Deerfield, familiar to us as the "Redeemed Captive."

John Williams was graduated at Harvard in 1683, when only nineteen, and three years later was settled in Deerfield. Soon after his settlement the young minister married Eunice Mather of Northampton. On her father's side she was the granddaughter of the celebrated Puritan divine, Rev. Richard Mather of Dorchester. The equally distinguished John Warham, Puritan minister of Exeter, England, and later of Windsor, Conn., was her maternal grandfather. Mr. Williams had been seventeen years minister of Deerfield when "the enemy came in like a flood" upon the little settlement, overwhelming his flock and sweeping many away to captivity or death. The story is familiar. "Uttering a short petition to God for everlasting mercies on account of our glorified Redeemer," Mr. Williams cocked his pistol "and put it to the breast of the first Indian that came up, but it missed fire, since which," he says, "I have found it profitable to be crossed in my own will."

Two of their children, with their faithful negro servant, being slain before their eyes, Mr. Williams and his wife were permitted to dress themselves and their five remaining children. There is food for thought in the fact that their son Stephen's silver buttons and buckles were not omitted on this occasion. Then they began the dreadful march to Canada. For a little while, on the second

day's march, Mr. Williams was allowed to walk and talk with his wife and "help her on her journey." They talked of the happiness of those who had a right to "an house not made with hands and God for a father." "She never spake any discontented word as to what had befallen us" says her husband, "but justified God in what had happened." Mr. Williams being shortly ordered to the front made his last farewell of his dear wife.

Wading knee deep through the swift and icy current of Green River, weary with his burden, and chilled to the marrow of his bones. Mr. Williams was allowed to sit down and be unburdened of his pack. In vain he begged his master to let him go back and help his wife. Questioning each of his fellow captives as they passed him, he heard that "after their parting she spent the few remaining minutes of her stay in reading the Holy Scriptures, and then, in passing through the river she fell down and was plunged over head and ears in the water, after which she travelled not far, for the cruel and blood-thirsty savage who took her, slew her with his hatchet at one stroke, the tidings of which were very awful. . . ." There is no sadder story than this in the annals of our town.

"We travelled eight or nine miles further," says young Stephen Williams in his journal, "and lodged that night. They then called the captives together to make a more equal distribution. There they searched me and took away my silver buttons and buckles."

The following Sunday, March 5, Mr. Williams was allowed to pray with the captives and preach to them, reading from the first chapter of Lamentations. "We had this revival in our bondage," says the faithful pastor, "to join together in the worship of God, and encourage one another to a patient bearing the indignation of the Lord." This privilege was denied them after their arrival in Canada.

The second Sunday of their march Mr. Williams sitting alone with his Indian master and a nine year old captive boy, while the rest went hunting, "almost overwhelmed by the thought of what had passed over him, read his Bible which quieted him to a patient waiting to see the end the Lord would make." His master had given him a piece of a Bible from one of the packs, and "never disturbed him in reading the Scriptures or in praying to God." "Many of his neighbors too, found that mercy in their journey to have Bibles, Psalm books and Catechisms put into their hands with liberty to use them, yet after their arrival in Canada all possible endeavors

were used to deprive them of them, and some told Mr. Williams that "their Bibles were demanded by the French priests and never redelivered to them."

At St. Francis, both his Indian master and the Jesuits tried to make Mr. Williams go to mass. The priests sent for him to dine with them and told him if the captives would not go willingly, violence should be used to bring them to church. Finally he was pulled to church by his master, who tried in vain to force him to cross himself. Then he was forbidden to pray with his people or preach to them. Weary with their efforts to convert Mr. Williams and his flock, the Jesuits complained to the Governor, saying that they never saw such people as were taken from Deerfield—"Why" said the priest, "the Marquas carry their prisoners to the church, and they cannot be prevailed with to fall down on their knees and pray, but no sooner are they returned to their wigwams but they fall down on their knees to prayer." The brother of the Intendant was "a good friend" to Mr. Williams. "He lent me an English Bible," says Mr. Williams, "and when he went to France, gave it to me."

At Chateau Richer, where he was sent in order to prevent him from influencing his fellow captives against Catholicism, he hears that his son Samuel has abjured Protestantism. In a letter to Samuel, March 22, 1706, he says, "Bethink yourself and consult the Scriptures if you can get them. Can you think their religion right when they are afraid to let you have an English Bible? If you make the Scriptures a perfect rule of faith, you cannot believe as the Romish church believes."

Stephen Williams, at the age of twelve, was redeemed from captivity, arriving in Boston with Capt. Vetch and young Dudley, November 21, 1705. He was graduated from Harvard College in 1713. After keeping school one year at Hadley, he went to Longmeadow to preach and was ordained there in 1716.

Faith and hope sustained Mr. Williams through a woful captivity and in the Brigantine Hope he arrived in Boston on the 21st of November, 1706, "to the great joy of the people," says Mr. Thomas Prince, "preaching the public lecture there on the 5th of December following in an auditory exceedingly crowded and affected." "That you may be under advantages to glorify God," says Mr. Williams in his sermon, "I will now make a report of some of the good things God has done for those you have been putting up so many prayers for God has upheld many poor souls and kept them

from falling; the crafty adversaries were under all advantages and painful endeavors used to seduce them. Being without Bibles, ministers or Christian friends to confer with daily harassed with temptation some threatened—some flattered—some shut up in monasteries where no means were unessayed to gain them to change their religion. God has strengthened them to go through tedious journeys, ... when they were even fainting in their spirits, thinking it not possible to travel five miles and yet enabled to travel at least forty in a day causing a moist snow to fall on the lake, only to such a height as to make it easy to their swollen and wounded feet; changing the winds for their advantage, in petty voyages in their ticklish canoes."

I have tried to show you that the Bible was Mr. Williams's staff, his very present help in time of trouble, his buckler, his tower of strength against Jesuit attack, his bulwark in the storm and stress of life. After his return to Deerfield, Mr. Williams went regularly to the May meetings in Boston, where says Thomas Prince "he was always very affectionately entertained." Doubtless, on one of these annual visits between 1716 and 1729, he bought at Daniel Henchman's bookstore in Cornhill, a new family Bible printed in London in 1716 by John Basket, printer to His Majesty.

He attended his last May meeting in 1729, and the following June went to join the communion of the saints in Heaven. At his death, he gave the great English Bible to his son, the Rev. Stephen Williams of Longmeadow, who may have had it with him in the three campaigns in which he served as chaplain. He may have used it when he preached to Col. Ephraim Williams's regiment on the day before the "bloody morning scout."

At his death Rev. Stephen Williams left the Bible to his third child, Eunice Williams, named in memory of his sister, Eunice the captive. This Eunice of Longmeadow the great-granddaughter of the boy Samuel, who came with his father Robert Williams, to Roxbury, married William, the great-grandson of the boy Thomas, who came with his father, Rowland Stebbins, to Roxbury and later to Springfield.

After the death of William Stebbins, his widow, Eunice Williams Stebbins, went to live with their daughter, Eunice Stebbins, who had married Rev. Joseph Barker, pastor of the 1st church in Middleboro. Becoming very fond of her little grandson, Stephen Williams Barker, she gave the Bible to him, thus passing over in

this bequest her daughter Eunice, and her son, Stephen William Stebbins.

Stephen Williams Barker, the legatee, had two sisters, Eunice Barker, the eldest, married Elkanah Doggett, great-grandson of the 4th Thomas Doggett and his wife, Joanna Fuller, of Middleboro. The younger sister, Elizabeth Barker, next received the Bible, and in 1847 she gave it to her niece, Eunice Stebbins Doggett, daughter of Elkanah Doggett and Eunice Barker, his wife.

When the sacred volume, doubly sacred from so many historic associations, came into the possession of my friend, Eunice Stebbins Doggett of Chicago, she wrote in it as the next heir the name of her favorite nephew, Frank Lewis Doggett, eldest son of her eldest brother, Joseph Barker Doggett. He died young.

After his death Miss Doggett visited Deerfield with her younger brother, and the lady whom he afterwards married, a descendant of the 2d son of Robert Williams of Roxbury. After this visit her Stebbins and Williams blood began to assert itself, and as our Association flourished and grew strong, Miss Doggett began to feel that her ancestral Bible ought finally to rest here. I cannot too strongly emphasize the unselfishness with which her brothers and their children acquiesced in Miss Doggett's wish, a generosity as rare as it is worthy of imitation.

I now have the honor and the pleasure of presenting in the name of Eunice Stebbins Doggett, John Williams's Bible, to the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association. The restoration of the book to the scene of its early existence is almost like that of a second redeemed captive returning to Zion.

ANNUAL MEETING—1896.

REPORT.

The twenty-sixth annual meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association was held Tuesday February 25, in Old Deerfield. This meeting was not an exception to the many interesting and enjoyable gatherings that have been held here during the past quarter of a century. The weather man had been consulted and an ideal day was ordered for the occasion.

The business meeting was held as usual in the old kitchen of Memorial Hall, in the afternoon, and in the absence of President George Sheldon, Vice-President Francis M. Thompson presided. The business meeting was not as largely attended as the literary exercises in the evening, but it was not less interesting because of the delightful informality of the meeting and a series of interesting reminiscences related by the hoary headed members of the society which were thoroughly enjoyed by all the visitors present. A good sized Greenfield contingent went down on the 1 o'clock train, but a much larger delegation followed at 4:10. The visitors were welcomed to the Hall by Mrs. Wentworth, the faithful assistant curator, and they were soon snugly settled around the comfortable fire in the old kitchen. Dea. Hitchcock, who has been secretary of the Association since its inception, arrived early in the afternoon and this was the signal for opening the meeting.

The report of Secretary Hitchcock was read and approved. It showed that five members of the Association had died during the year. They were Philo Munn of Deerfield, died March 12, 1895; Miss Lucelia E. Williams of South Deerfield, December 24, 1895; Reuben W. Field of Buckland, October 20, 1895; James S. Reed of Marion, O., January 28, 1896; Capt. Asa B. Munn of Austin, Ill., January 21, 1896. Two new life members have been added to the Association during the year. They are Judge Franklin G. Fessenden and Mrs. Caroline C. Furbush of Greenfield; and O. L. Munger of Chicago and Mrs. Mary P. Wentworth are new members of the Association. The custom of charging an admission fee for entrance to the Hall has proved to be a wholesome practice, for the treasurer was able to show the snug balance of $1,194 as against a balance last year of $1,051. The receipts during the year amounted to $308, $168 of which had been expended.

Mrs. Wentworth read an interesting letter from President George Sheldon and gave a verbal report as assistant curator.

A framed portrait of the late James S. Reed, of Marion, Ohio, had lately been secured at the Hall. This with a few fitting words, she placed on exhibition.

Over 2,000 people have visited Memorial Hall during the year and $200 has been received from visitors and from the sale of the "Proceedings." The annual meeting always brings a few gifts and among those received Tuesday was a book of memoirs of Jonathan Leavitt, who died at New Haven, Ct., May 10, 1821, while a student at Yale. He was a son of the late Judge Jonathan Leavitt of Greenfield. The book was given by Mrs. Eliza L. Stone of Greenfield. George W. Horr of Athol presented the Association with a rare specimen of the original handwriting of Rufus Choate and this present was accompanied by one of Mr. Horr's characteristically bright and witty speeches. Francis M. Thompson then brought up the question as to where the annual field meeting should be held and reported the probability of an invitation from the Brattleboro association to meet at Fort Dummer, which is located near that town. It was unanimously voted that the invitation which will be forthcoming be accepted, and the following committee was appointed to act in co-operation with the Vermont people in perfecting arrangements: Francis M. Thompson, E. A. Newcomb, Herbert C. Parsons and Jonathan Johnson of Greenfield and John M. Smith of Sunderland.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, George Sheldon, of Deerfield; vice-presidents, Francis M. Thompson, and Rev. P. V. Finch, of Greenfield; recording secretary and treasurer, Nathaniel Hitchcock, of Deerfield; corresponding secretary, Herbert C. Parsons, of Greenfield; councillors, Rev. Dr. Robert Crawford, Robert Childs, Charles Jones, Elisha Wells, Mrs. Catharine B. Yale, Mrs. Mary P. Wentworth, of Deerfield, Frederick Hawkes, Franklin G. Fessenden, Joseph P. Felton, Miss Jennie M. Arms, Frank J. Pratt, of Greenfield; Mrs. E. H. Huntington, of Cleveland, O., Henry W. Taft, of Pittsfield, Rev. James K. Hosmer, of St. Louis, Mo., Elbridge Kingsley, of Hadley.

Letters were read from Rev. Dr. Robert Crawford, of Clinton, Ct., and from the Minister of Justice of Canada, in which that official asked for a copy of the "Proceedings" of the Association, expressing his willingness to give in return any documents of the Dominion that the Association might desire, and his request was granted. This completed the business but the members spent an hour in delightful conversation and story telling, George W. Horr, of Athol, S. O. Lamb and F. M. Thompson, recalling some very interesting reminiscences.

At 5:30 visitors and members of the Association repaired to the Con-

gregational vestry, where the good women of Deerfield had ready a most delightful supper. After supper the company went to the old town house, where the literary exercises were begun. George W. Horr, of Athol, made a motion that the women be thanked for the excellent supper that they had furnished, and this motion was unanimously carried. Acting President Thompson then introduced to the audience Miss Baker, who read an excellent paper on, "Story of a York Family."

Miss Julia Whiting then read an exceedingly humorous and interesting paper on, "A New England Town before the War."

Then followed an address by Rev. G. Glenn Atkins.

STORY OF A YORK FAMILY.

BY MISS C. ALICE BAKER.

July 20, 1588. — One midsummer day in the year 1588, the Duke of Medina Sidonia looked in at the Plym's mouth as he sailed by with the Invincible Armada to conquer England, and said to himself in good Spanish, "When I have finished the business I have in hand, I will build me a lordly pleasure house on yonder height and there I will take mine ease."

Sir Francis Drake looked up from the game of skittles he was playing on the Hoe at Plymouth, and curling his moustache, as was his custom when angry, he said to his companion, "I'll finish the game when I shall have clipped the wings of yonder brave bird." Whether Drake returned to finish his game history does not tell us. We are also left to infer that the Don's plaisance remained a castle in the air.

July, 1605. — Seventeen years later, on another midsummer day, somebody roused the Governor of Plymouth from his siesta with the exciting news that George Weymouth had come into port with five Indians whom he had kidnapped on the Kennebec River, in his otherwise fruitless voyage to New England.

Sir Ferdinando Gorges, at that time Governor of Plymouth, was living there the listless life of a garrison officer. Into the gubernatorial mansion on the Hoe he took three of Weymouth's Indians, had them taught English and kept them three years. Did anybody ever compute the influence of these "three little Injun boys" on our history? They told him about the "stately islands," "safe harbors" and "great rivers" of their native land, and inspired him to plant a colony there. "This accident," says Sir Ferdinando,

"was the means under God of putting on foot and giving life to all our plantations."

Being a man of wealth, rank and influence, he easily secured the co-operation of Sir John Popham, Lord Chief Justice of England. How the Popham colony, planted by the Plymouth company in August, 1607, on the Kennebec River, starved with the cold the first winter; how Jamestown, the offspring of the London company, thanks to a milder clime, survived; how Capt. John Smith, a "fugitive slave," as Mr. Palfrey happily calls him, after founding the Old Dominion, sailed up and down the New England coast, printed lavish praise of its resources, and made a map of all its capes, inlets, islands and harbors, to which Prince Charles gave the familiar names they bear to-day; how Gorges, not doubting that God would effect that which man despaired of, was a part of every scheme of colonization,— all this is known to every careful reader of our history.

It was doubtless under the auspices of Gorges that the first English settlement at Agamenticus was made, and when in 1635 the charter of New England was surrendered to the crown and its territory parcelled out among the patentees, Gorges received the territory between the Merrimac and the Kennebec, extending 120 miles inland. With this province of Maine the crown conferred upon him almost unlimited power and privilege.

Mr. Bancroft says of Sir Ferdinando: "The friend and cotemporary of Raleigh, he adhered to schemes in America for almost half a century, ... and was still bent on colonization, at an age when other men are but preparing to die with decorum. . . . Like another Romulus, this septuagenarian royalist and veteran soldier resolved to perpetuate his name," and in 1642 the ancient Agamenticus became the city "Georgeana." "As good a city," says Bancroft, "as seals and parchment, a nominal mayor and alderman, a chancery court and a court leet, sergeant rolls and white rods can make of a town of less than three hundred inhabitants."

In the King's patent to Gorges it had been expressly stipulated that Episcopacy should be the established religion of his province.

In 1643 John Wheelwright, removing from Exeter to escape the bigotry of the Bay settlements, betook himself to a tract adjoining Agamenticus, which he bought of Gorges, to which he gave the name of Wells.

The same year Plymouth and the Bay colony made a league with Connecticut and New Haven for mutual protection. "Those

of Sir Ferdinando Gorges his province were not received or called into the Confederation," writes Winthrop, "because they ran a different course from us, both in their ministry and civil administration, for they had lately made Accominticus (a poor village) a corporation, and had made a taylor the mayor, and had entertained one Hull, an excommunicated person, and very contentious, for their minister." Whatever may have been the faults and follies of Sir Ferdinando we cannot help admiring his persistence—his life-long devotion to the great idea of colonizing New England.

In the civil wars Sir Ferdinando fought with the cavaliers and died before the execution of the King. The population of the ancient city was increased by the accession of a contingent of Scotch prisoners taken by Cromwell in his famous victory over Charles II. at Dunbar in 1650. These were shipped over seas to be sold as apprentices for a term of years, and naturally found a home in the plantation of the royalist Gorges. Scotland Parish is to-day a thriving and interesting locality of the old town, and the names of McIntyre, Junkins and Donald still survive.

Old York is now *New* York. Many of its old-time houses have been drummed out by the so-called march of improvement. The straggling cottages of the fishermen have disappeared from the landscape. The winding cowpath along the cliff, through bayberry bushes and sweetbriar roses, has been supplanted by the smooth-clipped lawns of costly seashore estates, packed in too close proximity to one another along the water front. The rugged face of the cliff, over which the woodbine and beach pea used to scramble, is now disfigured by the unsightly waste pipes of modern improvement that wriggle like so many foul serpents to bury themselves beneath the ocean. Pretentious hotels and livery stables obtrude themselves upon the moorlands where the "fresh Rhodora" used to spread its "leafless bloom."

College youths in yachting costume and city belles with tennis rackets flirt harmlessly on the beach at bathing time and in the late afternoon the brilliant parasols of the gay butterflies of fashion flutter far afield, and prancing steeds with glistening trappings curvet over the rocky roads under the guidance of liveried coachmen. On Sunday, a crowd in silk attire, with gilded prayer books, wends its way to a little church, whose golden cross towers aggressively above the rock-bound coast.

"Behold!" cries the Puritan antiquary, "the fulfilment of Sir Ferdinando's dream." Then he turns away to the river bank,

where to this day may be seen the veritable streets of the "ancient city," as laid out by Thomas Gorges, its first mayor. Pursuing his history, he reads that at Sir Ferdinando's death the people of Georgeana wrote repeatedly to his heirs for instructions, but receiving no answer they, with Wells and Piscataqua, formed themselves into a body politic for self-government.

In 1652, Massachusetts assumed control of the settlement, the city charter was annulled and Georgeana, degraded from her commanding position as the first incorporated city in America, joined the rank and file of New England towns under the name of York.

The alarm of Philip's War in 1675, extending to the eastward, the distressed inhabitants built garrison houses against Indian attack, similar to "Our old Indian House." Two, known as the Jenkins garrison and the McIntyre garrison, were standing on a hilltop in Scotland Parish of Old York as late as 1875. Of the former not a vestige now remains, except a panel from the cupboard door in Frary house.

The first blow struck by the enemy in the old French and Indian war fell upon the eastern towns. At the instigation of the Jesuit priests Wells, York, Berwick, Kittery and others received their baptism of blood at the hands of the French and Indians even before Deerfield, Hatfield, Northampton and Springfield.

On the same page in the parish records of Canadian towns and villages I have often found the deaths, marriages and baptisms of hapless captives, carried from the border towns of Maine and Massachusetts. This is why I tell you, to-night, the story of a York family.

Edward Rishworth, or Rushworth as the name is known in England, the friend and son-in-law of John Wheelwright and his companion in exile, was one of the grantees to whom Thomas Gorges, nephew of Sir Ferdinando, gave authority to lay out and assign lots at Wells.

In the history of both Wells and York, his intellectual ability is prominent. He was one of the commissioners of the newly made town of York and clerk of the court there the same year.

In the prolonged resistance of the Province of Maine to the jurisdiction of Massachusetts Rishworth was prominent. His commanding intelligence and his personal influence in the province is shown in the humble petition of the leading men of Wells in 1668 to be restored to the jurisdiction of Massachusetts, with apologies for their former disobedience, the petitioners assigning as the

cause of their dereliction, the influence of Mr. Edward Rishworth, they "having been well affected with said Rishworth, and confiding in him."

Rishworth was appointed Recorder for the province, in October, 1651, and held the office continuously, except in 1668 and '69, for thirty-three years. In June, 1686, Rishworth wrote his last official line, being then an old man.

The name of his wife, Susannah, appears on a legal paper for the last time in 1675. So far, I have found but two children of Edward and Susannah Rishworth, daughters, Mary and Susannah. Her grandfather Wheelwright, in his will dated November 15, 1679, names "my son-in-law, Edward Rishworth," and "my grandchild, Mary White, daughter of ye said Rishworth." This proves that Mary Rishworth, then about eighteen, was, at this date, the wife of one White.

I assume that this White and Rishworth's wife, had both died before October, 1682, when, as he says, for "diver's good causes and more espetially for yt tender love and affection which I beare unto my beloved daughter, Mary Sayword, wife to John Sayword," he conveyed all his property to his "sonn-in-law, John Sayword," for £60, to be used in the payment of Rishworth's debts.

At the same time, Sayword gives his bond, "to pay unto father Rishworth the just sum of six pounds per Ann : to bee pay'd in good Mrchan'ble pay, boards, provisions, or such other goods as his ocations shall require to bee Delivered at Yorke at the house of sd John Sayword which hee bought of ye sd Rishworth his father-in-law who is to have ye free uss of ye lower Roume hee now liveth in at his soole disposeing, as also to have his horse kept by sd John Sayword, at Sayword's charge and yt is to bee understood that sd John Sayword is to mayntain sd Rishworth with comfortable diet, so long as he sees good to live with him And is to provide convenient fire wood for his Roume as his necessity shall require."

"An inventory of the estate of Mr. Edward Rishworth, deceased," dated February 13, 1689, [sic] gives us approximately, the date of his death. On February 25, 1690–91 [sic], Mrs. Mary Hull took oath that it was "a true Inventory of the Estate of her deceased father, Edward Rishworth."

By these three legal papers we learn that John Sayword, millwright of York, was living in October, 1682, as the husband of Rishworth's daughter Mary, and that on the death of her father,

either in 1689 or 1690, [see ante] this daughter, as Mrs. Mary Hull, attests the truth of the inventory of her father's estate.

Of John Sayword's birth and parentage, I as yet find no record. He may have been the son of Henry Sayword, a prominent man in the annals of Wells and York. Millwright is a common appendage to the names of Maine men of that period, for men must eat and be sheltered. I well know the mill pond in York, where John Sayword must have ground the grists and sawed the lumber for the country round about.

We have a grant from the town of York to John Sayword, dated December 10, 1680, of three twenty-acre lots of land with mill privilege and timber rights, conditioned on his building galleries and seats in the meetinghouse. "First that the Said Sayword, shall build or cause to bee built at ye meeting house at York, three sufficient Galleries, with three convenient seats in each Gallery and one beanch beside, in ye hyest Rowne in every Gallery If the sd Conveniency of Rowme will bare it, the fronture seats, hee is to make with barresters, and two peyre of stayrs to go up into the gallerys, one for ye men and another for the wimine. Second: The sd John Sayword stands Ingagd, to seat the sd Meeting house below, with convenient Seates, too Seates to be barrestered below, one for men and ye other for wimine; and repayreing of ye defects yt are in the ould Seates, and by makeing and adding so many more new Seates, as shall be necessary for ye full and decent seateing of the whoole house. Which worke in making of Gallerys and seateing the lower part of the sayd house, is by John Sayword to bee done and finished at his own proper Charge, (nayles onely excepted) which the Town is Ingag'd to provide, very speedily, at or before the last of October next Insewing, Ann: Dom: 1681."

I find a deed signed by Sayword, March 24, 1684, and also by "Mary Sayword, the younger." As I cannot suppose this to be his daughter Mary, (then only thirteen), it must be his wife, nee Mary Rishworth, who on this occasion signs herself Mary "the younger," to distinguish herself from his mother Mary, which again inclines me to the belief that John Sayword was son of Henry, whose wife Mary long survived him. John Sayword probably died early in December, 1689; for on Christmas day of that year, which was neither a holy day nor a holiday with the Puritans, Mrs. Mary Sayword appeared and took oath to the inventory of her husband's estate, which was valued at £85.

She was administratrix, and with Matthew Austin, gave a bond

for £166, for the lawful administration of her husband's estate. How soon after Sayword's death his widow became the wife of one Hull, I know not, but as we have seen, she, as Mary Hull, testified to the inventory of her father's estate, on February 25, 1690–91 [see ante]. Her connection with Hull must have been brief, for at the time of the attack on York, February 5, 1692, Mary Rishworth, then but thirty-two years old, was living with her fourth husband, James Plaisted. Of Plaisted's ancestry or antecedents, or of the date of his marriage to the young Widow Hull, I have so far found nothing.

Of the calamity at York, February 5, 1692, Cotton Mather writes: "Great was the share that fell to the Family of Mr. Shubael Dummer. . . . He had been solicited, with many temptations to leave his Place when the Clouds grew Thick and Black in the Indian Hostilities, but he chose rather with a Paternal affection to stay. . . . In a word, he was one that might by way of Eminency be called A Good Man. . . . He was just going to take Horse at his own Door, upon a journey in the Service of God, when the Tygres that were making their Depredations upon the sheep of York, seized upon this their shepherd; and they shot him so that they left him Dead. . . ." His wife, Susannah Rishworth, sister of Mary Rishworth Plaisted, "they carried into captivity," continues Mather, "where through sorrows and hardships among those Dragons of the Desart, she also quickly Died; and his Church as many of them as were in that Captivity, endured this among other anguishes, that on the next Lord's Day, one of the Tawnies chose to exhibit himself unto them [A Devil as an Angel of Light!] in the Cloaths whereof they had stript the Dead Body of this their Father—Many were the tears that were Dropt throughout New England on this occasion." Mather calls the York minister,

> The Martyr'd *Pelican*, whe Bled
> Rather than leave his charge unfed.
> A proper Bird of Paradise
> Shot,—and Flown thither in a trice.

James Plaisted's wife was taken, with her two children, Mary and Esther Sayword, aged respectively eleven and seven, and her baby boy. This is Mather's relation:

> Mary Plaisted, the wife of Mr. James Plaisted, was made a Captive, about three weeks after her Delivery of a male Child. They then took her with her Infant off her bed and forced her to travel in this, her weakness, the best part of a Day without any Respect of Pity. At Night the Cold Ground, in the Open Air, was her Lodging; and for many a Day she had no Nourishment but a little water with a little Bear's

Flesh, which rendered her so Feeble that she, with her Infant were not far from totally starved. — Upon her cries to God, there was at length some supply sent by her Master's taking a Moose, the Broth whereof recovered her. But she must now Travel many Days through Woods and Swamps and Rocks, and over Mountains, and Frost, and Snow, until she could stir no farther. Sitting down to Rest, she was not able to rise, till her Diabolical Master help'd her up, which, when he did, he took her Child from her, and carried it unto a River, where, stripping it of the few Rags it had, he took it by the heels and against a Tree dash'd out its Brains, and then flung it into the River. So he returned unto the miserable mother, telling her she was now Eased of her Burden, and must walk faster than she did before!

Was this infant the posthumous son of her third husband, Hull? He does not appear on the old York records among the children of James Plaisted.

Some native poet has thus immortalized the attack on York:

They marched for two and twenty daies
All through the deepest snow;
And on a dreadful winter morn,
They struck the cruel blow.

Hundreds were murthered in their beddes,
Without shame or remorse;
And soon the floors and roads were strewed
With many a bleeding corse.

The village soon began to blaze,
To heighten misery's woe;
But, O, I scarce can bear to tell,
The issue of that blow!

They threw the infants on the fire;
The men they did not spare;
But killed all, which they could find,
Though aged, or though fair.

Our next meeting with Mary Rishworth Plaisted is at her baptism in Montreal. I give you a free translation of the Parish Record:

On the 8th of December, 1693, there was baptized *sous condition*, an English woman from New England, named in her own country, Mary, who born at York on the 8th of January, O. S. 1660, of the marriage of Edward Rishworth, and Susannah Willwright, both Protestants of Lincoln in Old England, and married last to James Pleisted, Protestant of New England, was captured the 25th of January O. S. of the year 1692 with two of her children, Mary Genevieve Sayer born the 4th of April O. S. 1681,—and Mary Joseph Sayer born the 6th of March O. S. 1685, by the savages of Acadia, and now lives in the service of Madam Catherine Gauchet, widow of Mr. John Baptist Migeon, appointed by the King first lieutenant general of the [illegible] by his Majesty in Montreal. Her name Mary, has been kept, and that of Madeleine added to it. Her godfather was Mr. John Baptist Juchereau.

lieutenant general of the Royal bailiwick of Montreal, and her godmother, Madam Madeleine Louise Juchereau.

Signed.

Mary Magdalen Plaisted signs the record in a good handwriting. So also do her god-parents, Juchereau and Madame, his wife, Catherine Gauchet, and finally Jean Fremont, Curé, all as clear and bright as if written yesterday.

I cannot forbear a digression here to call your attention to the astonishing amount of information conveyed by this simple baptismal record. It gives the date of the captive's birth, and consequently her age when taken, her mother's name, about which historians disagree; the home of her father and mother in both Old England and New; the fact of her marriage to Plaisted before her capture, the dates of the births of her daughters and by inference their ages; the fact that previous to this they had been already baptised in Canada, and the names then given them; and, finally that the name Sayword was already become Sayer in Canada.

Two lists in our archieves tell briefly the story of the final separation of Mary Rishworth Plaisted from these Sayword children. One is the "Names of English captives Redeemed from Quebec by Math'w Carey in Oct'br, 1695," which contains the name of "Mrs. Mary Plaisted York." Another, sent at the same time is of "Those Remaining still in the hands of the French of Canada," and bears the names of the two sisters:

Mary Sayard girll Dover
Esth Swayard " "

In October, 1696, a year after Mary Plaisted's redemption, she was "Presented at the court at Wells, for not attending ye Publick worship of God upon ye Lord's Day."

The godless weaklings of *our* day might find palliating circumstances, without considering the hardships of her everyday life, and the terrible experiences of her recent captivity. Nevertheless, "Mr. James Plaisted, at the following court held at York, on the 6th of April, 1697, appearing in behalf of his wife, to answer her presentment for not frequenting ye Publick worship of God upon ye Lord's Day, she being under some bodily infirmity, hindering her own appearance, Is for her offence to pay 4*s.* 6*d.* fine, and to be admonished; ffees payd in court."

In April, 1696, "Lycence was granted to Mr. James Playstead to retayle bear, syder and victuals at his now dwelling house." This license was renewed from year to year.

January 20, 1707, I find this vote of the town, from which it appears that the conditional agreement between the town and John Sayword, had not been faithfully kept, by one or both parties, "Whereas, there is several differences between the Inhabitants of the town of York in the Province of Maine in the Massachusetts Government, and Mr. James Plaisted and Mary his now wife, the Relict of John Sayword, all of said York, relating to work done by said John Sayword aforesaid, to York meetinghouse." "A referee shall be chosen by the town and another by Plaisted and his wife, to hear and determine all Differences." James and Mary Plaisted both sign an agreement on penalty of £50, to accept the result of arbitration.

Later, "Wm. Sawer" [Sayword] and "Wm. Goodsoe" state that they "have looked over the mattter and cannot agree and have left it out to Daniel Emery of Kittery to make a final end of the controversy."

July 11, 1710, Capt. James Plaisted and wife Mary, deed land together. Here, busied with the occupations of the yeomanry of the period in New England, active in church and state, respected and worthy citizens of old York, and in the prime of life we will leave them and look for their two daughters, left behind in Canada.

Many summers ago, in an idle hour, and with no purpose, I copied a few pages from the old town records of York. It was long before I had heard of James Plaisted and his wife Mary Rishworth. The quaint spelling and simple directness of the language, interested me, but it seems to have been by what Cotton Mather would have called a Remarkable Providence, that this particular page of the record should have captivated me.

A humble romance seemed to unfold itself in this step-father, willing to father his wife's children by a former marriage, though his own children, later born, are naturally put first in the record. Here is the story as it stands, written more than two hundred years ago on the old book:

James Plaisted, Bearths of His children. Lydia Plaisted was Borne the fouerth day of Janerwary, in ye year 1696.

Olife Plaisted was Borne the first day of May in ye year 1698.

Mary Sayward was Borne the fouerth April 1681.

Sarah Sayward was Borne the ninth day of May 1683.

Esther Sayward was Borne the seventh day of March 1685.

Hannah Sayward was Borne the twenty-one of June, 1687.

John Sayward was Borne second of Janerwary 1690.

The last was evidently a posthumous child, the only son, born shortly after the death of his father, John Sayward, and named for him.

We are now to follow the fortunes of Mary, the first born, and Esther, the third child of John Sayward and his wife, Mary Rishworth.

On the parish records of Notre Dame in Montreal, with the baptism of their mother is a note interlined, in a different handwriting, and apparently written long after. This note records the indisputable fact, that on the same day and in the same church, her two daughters were also baptized. As it was the custom of the church to add the names of saints to the newly baptized, Mary, the elder, then about thirteen, received the added name of Genevieve. Esther, the younger, lost her New England name entirely and was rebaptized as Mary Joseph, she being then about eight years old.

In a list of the pupils of the nuns of the Congregation in 1693, the name of one of the Sayer sisters appears.

When we remember that the captives were in Canada during the most romantic period of the history of New France — that they saw daily those whose religious devotion has won them world-wide fame, truth seems stranger than fiction.

A profound impression must have been made upon the sensibilities of all the young captive girls when Jeanne Le Ber, the only daughter of the richest merchant in Montreal, renounced the world and abandoned her family to devote herself to a religious life. Mary Genevieve Sayer was no doubt perfectly familiar with the face of the young devotee and witnessed her voluntary incarceration in the cell which she had had built for her behind the altar in the chapel of the Congregation.

At five o'clock on the evening of August 5, 1695, after vespers, M. Dollier de Casson, with all his clergy in splendid attire, went to the house of the Seigneur Le Ber, whence, chanting psalms and prayers, they marched in procession. Behind them came the young Jeanne Le Ber. She was robed in gray, with a black girdle. Her father, pale with weeping, accompanied her, followed by all their friends and relatives.

The people who thronged the streets, awe-struck at the unusual spectacle, could not restrain their sobs. To them the act about to be consummated seemed like a living death, to both father and child. On arriving at the chapel the recluse fell upon her knees,

while M. Dollier blessed her little cell and spoke to her a few words of counsel.

Her heart-broken father, unable to bear the sight, fled weeping from the spot. But Jeanne Le Ber, with tearless eyes and steady hand, firmly closed the door upon herself forever.

Three years later, Mary Sayer must have been present at a happier scene in the same little chapel, at which we may consider the permanent establishment of the order of the Nuns of the Congregation in Montreal. The three years of anxiety, discussion and delay were ended. The rules of the order had been the day before "solemnly accepted and signed by all the community." Now, on the morning of the 25th of June, 1698, the religious world of Villemarie had assembled to witness the performance of "that article of the regulations which prescribed the simple vow of poverty, chastity, obedience and the teaching of little girls."

There were the most distinguished of the Sulpitian priests, conspicuously the zealous and scholarly Father Meriel. There was the Vicar General Dollier de Casson, "tall and portly, a soldier and a gentleman — albeit a priest. . . . As pleasant a father as ever said Benedicite," says Mr. Parkham. There was the great bishop Saint Vallier — dominant, a passionate extremist, believing in himself and impatient of contradiction — fulminating in those days as sharply against the "big sleeves" and "low-necked dresses" of Quebec damsels as the sternest Puritan of the period.

Perhaps a shade of disappointment clouded the brow of the haughty prelate at his failure to force the cloister upon the ladies of the Congregation; perhaps also a corresponding elation on the face of Marguerite Bourgeois at the success of her passage at arms with that almost indomitable will.

Well might she have said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." However this may be, the hour was one of peace and joy for the sisters, as one after the other each pronounced her vows and received from the bishop the name of some noted saint or martyr, by which thereafter they were to be known.

The fact that the name of Marie des Anges does not appear in the list of those who took part in this solemn ceremony seems to prove that Mary Genevieve Sayer had not yet completed the two years of preparation necessary before assuming all the rights and duties of convent life, but was still living under the direction of the Maitresse des Novices. She was then about eighteen, and must soon after have taken up the full duties and responsibilities of her

office; for, although the name of her sister appears often on Montreal records, her own is seen no more after the baptism of her mother in 1693.

The years following her novitiate were busy ones for the nuns of Canada. Up and down the St. Lawrence, missions had been early founded by the sisters of the Congregation. With incredible fatigue, but untiring zeal, Marguerite Bourgeois had gone back and forth between Montreal and Quebec, often in winter creeping (prostrate) over frozen streams or wading knee-deep in the icy water.

The missions at Quebec were for many reasons of special importance, and the choice for the New England captive for that place, shows the esteem in which Mary Genevieve Sayer was held by her sister nuns. Only those "distinguished by their merits, by their courage, prudence and ability," were appointed. Though the records thereafter are silent concerning her, it would be easy to read her story between the lines that record the labors of the successors of Marguerite Bourgeois between 1698 and 1717 at Quebec.

While looking for Deerfield captives at Quebec, the word *Angloise* (English woman) in the margin of the record, led me to the following,—only, this and nothing more:

The 28th of March, 1717, was buried in the Parish Church, Sister Marie des Anges, a mission sister of the Congregation, who died the same day, aged about 36 years. The burial was made by me, the undersigned priest, Vicar of the Parish, Canon of the Cathedral, in presence of Mr. Glandelet, Dean, and Mr. Des Maizerets, precentor of said Cathedral.

So, far from kith or kin, Mary Rishworth's eldest daughter slept her last sleep, after a short, eventful and useful life.

The policy of the Canadian government was to keep as many of our captives as possible, especially those of leading New England families, to make good Catholics of them, and finally to wed them either to the church or state.

Esther Sayward, whom we know in Canada as Mary Joseph Sayer, was educated by the nuns of the Congregation, and probably remained under their protection till her marriage. Naturalization was granted her in May, 1710.

On the 5th of January, 1712, in the parish church of Montreal, "in presence of many relatives and friends of the parties, she was married to the Seigneur Pierre de L'Estage, merchant of Montreal." The fact that the three banns were dispensed with, hints that ambassadors from our government, concerning an exchange of prisoners, were then in Canada, and it was thought best to clip the wings of this captive bird.

Mary Joseph, the first child of Pierre de L'Estage and Mary Joseph Sayer, was born October 1, 1712. The child's godmother was "Mary hardin," who "could not sign the record on account of her great age." This child died at the age of four. Jacques Pierre, the second child, was born and baptized August 5, 1714. Its godparents were Jacques Le Ber, Seigneur de Senneville, and Madame Repentigny. In the record the father is called "Monsieur Pierre Lestage, Marchand Bourgeois" of this city and "treasurer for the king." In 1715 he became the owner of the Seigniory of Berthier, opposite Sorel, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence.

To the kindness of Rev. Pere Moreau, curé of Notre Dame des Monts, county of Terrebonne, antiquary, savant and author of the "History of Berthier," I am indebted for the following:

> Pierre de Lestage built the first Catholic church of Berthier, about 1723, and obtained on December 3, 1732, from Governor Beauharnois and the Intendant Hocquart, a great addition to his Seigniory because, as is said in the deed, "he was worthy of it."

At eight o'clock in the morning of the 21st of December, 1743, at the age of sixty-three, the Sieur L'Estage, husband of Mary Joseph Sayer, died in Montreal. The next day his body was carried to the church of Notre Dame, where a solemn mass was said. From there it was borne to the church of the Recollet fathers and buried.

Father Moreau writes me that "he left his wealth jointly to his widow, Mary Joseph Esther Sayer, to his sister living in Bayonne, France, and to a nephew of the same place." The sole surviving child of Pierre and Madame L'Estage was named Pierre Rene. He married a lady of good family, became Seigneur de Berthier, and lived at La Prairie, near Montreal.

His friend and neighbor, Seigneur of Terrebonne, and founder of the parish of Saint Louis there, having given a church and a chime of bells to that parish, invited L'Estage to be godfather at the ceremony of the blessing of the bells. This pretty story is given in evidence that Pierre Rene L'Estage was both rich and generous.

The death of her husband and children was a severe blow to Madame L'Estage. She naturally turned for sympathy and consolation to her beloved nuns, who had befriended her girlhood. Doubtless by their advice she purchased a house adjoining the convent and adopted two girls whom she educated at the convent. They afterwards became nuns, and were known as Soeurs Sainte

Basile and Sainte Pierre. The ladies of the convent having permitted Madam L'Estage to cut a door between the two houses, she spent the recreation hours with her adopted daughters in the convent. One of these daughters died at the age of twenty-five, the other at eighty. Affliction and increasing age led her to sell the Seigniory of Berthier in February, 1765, for a life annuity of $250, [1,500 livres de France] which with an annual income from her husband's estates in France, handsomely supplied her wants. Tenderly cared for by the sisters of the Congregation, she as "perpetual pensioner," spent with them peacefully and happily the remainder of her days. The date and place of her death I have not found.

There is no record of her death or burial at La Prairie, the home of her son. Therefore, I have good reason to believe that the loving hands of the nuns, who had so long ministered to her needs, closed her eyes at the last.

She gave to the convent most of her household goods, among them elegant candelabra and other articles of silver.

Some relics from the successive conflagrations from which the convent has suffered remain. Among them a chest of drawers, arm chairs, silver snuffers and tray, and some exquisite embroidery.

The Curé who has been kindly interested in this little sketch, writes me as follows:

Indeed with her mother and sister she was greatly tried at the time of their captivity, but it was the way God judged proper to lead her to a religion which they thought afterwards to be the only one able to lead men to eternal happiness and for them to a suitable establishment.

FOR THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE P. V. M. ASSOCIATION.

BY MRS. L. W. EELS.

We welcome this returning hour,
Whose rich occasion blends
The feast of the intellectual power
And greeting friends with friends.

A quarter of a century gone, —
Since that fair morning's ray
Ushered in the auspicious dawn
Of the first "Memorial Day."

And looking back with grateful pride
Through the successive years,
We see fulfilled the fondest hopes,—
And banished all the fears.

New England's glorious heritage
Can yield no richer store
Than this, our own Pocumtuck vale
Of Antiquarian lore.

And not a sheaf is left ungleaned
(On all her storied page,—)
Of History, Legend and Romance,—
From the first to latest age.

As Athens boasts her Parthenon
The gem of her renown,—
So Deerfield boasts Memorial Hall
The jewel of her crown.

The treasures gathered from the shore
Of Time's relentless sea,
Treasured and safe forevermore,
A link with the past shall be.

The past that's wreathed its fleeting hour,
With a sweet poetic name,
Blended with the nobler dower
Of a grand historic fame.

All honor unto him who planned
With earnest zeal and thought,
And with her own untiring hand,
To consummation wrought,

And gave the rich inheritance,
Beyond all wealth and power,
The thoughts and deeds of other years
The Present's priceless dower.

PUBLIC SPIRIT.

BY REV. G. GLENN ATKINS.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I esteem it an honor to be asked to address the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association upon this ground hallowed by so many memories of other days. And yet the honor brings with it

certain burdens; for, what shall I say? I do not know the local history of this valley as our chairman knows it, nor can I tell you the pathetic story of exile and captivity to be so charmingly related by Miss Baker. Nor am I familiar as is my friend, Mr. Hawks, with all the family trees of all this region even to the minutest ramification of their most hidden root. So I shall do just what we preachers are always doing, take the time and occasion for a text and say something to you about the need of an efficient public spirit.

This Association with all that it has done in the way of quickening local interest in local history, in preserving as far as possible the memorials of a society which has already perished and in marking by its monuments places of especial historic interest, is simply the fruitage of an efficient and intelligent public spirit. And if public spiritedness produces such splendid results in one single field why should it not be extended? One finds it a bit hard to define public spiritedness in any full and clear way. I take it, however, that there are at least three elements which go to constitute an effective public spirit. There must be first the recognition of the place and importance of the life that we live in common. Unless the life of the individual is somehow touched and filled and completed by the life of the community, it will amount to very little. The finest and the fairest and the best thing which we hold, we hold along with others. Just in so far as the communal life, if one may call it so, is full and strong, all life is full and strong. Now we need here in America to think more about this than we do. We have allowed the circle of our horizon to be too largely filled by the rights and the duties of the individual, and we have put too much to one side the common life with all that it stands for. The second element going to make up an effective public spirit is a clear understanding of the forms in which our common life ought to express itself. The public spirited man not only knows the importance of this larger life of which I have been speaking but he knows just what ought to be done to further it. He always has an eye out for opportunity; he is fertile in resource; he is intelligent in his choice of ends. The last element which enters into public spiritedness is the willingness to do what ought to be done even at some personal cost.

It is impossible that the higher life of the community should be served without some one's taking the trouble to do it. There are very many important things which are, in a way, nobody's business,

and they will never get done unless some one makes them his business. There are times when one has to put modesty aside and assume the leadership. No man who sees a public need and knows a way to fill it has any right to stand aside without making the attempt to do what he sees ought to be done. Democracy means that the mantle of leadership is laid upon every man's shoulder. For us the question is not what shall we render in tribute to Cæsar, but how shall we best fill Cæsar's place, for here every man sits on Cæsar's throne. Given, then, the recognition of the importance of the public life some knowledge of the things which ought to be done to serve that common life and the willingness to do those things, I do not think any one will deny the very large field which is open to a public spirit so constituted.

We are not public spirited enough. I do not think I exaggerate when I say that in many respects America falls conspicuously behind Europe in just this respect. True the gospel of the responsibility of wealth which Andrew Carnegie has been preaching these many years has found a splendid and beneficent following. Our cities are full from galleries and schools and museums which are monuments to the more than generosity of our rich men. But public spiritedness means more than this. It means that the people as a whole shall be always doing all that they can to deepen and enrich the life which they all share. And we are not doing this. We think proportionately too much of our own affairs, and so our cities are ring-governed; our public servants too often incompetent; our public offices too often debauched; and those corporate industries which were created to minister often live to master. And more than all this, we do not half comprehend how many things which are out of the reach of the individual can easily be secured by the community, and even where we do comprehend, we are not alert to secure.

There are four zones of enterprise. The first of these is sacred to the individual. The second is a border land, in which lie industries and enterprises which may be conducted either by the individual or the community. The third is sacred to the community, and in the fourth, bounded indefinitely at the top, there lie all those common interests without which life is poor and naked and which the State alone, or the individual alone, is powerless to promote. Public spirit has nothing to do with the first of these zones. With the second it has less to do now than it will a generation hence, for I venture the prediction that our children will live to see very

many enterprises now conducted by the individual, conducted by the community, and will wonder at our stupidity in having endured for so long such clumsy methods of procedure.

With the third of these zones, public spirit has even now much to do. It ought to lie behind all administration of law and demand efficiency. It ought to oversee all public work and demand thoroughness and beauty. It ought not to be foolishly economical. When schools are built, public spirit should see to it that the buildings themselves should constantly educate the children in love for the beautiful. When roads are built, public spirit should see to it that they are built for coming generations. When laws are passed, public spirit should demand that they be framed intelligibly, and that the ten commandments be respected in framing them. Public spirit ought to make it so hot for the respectable boss that he shall be put in public estimation where he belongs, with the outcast and the criminal. Public spirit ought to demand that our newspapers should not reflect all that is rottenest and vilest in social life. Public spirit ought to stand everywhere and all the time as the guardian of all that is true and honest and just in civic life and public administration.

But it is with the fourth zone that public spirit has, after all, the most to do. For in this zone lie the venerable and the beautiful things so intangible that the law can hardly touch them, and which are yet the realest things in our lives. The memories and the traditions and the relics of the men and women who laid well the foundation of the Commonwealth are here. The quiet charm of the New England village, seemingly destined to perish before the tide of our industrial life, all that which constitutes, as it were, the atmosphere of the higher life, these lie here ; and all these are worth saving.

Perhaps I am old-fashioned and unprogressive, but I protest against that desecration which would spare nothing fine, nothing hallowed, nothing venerable, if only a dollar may be gained. The only defense against this spirit of vandalism is an alert and efficient public spirit. And yet just here public spirit must render more than a negative service. It must advance in every way the cause of all those things which minister to our higher needs. It must see to it that our streets are lined with trees, as they are built and laid out, in order that our children's children may thank us even as we thank our fathers' fathers. It must be always declaring that beauty is possible apart from wealth, and that the simplest

things are often beauty's most effective ministers. It must be continually teaching that the thing to live for is not to get rich but to fill life to the fullest with the finest things. It must put within the reach of the poorest and the simplest, music and art and entertainment and literature. It must in innumerable ways so strive to serve our common manhood and our common womanhood that he shall be accounted supremely unworthy who lives for himself, and that the noblest enterprises are those which served the noblest needs in the most unselfish way.

I do not think that we shall fail of obtaining this if we are true to the spirit of the men and women who, by heroic life and death have forever consecrated this valley. It was not for themselves that they plunged into the wilderness, planted here the outposts of Puritanism, and struggled with an infertile soil and the hostile savage. It was through the faith that was in them, the love that animated them and the larger hope which ever beckened them on. They counted all hardship and all struggle and all danger for nothing if only they might lay the foundations of a State which should endure. It is this which we are met to commemorate to-night. And we can pay them no worthier tribute than to zealously and unselfishly, and unfalteringly serve the trust which they have committed to our keeping.

STORIES OF A NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE.

BY JULIA D. WHITING.

The typical New England village was built on an unchanging pattern; one long street on which stood the meetinghouse, schoolhouse and the two or three shops that supplied the modest needs of the people, and other short streets or lanes on which the blacksmith's forge or small factory, with the cheaper houses modestly withdrew themselves.

Opposite the meetinghouse with its white paint and green blinds, stretched the village green planted with noble elms and maples. There was no parish house nor church parlors. The Thursday evening prayer meeting was held in the houses of the devoutly inclined and the meetinghouse was only opened on week days on the occasion of a funeral or the "preparatory meeting," the Friday before communion.

Inside the meetinghouse the choir had seats in a gallery, while the pulpit faced them at the other end. When the hymn was given out the people rose and turned themselves about to face the singers, giving the minister an excellent view of his people's heads and shoulders. The leader of the choir had a tuning fork with which he fixed the pitch, and that remained for a long time the only instrument. Later, grown ambitious, a violin and bass viol were added. This was the case in the meetinghouse I remember as a child, where the fiddle and bass viol were played by cousins. He of the fiddle, a gaunt and stooping old man, unfortunately drank, and sometimes coming to meeting in an elevated flow of spirits gave way to his feelings to the delight of wicked children and the scandal of the devoutly inclined. I well remember one dreadful occasion when he played Hail Columbia instead of Coronation and was assisted out of meeting by one of the deacons.

It was long before any change was made and then it was only to add that grunting wheezing abomination, a melodeon, to the more dignified instruments.

On Sundays there were two long sermons and an evening prayer meeting. The morning services began by the minister's announcement: "The choir will now sing a set piece." The church bell was called into more active service than the common bells of to-day. It rang for bedtime every night at nine, as is still done in some seafaring towns like Nantucket and Gloucester, and at a death it tolled the age of the one just gone; two customs not without their charm.

The minister was to the childish imagination an awful being set apart, to be especially reverenced at casual meetings on the street and whose visitation at stated periods was a thing of dreadful import, for searching inquiries as to the spiritual condition of each inmate of the house was inevitable, and as healthy children have no spiritual conditions, and so no satisfactory answers to make, the back kitchen or woodhouse formed a feasible retreat if warned in time. The only occasion when the minister seemed a human being was at donation parties, at those annual make-believe benefits, long since happily dropped altogether, the minister and the minister's family laughed and talked actually like other people. I supposed in my childhood it was condescension on their part; I now know it must have been the effort to conceal their real feelings. The minister of a country parish of that day was apt to be an oddity. I know of one, not in our town, though not far away, who had a terrible

wife who did not spare both personal admonition and correction, even going so far as to administer blows. On one auspicious occasion the wife was taken ill and on the next Sunday I heard the minister in the long prayer thank the Lord for the domestic peace he had enjoyed during the week. Alas, the next Sunday though he again thanked the Lord, this time for the present favorable symptoms of his companion's recovery, the tone was sadly altered.

A man mysterious in all his ways was Uncle Jim B. He had no stated occupation. He did, it was true, do an odd job, now and again; saw a trifle of wood; or he might be hired to carry a parcel and he had a garden. His garden was not much to look at, just a small patch, but there was no one in the place who had choicer and more plenteous vegetables than he, and few indeed whose cellars were so stocked with barrels of apples, potatoes, cabbages, etc., nor whose woodhouse chambers held so large a bin of Indian corn. Other persons might wonder at the mysterious manner in which their roots and fruits disappeared, but Uncle Jim never hazarded opinions. He was pious, too, and one evening arose in meeting and said he knew he had been a poor sinful creetur, but he thanked the Lord he had always kept a spark of grace alive, on which an exasperated neighbor observed that Uncle Jim's spark had always been bright enough to light him to a neighbor's woodpile. It was a positive fact that orchard and garden yielded far more generously after Uncle Jim's death than before.

The mean man and the general benefactor lived side by side. Deacon S. gave so much away that he sometimes had little enough for himself. He delighted to convey in the most secret manner, what he modestly called a "little jag of wood," to a poor neighbor, and to leave odd parcels that contained poultry, eggs or other gifts, at the doors of the unfortunate, choosing dark nights for the purpose. He helped the poor widow settle her estate, and patched up the small quarrels between neighbors; he helped the sick and comforted the bereaved and was, through a long life, the best loved and in his death the most sincerely mourned citizen in the township. The Deacon even had charity for the mean man, who abused his wife, a poor down-trodden creature, was believed to beat and lock up his pretty daughters for days together and certainly starved his wretched cows and horse. Part of his meanness proceeded, as it nearly always does, from ignorance. He was lamentably, ridiculously ignorant. When artificial fertilizers first began to be talked of in country towns he eagerly listened to all

that was said of them and after months of cogitation went so far as to call on the man who sold them and after hearkening to a fresh recital of their virtues, finally said: "How much be they a pound?" On being told the price, after much rubbing of his chin, he said: "Well, I dunno but what I'll take a pound. I've got a two-acre lot I should like to try it on."

Confined in such narrow limits possibly the darker side shows more distinctly than it should, but really our village seems to have owned more than its share of really wicked people. There was the business man whose stores and factories mysteriously burned; whose business failed with no assets. There was the case of poor Phœbe A. too, that always remained one of the unexplained horrors of my youth. One winter's morning her husband roused his neighbors with his surmises that Phœbe was lost, and told a disjointed tale of her being summoned the midnight before to a sick neighbor; of her leaving the house on this errand and failure to return. Why he thought her dead he could not explain but repeated his tale with confused additions. Strangely enough he seemed to have reasons for thinking her body might be found at a certain place, and on looking there it was. There were ugly bruises about her throat that could not be accounted for. The village was full of conjectures, heads were shaken and fearful surmises made, but nothing was done and the poor creature's death simply remained an ugly story.

Our doctor was our village autocrat. He was so much more alert as to his wits; his mind so much better stocked; his temper so fiery, and his profanity so copious, that he always had the argument to himself. His religious views were considered highly atheistical, his morals dubious. He knew himself misjudged but scorned to explain either his conduct or the motives that governed it. It was he, who, pitying a young girl who had gone astray, took her child, and giving it his name and placing it in a family where it might be properly cared for at his expense, bore the undeserved obloquy until his charge, grown to be a man, had died and the mother had disappeared. Twenty-two years' unearned disgrace would be considered a heavy burden by most, but the doctor did not wince.

Small as the community was it held a woman hater, or at least a man who bore that reputation. He was, no doubt, a natural recluse, who avoided speech with all his kind when possible. There were whispers about that he had had "a disappointment," a con-

venient phrase that would account for almost anything, and it was said that he hated all women in consequence. The only proof was that he had no housekeeper, and dwelt alone. As he grew older and felt the need of human companionship he took a friendless lad to live with him and was wickedly repaid for his kindness, being cruelly murdered in the shop where he drove his small trade.

In sharp contrast with the silent, gentle recluse was the bustling, cheerful widow that was his neighbor, who had adopted, brought up, and triumphantly married off no less than eleven poor children. She was a miracle of good nature and business capacity, and explained that she "never yet saw a baby but what she felt she could mother it, if it hadn't none of its own, and somehow or other it was her luck to run agin such pretty often."

A group of people who held a dreadful fascination to me as a child was a family of Mormons, so-called. They did not, of course, practice the peculiar tenets of their faith in that staid New England village. The entire family wore their hair long and hanging on their shoulders and the women wore bloomers. I fully believed, as did all the children at least, that the long hair was an evidence of supreme wickedness. One of my schoolmates whispered to me one day at recess, "Say, did you know that at the Mormons three cent pieces drop from the ceilings on their heads, and they comb 'em out of their hair?" As might be expected I kept a ceaseless watch henceforth on the girl who came to school and for a long time looked to see three cent pieces fall from her hair, but became a doubter at last.

Our village did not boast a dressmaker; every woman made her own gowns, but there were few who felt themselves able to cope with bonnets and hats, and our one milliner had all the custom. Her shop was in the parlor of her house where an extemporized counter held a wondrous array of large green boxes whose contents were ribbons and bonnet frames. Here could be heard the gossip of the town, the milliner's share given in a peculiarly muffled voice owing to her mouth being always full of pins, a tone I have always associated with anything especially scandalous. Dry goods and groceries, hardware and agricultural implements, found a home in the solitary "store" kept by an extremely genteel person who recommended his wares with the persuasive addition, "I am sure you will like it for my wife has tried it." He was said on one occasion to have used the phrase in connection with a grindstone.

Humble as our village looked to be it yet had its great man, who

lived out of the "street," quite apart. His sons and daughters were elevated beings, and as for Mr. Pond and his wife they were quite transcendent. The only outward and visible sign of greatness aside from their bearing, which some acknowledged to be haughty, while envious ones took a mean revenge in calling the whole family "stuck up," lay in the wig and gold-headed cane of Mr. P., the gold-rimmed spectacles of his wife, and the blue broadcloth coat garnished with brass buttons that adorned the person of the eldest son. As a child I regarded the family with awe, and it was a long time before I recovered from the shock I experienced when once in the dusk of an autumn evening I came upon the second daughter parting with her lover. I knew she had a lover, who was forbidden the house as beneath the notice of the family, but now I actually saw them parting as ordinary people might, with tears, and to my childish horror, with kisses also. I couldn't think how Miss P. could condescend to such a thing. Afterward she passed me and I saw she was still weeping, a thing wonderful to think of later.

Beside the church that faced the green, which was of course a Congregational Church, there were two inferior meetinghouses of other persuasions usually of little account and so far aware of it as to have modestly withdrawn on side streets. But in one disastrous year an enterprising brother in one of these societies, induced a stirring young revivalist from a neighboring city to visit it, and soon there was a flourishing awakening. There were meetings without end, and finally zeal outran knowledge to such an extent that at a special meeting all the church members of that congregation were formed into committees of two, an old and a young one, to make a house to house visitation to ascertain the spiritual condition of the entire village. This campaign opened vigorously, but so great was the outbreak of unchristian temper on the part of those called upon that it soon came to an end not, however, until it had had one lamentable effect. This revival was the only one that had visited the village within the memory of man, and since the Congregational Church had not shared in it, some of its more restless members worried themselves with the belief that its minister was in fault and began to agitate the subject of his dismissal. The fact that he was one of the best of men, and vastly the superior intellectually of his rival; that he was growing old and had a large family to support on his meagre salary did not weigh in the balance

against the larger congregation, the increased church membership and the interest felt by the other society.

In a secret meeting called to consider what pretext could be brought forward to rid themselves of the unwelcome pastor after much hemming and hawing, one of the older members rose and said, "What's the use of talking? We mean to get rid of him. He 's a good man, I 'm willing to own it, but he 's outgrown his usefulness and what we want is a young man so's't the young people will come to meeting."

"Well," said a friend of the pastor, "our Methodist brother is n't young and I don't see as that is a pressin' pint."

"Maybe he ain't young," said the first man, "but he ain't married. That 's the main pint. What we want I tell you, is a young unmarried man!"

There is but one conclusion to such discussions and the good old pastor was driven away.

The church languished from the time of his dismissal until now there is but a handful in the lonely old church which once was full.

The good old minister gotten rid of, the brother who had so strenuously insisted on the pastor being a young unmarried man was appointed to look for one who should meet these requirements. A succession of youthful candidates was the result. The first was a fresh, pink-complexioned youth, ingenuous and simple, who read the description of David's personal appearance with such evident application to himself, and in his sermon on "We all do fade as a leaf," was so flowery in his reflections on the form of the righteous that should remain "until the mournful marble melts away," that he was dropped. Another was brought to grief by a parrot, who after the manner of these birds was very wicked, and hated the sound of prayer. On the occasion of the Thursday evening meeting of the young man's trial week, it was held at the house of the owner of the parrot, and for once the usual precaution of removing the bird was forgotten. In the midst of the very first prayer, the parrot began to groan most grievously, and the young divine, zealous to do his duty, called out, "Let us pray that the burden that oppresses our friend may be removed," and put up an earnest petition. As soon as the horrified mistress of the house could do so, she explained the matter; the meeting broke up in undecorous mirth, and one church member testified to hearing something that savored of profanity rather

than laughter. At last, a graduate of a theological seminary, known to have aspirations toward the missionary field, was secured. He was dull, he was ugly, he had no graces and very few gifts, but he was young, and that was what the society wished. He remained for a year and bitterly dashed the hopes of many, by suddenly marrying the daughter of the old pastor at the end of it.

Among the village worthies was a certain old gentleman who often enlivened the prayer meetings by remarks certainly unexpected as when one evening he said, "he thought the brethren ought to offer themselves as a bouquet unto the Lord and for his part he was willing to be a humble burdock," and at another time observed, "Some of us are a raising upas trees in our own bosoms."

The postmaster as a kindly natured, but garrulous and meddlesome old gentleman who constituted himself the general purveyor of news gleaned through his business. Did an anxious housewife send to a distant town to match the cloth of her gown with a little velvet or silk for trimming, when her package reached the office if tied instead of sealed, the string became loose enough to see the contents in passing through his hands, and if he were not too busy, he hurried to her house with the parcel giving it with the comforting assurance, "They give you a first rate match, Mrs. Smith. Glad of it!" His ways were so well known that as a general thing his meddling, though it often annoyed, was not taken seriously to heart by any one. The girl who had a lover in a distant town, it is true, objected to his keeping tally of the letters she received, but his interest was genuine and kindly and it was real delicacy on his part which restrained him from commenting on the suspension of such a correspondence, once on a time, and prompted him when it was again renewed, to give the first letter with the remark, "Glad to see you and George have made it up agin."

His amiable weakness was the means of his voluntary retirement into private life. One of the townspeople had long been anxious over the condition of a member of the family lying very ill in another state. At last there came a black-edged letter and the postmaster prefaced its delivery with, "There ain't no use in your frettin' any longer over Jane. She's gone." As he addressed this consolatary remark to Jane's mother, she fell on the floor in a faint, and became seriously ill from the shock, and the postmaster, struck to the heart by the effects of his well-meant speech, sent in his resignation as "unfit to hold office any longer."

The war brought great changes to this primitive village. First

the volunteers, the best men of the town, went one by one. Then the boys of sixteen and eighteen followed, running away to war as the boys of a generation before ran away to sea. Later still, the loafers and scalawags departed to claim the large bounties offered, hoping if fortunate to become bounty-jumpers, and bragging beforehand of the deeds we felt sure they would never perform.

Small as the village was and far removed from the stir of life, yet it now had its excitements, as when a young lieutenant all uniform, sword and brass buttons, came drumming up recruits and drilling them on the green. There were soldier-aid societies, where every woman made underclothing, rolled bandages, scraped lint, and made and filled simple "housewives" to put in the corners of the boxes to be sent to the care of the Sanitary Commission.

As the war went on now and again the body of a soldier came home to be buried with military honors, the brass band from the nearest town was sent for and enough soldiers home on furlough gotten together to fire a salute over his grave. Those were dreadful days, but how happy were the occasions when some one of our townsmen came home on sick leave, or furlough, and the whole place turned out to welcome him.

Some families, and those the best, almost disappeared as the war progressed; some who returned had been in a manner born again through the influence of personal sacrifice, others had let loose their worser natures and, bad before, were now reprobates.

Members of the home guard astonished their townsmen by their generosity; the self-denial they were glad to practice in order to aid their country, and alas! here and there copperheads reared their ugly heads. The village did not lack for public spirit and more than one southern sympathizer was burned in effigy before his own door. There were also those who saw their opportunity to make money out of the necessities of the nation, and became venders of shoddy uniforms and shoes made of rotten leather. These, however, quite disappeared and were vaguely referred to as "being at the seat of war."

The mainstay of many a family was lost and there was grinding poverty where there had been plenty. In one way and another, the war, more than any one thing, wrought changes so great that the village was as if remade. Its character was gone, its charm quite vanished.

FIELD MEETING—1896.

FIELD MEETING

OF THE

POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,

ON THE SITE OF FORT DUMMER, BRATTLEBORO, VT.,
THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1896.

HON. GEORGE SHELDON, President of the Day.

The members of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association will be the guests of the Brattleboro Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, who act in conjunction with the resident Sons of the American Revolution, and a Committee appointed by the two organizations.

THE GENERAL PUBLIC IS INVITED.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

MUSIC.
PRAYER, By Rev. J. H. Babbitt.
ADDRESS OF WELCOME, By Henry D. Holton, A. M., M. D.
RESPONSE, By Hon. George Sheldon, President of P. V. M. A.
MUSIC.
HISTORICAL ADDRESS, By Rev. George Leon Walker, D. D.
MUSIC.

BASKET COLLATION.

SKETCH.
MUSIC.
POEM, By Mrs. Jennie Stebbins Smith.
ADDRESS, "Fort Sartwell of Vernon," By Hon. M. I. Reed.
Miscellaneous Speaking, interspersed with Music.
MUSIC, By the First Regiment Band, Brattleboro Chorus, and Hinsdale Glee Club.

REPORT.

ON FORT DUMMER'S SITE.

The Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association was delightfully entertained Thursday by the Brattleboro People, led by the Daughters of the Revolution, and their brethren, the "Sons." It was one of the most satisfactory and profitable of the annual field days, which have served a substantial end in awakening interest in the tragic history of the old frontier, instigating and preserving valuable historical addresses, and causing historic spots to be marked.

The day was ideal, the temperature a little tempered from the extremity of the month of steady heat and none too high for comfort in the deep shade of the model Vermont apple orchard, on Col. Jno. Hunt's "Fort Dummer" farm, near the site of the old fort, where the meeting was held. It was a day to enjoy and to remember.

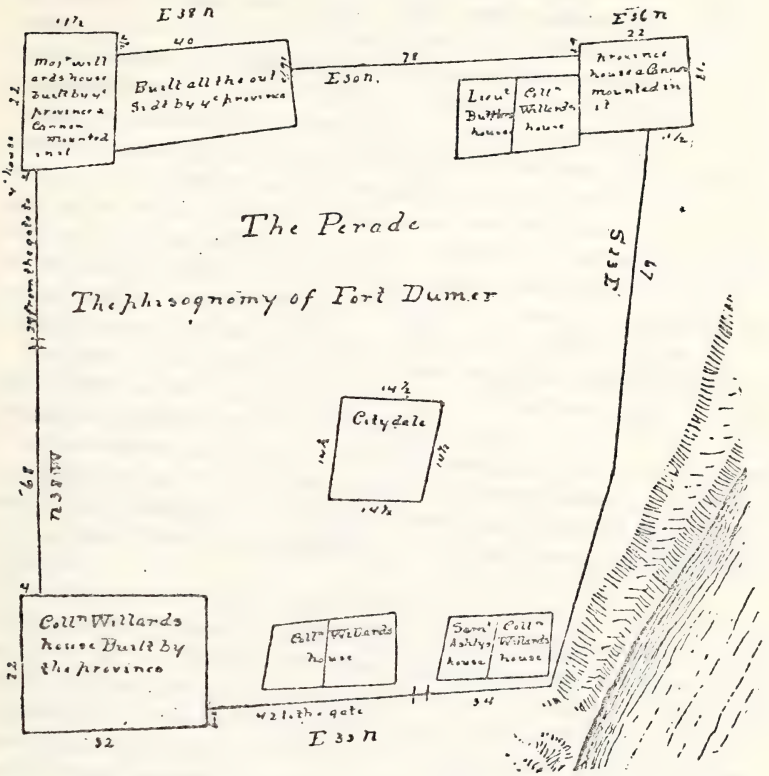
It proved an occasion of great interest to the assemblage of 1,500 to 2,000 people, residents of Brattleboro and Vernon and visitors from Massachusetts and New Hampshire, who participated in the proceedings. The point of interest in the morning, and, indeed, throughout the day, was the site of Fort Dummer, on the river bank, on the Brooks farm, where George A. Hines, assisted by Judge Wheeler, in fixing accurately the location, had carefully surveyed the outlines of the old fort and of the houses and the "citydale" within its walls, marking them with stakes and broad white tape. Draperies of flags were hung to indicate the two main gateways. The object lesson thus afforded will never be forgotten by those who visited the spot. It appears from this survey that about two thirds of the old Brooks farmhouse, now owned by E. H. Putnam, stands within the site of the fort. Over the entrance on the west side were hung the stars and stripes, the Vermont State flag and the British colors.

The visitors gathered at the site of the fort on the arrival of the morning trains, which stopped to leave passengers there. After all points of interest had been examined, a procession was formed, and headed by the First Regiment Band, a line of march was taken to Col. Hunt's orchard, which presented a hospitable appearance with a stand built for the speakers, and seats arranged in the shade of the spreading trees. After music by the band, followed by prayer by Rev. J. H. Babbitt, Dr. H. D. Holton gave the address of welcome.

Hon. George Sheldon of Deerfield, the well known historian and antiquarian, and the President of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, who was to give the response, was deterred from attending by

the severe heat, and his manuscript was therefore read by his niece, Miss Jennie M. Arms of Greenfield.

After a selection by the Hinsdale Glee Club, a double quartette of young men who did themselves credit, the historical address was given by Rev. Dr. Walker, his son, Dr. Williston Walker, of the Hartford



PLAN OF FORT DUMMER.

Printed by the Committee of Brattleboro Citizens for the Field Day of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, held on the site of the fort Thursday, August 13, 1896. This engraving is an exact reproduction of the original drawing made in 1749. This drawing was found several years ago in the New Hampshire archives. At the right is the Connecticut river, upon which the fort cornered.

Theological Seminary, relieving his father by reading the concluding portion. Dinner followed the conclusion of the address, the guests of the day being served at tables spread under the trees. The excellent collation was furnished and served by the Brooks House. About an hour was spent in discussing the dinner, the band playing selections meantime. The first exercise of the afternoon was the poem written

and read by Mrs. Jennie Stebbins Smith of Brattleboro. Hon. M. I Reed's paper on Fort Sartwell, with a preliminary sketch of early Ver non history, was then given.

After a musical selection had been rendered, Hon. Arthur Lord, President of the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth, was called upon and spoke impressively of the importance of gathering the facts and fixing the records of our early history. Mr. Lord expressed his delight in coming to the site of the first settlement in Vermont and the ancient fort of renown, and talked upon the value of learning history by such purposeful visits. It is in this way history is best taught, and he described the forcible impression upon the visitors to Plymouth. To-day, under the same sky as of old, by the banks of the same stream, guarded by the same towering sentinel mountain, the past seems to live again, and to the attentive ear there seemed to come the echoes of the sounds of those days, the building of the fort, the report of its guns, the shriek of the Indian enemy. Another way to perpetuate the knowledge of historical events is by the attempt to reproduce them in something like living pictures, re-enacting the important events of the old days.

He hoped some day a series of novels would be written embodying the history of the Connecticut valley. He believed such a series would be as interesting as the Waverley novels.

As a matter of course and of necessity the narratives of early history given during the day had been serious and even sombre in character, and H. C. Parsons of the *Greenfield Gazette*, who was next called upon, gave a happy turn to his remarks by his bright, graceful and felicitous allusions.

Dr. Holton read a short paper prepared by ex-Gov. Fuller, who was a visitor to the grounds during the day, but was obliged to leave before the close of the proceedings. The Governor's paper recognized the sturdy Pilgrim fibre of the men who built Fort Dummer, and urged that a permanent monument be set to fix the bounds of the old fort, as "a reminder to all future generations that the footprints of New England must forever remain embedded in the American commonwealth, unchanged and unaltered, fixed and eternal."

At this point all joined in singing "America."

The last speaker of the day was Jonathan Johnson of Greenfield, who related the history and explained the purposes of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, and gave a cordial invitation to all to visit the society's building at Deerfield.

In the absence of Mr. Sheldon, Francis M. Thompson of Greenfield, a Vice President of the Pocumtuck Society, presided in the morning, and Rev. P. V. Finch of Greenfield, another Vice President, occupied the chair in the afternoon.

Besides the guests already mentioned, the meeting was remarkable

for the presence of many other well known people. Among these were A. M. Copeland, President of the Connecticut Valley Historical Society, Hon. E. F. Lyford of Springfield, Chauncey Bryant of Greenfield, Spencer Fuller of Deerfield, Prof. H. A. Pratt of Gill, D. B. Stedman of Springfield, Rev. George F. Piper of Northfield, Gen. Griffin of Keene, Past Department Commander of the Grand Army, Col. Albert Clarke, Secretary of the Home Market Club, Judge James R. Dunbar of Brookline, of the Superior Court, Judge Franklin G. Fessenden of Greenfield, Judge H. H. Wheeler of the United States District Court, Ex-Gov. Levi K. Fuller of Brattleboro, Gen. Julius J. Estey of Brattleboro, Mrs. Mary Howe-Lavin of Keene, Col. Hooker of Brattleboro, Hon. John L. Martin, speaker of the Vermont House of Representatives, D. B. Stedman of Springfield, and Ex-Senator M. I. Reed of Vernon.

Among other Brattleboro people present were Mrs. Julius J. Estey, Miss Cabot, Mrs. Martin, Dr. Conland, C. H. Thompson, O. L. French, editor of the Phoenix, Col. G. H. Bond of the first regiment, Harry R. Lawrence, N. I. Hawley, E. C. Crosby, C. F. Adams, and many others of the leading business and professional men and women well keown in Brattleboro society and affairs.

Among the visitors from Greenfield and other Massachusetts towns were Miss C. Alice Baker, Miss Emma Coleman, John F. Smith of Sunderland, Samuel O. Lamb and wife, Mr. and Mrs. John Sheldon, Miss Jennie M. Arms, S. B. Slate, Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Smith, J. G. Pickett, Elisha Wells, Mrs. E. K. Huntington of Deerfield; J. H. Morgan and Mr. Clapp of Northfield; two ladies representing the Fort Massachusetts Society of North Adams, and many others.

These and other guests praised warmly the interest shown by the Brattleboro people, and the excellent arrangements for the celebration made by the Brattleboro Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, assisted by the committee of citizens, whose services they enlisted.

Resolutions were adopted expressing regret for the illness of Mr. Sheldon, and regret, also, that ex-Gov. Fuller was unable to take a personal part in the proceedings. Other resolutions thanked Col. John Hunt for his hospitality in freely opening his grounds for the purpose of the celebration; E. H. Putnam for the use of his farm in marking out the site of Fort Dummer; the Daughters of the American Revolution and citizens for their efficient aid, and the railroad companies for their helpful courtesy.

An interesting collection of relics was shown in charge of Miss Della Sherman of the historical committee.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

BY DR. H. D. HOLTON.

Standing under heaven's blue canopy we look out upon fertile fields that yield a cheerful and abundant harvest at the gentle solicitation of the husbandmen. The waters of the beautiful river come silently down from the north like memories of the past, and glide placidly, 'mid banks of blooming flowers and springing ferns on their eternal journey, reminding us of our hopes for the future. A little to the north the eye rests on grand old Wantastiquet, standing through all the years, a bold sentinel guarding the valley's peace. Civilization stretched out her hand from the Massachusetts Colony and fixed her bounds here, at once a stay to savage barbarity and a protection to the pioneers who had settled in the valley below. In the name of the Daughters of the American Revolution, whose guests you are, I bid a most cordial welcome to the sons and daughters of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, as well as to the representatives of the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth, and Fort Massachusetts Historical society of North Adams. To all assembled here I am directed by the sons and daughters of the settlers of the New Hampshire grants to bid you a most gracious welcome to this historic place.

We bid you welcome in memory of Lieutenant Timothy Dwight, in memory of Captain Joseph Kellogg, Captain Josiah Willard, the three commanders of Fort Dummer, and their brave associates, its garrison. In memory of its chaplain, Ebenezer Hinsdale, who gave name to our neighboring New Hampshire town, whose soil drank the blood of Sergeant Taylor and his men, a part of the garrison of this fort who fell victims of the savage foe. We bid you welcome in memory of one whose aptitude in writing inscriptions to perpetuate the memory of his parishioners is evidenced in various graveyards in this vicinity, the poet-parson, Bunker Gay, who preached righteousness, temperance and a judgment to come. In the name of all the residents past and present of these "equivalent lands" we bid you welcome. May the inspiration which we shall this day draw from the contemplation of the patriotic and heroic lives of these historical characters of an earlier day fill us with a renewed love of country and impress us with the responsibility

which has been transmitted to us to preserve inviolate the republic and its institutions. Let us rise as one man in defence of our country's honor and integrity. Let us see to it that her escutcheon is not sullied by the adoption of false economic theories, or the barbaric ideas and customs of an inferior civilization.

> We need, methinks, the prophet hero still,
> Saints true of life, and martyrs strong of will,
> To tread the land, even now, as Xavier trod
> The streets of Goa, barefoot, with his bell,
> Proclaiming freedom in the name of God,
> And startling tyrants with the fear of hell!
> Soft words, smooth prophecies are doubtless well!
> But to rebuke the Age's popular crime,
> We need the soul of fire, the hearts of that old time!

RESPONSE BY HON. GEORGE SHELDON.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: — In the name of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association and the citizens of the good old Commonwealth of Massachusetts here assembled, I would return hearty thanks to the Brattleboro Daughters of the American Revolution and their allies, whom you so eloquently represent; and it should be clearly understood that to-day these "Daughters" embrace not only the gentlemen of the committee, but also all the resident Sons of Vermont. Thanks to one and all for this generous tender of the freedom of the Equivalent Lands. And we will engage not to abuse your hospitality any more in the future than we have in the past, for very shame obliges me to confess that I have often poached upon the preserves of your "Poet Parson," and have taken many a rare bit on the sly. I never passed without stopping, at that little God's Acre where lies "the son of Amos Tute," that unfortunate victim of the unripe fruit of science, or that which contains Mr. John Stratton's "sad remains."

I think it will be well at the outset to put at rest the mind of your spokesman in regard to the appeal at the close of his stirring address. Do not fear, sir, the results of this invasion. The antiquary is perforce a patriot. Study of history begets a love of country, and our Association breeds patriotism as a profession. Although we may not, like our plain spoken Hindu friend, —

Walk barefoot through the Valley, with fiery book and bell,
Condemning all who differ to the raging flames of — Well,
(In the presence of the ladies we soften this to Hades.)
Doubt not, sir, that among us every man and dame and maid is
A patriot true and blue.

We need no watching, like the occasional exchange, and you can take your little nap just as securely as if in the corner of your own pew under the old settled minister.

Mr. Chairman, the interest in historical matters, and particularly in that of Fort Dummer, as shown by Brattleboro people to-day, is no surprise to me; the only surprising thing is, that a public expression of it has been so long delayed. Some forty or fifty years ago it came to my knowledge by accident, as it were, that her youth were carefully trained in the history of Fort Dummer, of the Colonial and Revolutionary wars. A little story will show the way of it.

One fine summer day I was driving leisurely along the road from Algiers to Brattleboro and had nearly reached that village, when I saw a lad coming over a ridge in a pasture on my right. He came diagonally down and climbed the fence into the road just as I reached the spot. He was carrying in his left hand a basket brimming with berries and in his right a snake hitter. I held up and said, "Good morning, bub, want to ride?" "No, sir, got most hum." "Got some nice looking berries there, where'd you get 'em?" The boy turned up a pair of bright eyes in a smiling face, dropped his stick, jerked his thumb over his right shoulder, and replied, "Got 'em over there." "Over where?" I said, "in this lot?" "No," and with a pardonable pride and a touch of impatience in his voice, he replied, "No! got 'em over to Fort Dummer, where the Revolution war was."

When you welcome us in memory of Capt. Kellogg and Chaplain Hinsdale you touch a chain connecting Deerfield with Fort Dummer, but you did not tell us that the first of these, as a lad, and the mother of the second, had stood as bound captives on this very site, before Fort Dummer had attained even the shadow of a dream. Other ties binding Deerfield to this historic ground are many and strong. This may be a fitting time, and it may give added interest to the occasion to strike an occasional link in the connecting chain, and I call upon the old Giant Wantastiquet to bear witness if every note does not ring true, for to him all will be but a twice told tale.

Fort Dummer was the pole star in the constellation of forts

stretching across our northern horizon to Fort Massachusetts, the star of the West. To our fathers of long ago, the path hitherward was well known, and often trodden as hunters, scouts, soldiers, and by not a few, alas! as miserable captives in the hands of the barbarous Indian or half savage Frenchman. The huge pines which covered the plain where we are now gathered afforded a covert for the bear, the wolf and the wild child of the wilderness, and witnessed many a tragic scene connected with the history of Deerfield. One bright day in September, 1677, they gave shelter to Ashpelon and his party of captives when fleeing before the avenging white man, after the raid on Hatfield and Deerfield. Did they know that the painful steps of old Sargent Plympton were leading him straight to the stake, where he was burned with hellish glee in celebrating the return of the victors? These captives were the first white folk the pines had ever seen, and they offered no protest but only looked down upon these miserable men, women and children with cold curiosity. Did they instinctively recognize the strangers as their mortal enemy? and did they aid and abet their wild friends in resisting their advance? Then how were the tables turned when they fell before the swift strokes of the keen axe in the hands of John Crowfoot, the Indian. These doomed trees could not have been forewarned that this same year their fate had been decreed in the birth of a pale face who, in the march of events, was to lay them in the dust, pile up their bodies as a defence against their allies, and give his own name to the pile.

On another September day, nineteen years later, Daniel Belding, with the remains of his shattered family, passed under these unpitying pines, on through Brattleboro, and up West river, bound captives on the march from Deerfield to Canada. No moan for their misery was heard from the whispering leaves above them.

The calm waters of the Connecticut gliding softly by us to-day, reflecting the happy homes and smiling farms on either side and the blue vault above, not only suggest, sir, the fullness of hope for the future, but also themes of sadness in the past. *Nature* in this favored spot has not always worn the resplendent robe in which we see her decked to-day. Let us view her in the original homespun!

Shut we our eyes and turn back the year-hand on the clock of centuries until it points to the figure 1704, and the day-hand to March 3. We look around us bewildered and amazed. Nothing meets the eye but the brown trunks of the shaggy pines, the thick green canopy above and the thick white carpet of snow beneath on

the one hand, and on the other the drear and ice-bound river. This is the forest primeval! The eye of the soaring eagle, glancing northward, sees but a ribbon of silver stretching athwart a limitless sea of emerald, while we see a desolate, wind-swept chasm, paved with ice and bordered with storm-torn trees. Our white carpet stretches into dim vistas amongst the pines, level and unbroken save where a long, grave-like swell marks the resting place of some fallen patriarch, or where a deeply worn path runs from the river, across the plain, and disappears in the interminable forest on the west. This path is but five days old, and was trodden by moccasined feet all pointing towards the settlements below. This is an ill-boding sign. Even while we gaze upon it the reign of silence is broken. We hear a whispering sound as if the dead leaves clinging to the scrubby oak and beech were rustling in a passing breeze. But there are no oaks or beeches here, and the chill air is still. The sound increases, as of hurrying feet on the snowy path, and anon we see a column of soldiers emerging from the woods. No white lilies on a field of blue float over their ranks, but, despite his rough coat, the air and mien of the leader, his laced hat and the glimpses of a gold-hilted sword, all proclaim him as a gentleman of France. In the exultant flash of his eye and the curl of his proud lip one may read his anticipations of honor in Canada, and honeyed words of praise from His Most Christian Majesty, Louis of France. Had he not destroyed a heretic village and had he not an hundred heretic captives in his train! Without a moment's pause the soldiers with slung muskets and heavily laden knapsacks follow him down the river bank; litters bearing the wounded soldiers, and a miscellaneous train of Indians and captives in a lengthening line straggle after as best they can, all loaded with provision and plunder from the sacked village, each savage intent on watching his own acquisition of captives and spoil. Conspicuous is the revered minister, his face expressing his deep grief, mingled with pious resignation, with a heavier burden on his heart than on his back. Women with haggard faces, worn by traveling, weak by fasting, with children clinging to their scanty skirts; fathers carrying tired children atop of their heavy packs; old men and women hobbling on their sticks, none knowing or can know whether their loved ones behind are living or dead. Overwhelmed with fear and anxiety for the future and borne down with the present terrible realities the train moves on in ghostly silence. Any cry of terror from a child, or voice of lamentation in a woman is

forever silenced by the ever-ready tomahawk. Will this harrowing spectacle ever end — this nightmare of horrors? The rear guard appears, a band of blood-stained brutes, brandishing their weapons, urging the weaker, who have fallen to the rear, faster! faster! And when despair takes the place of exhausted hope and the feeble will can no longer inspire the failing flesh, the struggle is ended by the bloody hatchet.

Not one word of remonstrance, not one sigh of sympathy has been bestowed by these witnessing pines. A tall one by the river's brink, its roots loosened by the spring freshet, leaning out beyond its fellows, sees with indifference on the white path over the desolate waste, dark blotches fringed with red, the bodies and blood of the victims who thus mark the trail of the victorious Frenchman. These ghastly blots stand revealed with every morning sun, until devoured by birds or beasts or buried by the friendly waters. Onward still to the deep ravine at the mouth of West river, where the reserves lie snugly hidden with dogs and sledges, and where the aching shoulders of the captives will find some relief.

Disturbed silence returns here to brood again, and only bitter memories remain of the cruel spectacle which has stalked before us.

You will pardon me for dwelling upon this sad scene when you know that the blood which chills in my veins at this recital once throbbed in the hearts of no less than eight of the miserable sufferers whom we have just now in our vision seen struggling in the snowy path across this plain, one of them to a quick death upon the ice.

About 9 o'clock on the morning of June 8, 1706, the sentinel pine on the bank saw far up the river, instead of the familiar birch canoe, a raft of logs on which were lying four half-starved young men. Towards them the tall pines stretched out their arms as if beckoning in mockery. The raft was guided to the shore, the voyagers landed and sought food. For four days they had had nothing save the leg of a small turtle each. But the pines offered them no breakfast, not an acorn or a birch twig, not an esculent root, a swamp apple or a berry. These men were escaping from Canadian captivity on the road by which they had been carried away, and here they took the Indian path for home. They were so far exhausted that they seemed guided by instinct alone in this last stage of their journey. They were discovered by friends at nightfall, wandering aimlessly about the opposite bank of the Pocumtuck. In my boyhood I heard the story of this escape from

the lips of my grandmother. She told me she heard it from the lips of John Nims, one of the four. Standing on this spot to-day how near we seem to the events we narrate — near and yet so far. John Nims was born two hundred and eighteen years ago to-morrow; one hundred and ninety years ago last June they were sent breakfastless away from the very site of Fort Dummer. The pines have long since been forgiven, for in the days of their expiation they often gave shelter and refreshment not only to each of these forlorn four, but to many another Deerfield scout returning from the woods above.

Eight years pass. Another ancestor, while fighting in defense of the town, was "wounded in two places," overcome and carried through this pass a captive to Canada. The next year he returned on parole to be exchanged for a French officer of the line. He may have noted the beautiful site where Brattleboro is seated, for his oldest son settled there on coming of age and became one of the leading citizens of the town, the friend of Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain Boys.

Another link binding Deerfield and Dummer is the great gun so often named in the records of affairs relating to the fort. It was no doubt one of the pair taken to Deerfield by Governor Belcher when he met there several tribes of western and northern Indians, with whom a treaty was concluded in August, 1735. The two pieces played a noisy and prominent part in the ceremonies of the week. Two years later this treaty was renewed on this spot. Thomas Wells of Deerfield (not "Wallis" as in some records) was one of the Massachusetts commissioners to conduct the affair, and he doubtless brought one of the great guns along with him and left it.

I shall not speak of Capt. Kellogg — your orator will do him justice — nor of his brother Martin, soldier and interpreter, but to say that both were boys in the sad procession we saw in 1704, and Martin was one of the four on the raft. Many Deerfield men were under Capt. Kellogg in Father Rasle's war, securing invaluable training in bush fighting for service in the French wars to come. Among these were Capt. Mathew Clesson, Capt. John Catlin, James Corse, not to forget Daniel Severance, whose righteous indignation threatened to light up again the flames of war by killing the murderer of his father.

Ebenezer Hinsdale, born on the sea, in the return of the captives from Canada in 1706, was baptized in Boston on landing by

Samuel Willard, pastor of the Old South and ancestor of Col. Josiah Willard of Fort Dummer fame. The boy became a man and was chaplain at Fort Dummer in 1731. He was ordained missionary to the Indians, at Boston, December 11, 1733, and stationed at Fort Dummer as the seat of operations. Here he staid until 1740. Although not a great success as a missionary, Hinsdale succeeded in civil and military life. He was the builder of Fort Hinsdale and founder of the town of that name hard by across the water. In this connection I may not omit just mention of Madam Abigail Hinsdale, his energetic wife. She was literally a daughter of the "Redeemed Captive," for she was born after his return from Canada and inherited much of his brave spirit. Being a woman she could not bear arms, but she could command those who did. During her residence at Fort Dummer there was indeed no war, but Indians were constantly at the fort, for trading and other purposes, and she came to know the race well. She learned their native cruelty, treachery and cowardice. She knew the difference between the Indians of the poet's fancy and the red devils of reality and she was prepared to cope with them.

In May, 1755, Chaplain and Col. Hinsdale writes that his heart is filled with indignation that the Indians "should make such havoc on our Frontiers as to kill & captivate our people and kill our cattle & fire their guns in hearing with great audacity as we hear they Daily Do at No. 4 and other places & none to Repel or Silence them." The Colonel was then sick at his Deerfield home, the house now nearest my own. His wife, who was nursing him, shared his indignation, and so soon as her husband was convalescent mounted her horse and rode to Fort Hinsdale, the scene of danger, "not being easy," writes the Colonel, "to stay away these difficult times."

It was not long before the Colonel received dispatches from our heroine, with news of an attack, in which two men had been killed and one captured under the walls of the Fort, and of the unavailing pursuit. The manuscript shows no sign of a trembling hand, or the language any abatement of pluck.

My story of the connection between the two D's would not be quite complete without naming Jonathan Wells, the boy hero of Philip's war, now captain and esquire, for with him was deposited for safekeeping the Province rum, to be dealt out in proper amounts to the occupants of Fort Dummer. Recalling this historical fact must not be regarded as any imputation on the trustiness or thirstiness of the men of Vermont.

Who can tell, Mr. Chairman, what strength and zeal the mothers, wives and sisters of the Revolution imparted to the men fighting the unequal battle for freedom! But there were daughters of the Revolution as well. Go tell thy daughter that her daughter's daughter hath a daughter, and because of these new Daughters of the American Revolution, and their patriotic spirit, we predict in confidence a noble crop of granddaughters and great-granddaughters, on until the genealogist grows dizzy.

There is much said in some quarters about the coming woman, and many an ear is laid to the ground in bright hope or selfish fear. O, ye dull of apprehension, you will listen in vain. She comes like the light of morning without observation. O, ye blind, use your eyes instead of your ears. The coming woman has arrived. She has been domiciled for many moons in the heart of Brattleboro. To-day, she has moved on this outpost, garrisoned and provisioned it, and entrenched herself in the hearts of us all.

Like the newly discovered force of electricity, and the hundred channels in which its power for good is manifested, so it is with the newly developed channels for helpfulness for the purer and more unselfish sex. Let the trembler and the doubter be assured that with her advent to political power comes purer morality, freer thought, broader education, better municipal administration with vastly more of the milk of human kindness in it and infinitely less of rum. Men and brethren, so fix the wires that the current of her beneficent influence may flow as smoothly as the well-pathed lightning which now controls the heavens and the earth. Make both lines secure. In case of disturbance or interruption in either line then look out for a flash!

Without trenching upon the ground of the orator of the day, I will only say Fort Dummer was established to prevent invasion from the North, but time turns things topsy-turvy, and to-day it is garrisoned to stop an invasion from the South. And when we find that the Daughters of the American Revolution hold the Fort, and see the preparations to receive us, it is manifestly impossible to lead our Association any farther north and we surrender at discretion.

ADDRESS OF REV. G. LEON WALKER OF HARTFORD.

It is difficult, not indeed to say almost impossible, for us to realize the condition of things which compelled some brave and hardy men in the midwinter of 1724 — a hundred and seventy-two years ago — to build near the spot where we now stand a frontier fortress in the perilous wilderness. Surrounded to-day as we are by fertile fields, and smiling landscapes, and happy homes, nigh unto which now for near a century and a half no hostile footstep has approached, it is hard to bring vividly up to mind the anxieties, the alarms and the heroic enterprises in which the planting of Fort Dummer had its origin. Yet we shall miss the main significance of this event unless we do in some degree kindle our imagination to a conception of the actual circumstances of the occurrence. The laying together of some rough-hewn logs of a forest, and the lifting up the structure of a rude-built block-house fort, whose last timber has long since rotted away, was in itself no very great or memorable achievement. It was the necessity which impelled to the enterprise, the danger which attended it, the purposes which it fulfilled, and the pathetic or tragic incidents which attach themselves to the structure thus planted in this primeval wilderness, which give to Fort Dummer its worthy place in New England remembrance, and make it worth while for us to bring its story to our recollection and celebration to-day.

What, then, told as briefly as possible, and without any possibility on this occasion of the minuter shades of historical detail, were the occurrences which led up to the heroic planting and the heroic defences of this frontier fortress on the banks of the Connecticut?

The first two great Indian wars of New England — the Pequot War of 1637 and King Philip's War of 1675–78 — may be said to have been of purely internal origin and provocation. They grew out of the natural jealousy of the Indians of southern and eastern New England at the growth and extension of white settlements. Our English ancestors who came to this land had the characteristic Anglo-Saxon craving for land. They were never satisfied with what they had. They were always pushing out for more. Like the modern New England farmer who always wanted just so much land as adjoins his, they only wanted what was outside of theirs.

The perceived danger of this territorial acquisitiveness provoked that earliest struggle in which the Pequots, attempting to defend what they deemed their native rights, were defeated, and their tribe dispersed, bearing their tale of jealousy and wrong to other tribes, to be a seed grain of trouble wherever they went. With far wider minded perception of the danger to his race, and with far abler powers to organize defence against the impending peril, King Philip, the heroic chief of the Wampanoags, attempted in 1675 to organize a general uprising of the Indian tribes of New England against the pale face aggressors. It was time. These white men had increased in the forty-four years since the planting of Boston to 120,000, and their settlements reached all around the seaboard from Falmouth to New York, and inland to Lancaster, Northampton, Hadley, Deerfield, and even to Northfield, only twelve miles below where we now stand. The Connecticut River from Northfield to the Sound was starred along its course with villages of the invading race. Against the whole race Philip, with masterly but ineffectual strategy, enlisting almost all the scattered tribes of New England, undertook an exterminating war. I am not going to enter in any degree into the details of that desperate struggle.

It suffices for my purpose to say that it brought home to almost every frontier settlement in New England a vivid sense of the horrors of Indian warfare. Above six hundred of the flower of New England's manhood were killed in two years of that struggle. Twelve or thirteen villages were destroyed, and upwards of six hundred buildings, chiefly dwelling houses, were burned. Every eleventh family in New England was burned out, and every eleventh family had lost a member. Brookfield, Hadley, Hatfield in the comparatively near vicinity of this region, were attacked, suffering loss of lives, while at Deerfield, only about twenty miles from here, the massacre at Bloody Brook of seventy-six of the flower of the county of Essex; and nearer still, at Northfield, the slaughter of twenty mounted men under Capt. Beer's command — the bodies of several of them mutilated and their heads set upon poles — gave to the people of all this frontier region a realizing sense of the horrors that lay in Indian revenge. Some years of comparative quiet followed Philip's overthrow.

But now Indian warfare entered on a new phase. No longer the result of jealousy and territorial struggle on New England soil alone, it became rather the result of the far greater conflict, on a continental stage, of opposing nationalities, civilizations and reli-

gions of European powers. France, as long ago as 1608, had by the foundation of Quebec made the first permanent colonial settlement in Canada. When Champlain died in 1635 the commerce and sovereignty of France had reached as far west as Wisconsin along the great waterways of St. Lawrence and the lakes. La Salle by 1680 added the Mississippi valley to the French domain, and by 1699 her domain reached to the Mexican Gulf. English territory was surrounded by French military and trading posts and the struggle was for the possession of the continent. Henceforth, till the conquest of Canada in 1760, Indian warfare in New England was but a part of European politics and religion — the prize to be lost or won, the sovereignty of America.

The year 1689, which saw the accession of the Protestant William and Mary of England, marked the outbreak of the first of these inter-colonial Indian wars, as the result of the declaration of warfare between Great Britain and France. Once more a scene of blood and slaughter opened along the New England frontier settlements. Dover, N. H., Schenectady, N. Y., Salmon Falls and Casco in Maine were pillaged and large numbers of inhabitants barbarously murdered by French and Indians, and others carried off into a captivity in Canada almost worse than death. In August, 1692, Brookfield was again assaulted and plundered. Deerfield's turn came in June, 1693, when eight people were killed or wounded; an experience which was partially repeated in August, 1695, and September, 1696, when several of its inhabitants in the near vicinity were captured or murdered. On the 11th of September an attack was made on Lancaster, Mass.; twenty of its inhabitants were killed, including John Whiting, the minister; an experience which Andover, Mass., nearly paralleled early in 1698 by the burning of several of its houses and the killing of seven of its people. In March of this same year, 1698, Haverhill was assaulted; nine houses burned and forty people killed or captured. It was among this group of captives that the Mrs. Hannah Dustin was numbered, whose narrow escape, by killing and scalping ten Indians (some of them children indeed), was the wonder of all our early histories.

The peace of Ryswick put an end to this struggle, which is known as King William's War. But the peace was short. King William died in 1702, and France disputed the succession to the throne of his consort, and the war known as Queen Anne's War broke out, and the tomahawk was set at work again along the New

England frontier with added fury. Deerfield was the frontier Massachusetts town in this vicinity, the small block-house at Northfield having been destroyed and the few settlers driven away; and Deerfield often assaulted and often to some extent suffering, before, was now to sustain that great calamity which has made February 29, 1704, so fearfully memorable in Connecticut valley annals. Assaulted by the enemy under Major Hertel de Rouville, with two hundred French and one hundred and forty-two Indians, forty-nine of its inhabitants were killed; one hundred and twelve taken prisoners, nineteen of whom were tomahawked on their way to Canada, and nearly the whole village destroyed. This was but one incident of a struggle in which from 1703 to 1713 the inhabitants of New England's frontier districts were continually harassed by alarms of Indian ravages; by calls for military service, in which exhausting debts were incurred; agriculture to a great extent neglected; and in which more than twenty New England towns, including Lancaster, Chelmsford, Sudbury, Groton, Dunstable and Reading in Massachusetts, and Kingston, York, Berwick, Kittery, Dover and Exeter in New Hampshire and Maine, suffered direct assaults, some of them with loss of many dwellings and inhabitants.

The peace signed at Utrecht, April 11, 1713, and proclaimed at Berlin in October of that same year, brought at last a little breathing space to the harassed frontiers. Agriculture began to revive. New settlements began to extend westward in Massachusetts. The Northfield people driven from their homes began to return; built a house for public worship; called Mr. Benjamin Doolittle to be their minister, and had in 1718 about thirty families.

It was at this point of time that attention was being especially turned toward this immediate region as a desirable one for settlement. By an arrangement between Massachusetts and Connecticut various parcels of land lying northward of existing settlements in Massachusetts were given to Connecticut in exchange for lands of which Connecticut had been deprived by a rectification of the boundary between the two colonies. One of these portions of Equivalent Lands, as they were called, consisted of a section of about 44,000 acres on the west bank of the Connecticut, within the bounds of the now existing towns of Vernon, Brattleboro, Dummerston and Putney. The lands were sold at Hartford, in April, 1716, and this section in which we are now specially interested fell by division into the ownership of four men — William Dummer,

William Brattle, Anthony Stoddard and John White. The property was a valuable one. It was well diversified with hills and meadows, with forests and brooks, and it lay alongside some of the best fishing privileges of the great river. It was in the direct line of communication between the settlements in Massachusetts and those in Canada, and the hunting and pelting regions along Lakes George and Champlain, and was altogether about the most desirable section of territory then accessible, and unappropriated in New England. High expectations were entertained by Mr. Dummer and Mr. Brattle, and those associated with them of speedy and profitable returns for their cost and trouble. But these expectations were fated to considerable disappointment. Scarcely had the lands passed into the new proprietors' possession before Indian hostilities broke out afresh.

This time war, indeed, was not formally existent between England and France; but it was the outcropping of the old race and religious controversy nevertheless. The Indians, stirred up by Sebastian Rasle, an able and influential Jesuit missionary, began in 1721 their accustomed depredations along the frontier, and in 1722 Massachusetts felt compelled to declare war against them. Once more there was every prospect of fire and ravage all along the lower Connecticut valley so often scourged before. To diminish the peril of this calamity, the Massachusetts legislature resolved on the 27th of December, 1723, "to build a block-house above Northfield in the most convenient place on the lands called Equivalent Lands and to post in it forty able men, English and Western Indians, to be employed in scouting a good distance up Connecticut River, West River, Otter Creek, and sometimes eastwardly above Great Monadnock for the discovery of the enemy coming toward any of the frontier towns."

The resolve thus made, the undertaking was at once entered on. Mr. Dummer had by this time come to be lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts and he commissioned Col. John Stoddard of Northampton to superintend the building of the block-house. The immediate business of its construction was entrusted to Lieut. Timothy Dwight, also of Northampton, who in the dead of winter, February 3, 1724, began the work. "Four Carpenters, Twelve Soldiers with narrow axes and two Teams" was the force at Lieut. Dwight's command. The carpenters were paid five and six shillings a day, and the soldiers had two shillings a day beside their regular *per diem* as soldiers. The building they laid out was

of yellow pine timbers, cross-locked at the corners. It was about 180 feet square, and the walls were from twelve to fourteen feet high. About the interior were built at various intervals against the outer walls, houses facing inwardly, their roofs running up to near the top of the walls. This left a large open space in the centre, and the intention was to build the houses so strong that the garrison would be "as safe if the enemy got inside the parade as if they were without the fort."

So vigorously was the work carried forward that by April 1 it was so far completed as probably to be occupied with a garrison of thirty-eight officers and men, to whom by April 21 were added eleven friendly Indians. These friendly Indians were of the Maqua, Scatacook and Hudson River tribes, who were more or less opposed to the Eastern and Northern Indians like the Penobscots and the St. Francis and French Indians. It was hoped to utilize them as scouts and if need be as warriors against the pronounced enemies northward and eastward, and to some small extent they were so used, but experience proved that they could be hired to desert the post, if not, indeed, to take up arms against it. The fort was built near enough to the river to command, or at least make dangerous, the passage by it in canoes. The fort was supplied with a well for drinking purposes, but the garrison in general went to the river side for water for washing, doing which they were sometimes in hostile periods fired at from the other side. The bullets were generally wasted, indeed, lodging in the bank. But they must have been considerably numerous, for in my boyhood in this place it was a not unfrequent thing after a freshet had disturbed the soil along the river bank to find them washed out to view. I have, indeed, one or more such in my own possession. The fort was first furnished with four small swivel guns, called pateraros, to which was afterward added what was called "the great cannon," used as a signal of danger to the neighborhood.

By May, 1724, Lieutenant Dwight asked permission to bring his family to the fort; and in June of the same year provision was made for a chaplain, Rev. Daniel Dwight of Northampton, a younger brother of the lieutenant, who was to have a salary of a hundred pounds a year. The fort was built none too soon. On June 25 the friendly Indians belonging to the garrison found a fresh Indian trail of the enemy, and following it discovered about forty warriors, whom, however, because of their superior force they did not dare to attack. The enemy hovered about the region all

summer at intervals, killing two men at Northfield and five at Rutland, Mass., in the month of August. On the 11th of October the fort was attacked by an estimated force of seventy Indians, who succeeded in killing four or five of its defenders, but were repulsed with some loss.

The following year, 1725, three men, Ebenezer Sheldon, Thomas Colton and Jeremiah English, the latter a friendly Indian, were killed in June about a mile north of the present village of Greenfield; and in July, a party returning from work in Deerfield north meadows were fired on and Timothy Childs and Samuel Allen were wounded. Anxious to find out the enemy's whereabouts, Lieut. Dwight, on September 28, sent out a scouting party of six, westward, to look for signs. Halting to take refreshments they were fired upon by fourteen Indian warriors; Thomas Bodertha and John Pease were killed, Edward Baker, John Farrar and Nathaniel Chamberlain were captured. Only one, Anthony Wiersbury, escaped safe to the fort. The death of Sebastian Rasle, the Jesuit missionary, at Norridgewock, musket in hand, among his dusky warriors, put an end to this brief but disastrous war. It had cost the frontier settlements from the Penobscot Sound to Deerfield River, two hundred men and $240,000. Rasle was a man who ought to have achieved better things. He was a scholar, a man of great natural endowments, and he left a dictionary of the Norridgewock Indian language, which is now preserved in the library of Harvard College.

Relieved awhile of military alarm, Fort Dummer now became for a period the scene of quiet events. Here was born within the stockade, on May 27, 1726, Timothy Dwight, the father of the future first President Dwight of Yale College, and great-grandfather of the present president. An extensive trading post was established for traffic with the Northern Indians, who found it more for their advantage, oftentimes, to bring their furs and other commodities to this market than to the French trading posts. A truck house outside the fort was built in 1727 for the accommodation of this traffic, and subsequently a house for the shelter and convenience of the trading savages. Capt. Joseph Kellogg succeeded Capt. Dwight as fort commander and truckmaster, and for about twelve years Rev. Ebenezer Hinsdale was chaplain. A tariff of profits was established by the General Court for sales at the truckhouse: "50 per cent advance on rum, sugar and molasses and 25 per cent on European goods." These rates were afterward con-

siderably lessened as trade fell off. On the 5th and 6th of October, 1737, a friendly conference of the Caughnawaugah Indians and commissioners appointed by Massachusetts met at the fort to renew a treaty made some years before. Speeches were made, blankets and wampum were exchanged, healths were drunk, King George was toasted, the death of Gov. Belcher's wife was deplored, and the assembly broke up in amity and good nature.

But the vicissitudes of European politics did not suffer peace long to last. Strange that the death of an estimable gentleman known as Charles VI. of Germany, on October 20, 1740, at fifty-five years of age, of a gallstone in his liver, should have found consequences of fire and sword here in this wilderness. But so it was. European quarrels about succession to the vacated throne threw France and England once more into strife, and by 1744 the fight over the claims of Maria Theresa to the Austrain sovereignty, became the fight of Frenchman and Englishman along every frontier line of North America.

In forecast of impending dangers Sartwell's fort, or more properly block-house, had been built a little while before this, just below here. Up at Charlestown a fortress of more important character had been built in what was called Township Number Four. Over the river, nearly opposite Sartwell's block-house, Rev. Ebenezer Hinsdale built a fort which was called by his name. A small stockade was also built at the great meadow in Putney. Fort Dummer itself was at this time materially strengthened, and Col. Josiah Willard placed in command. A defence of sharpened pickets twenty feet high was built round the enclosure, sentinel boxes were set up on the corners, several new swivel guns were added to the armament, and two very comfortable strong houses were set up inside called "province houses" for the use of the higher officers. Col. Josiah Willard held command, with the exception of a short period of five months, for ten years, from 1740 to 1750. He was succeeded for about four years by his son, Major Josiah Willard, Jr., and he for a somewhat uncertain time by Nathan Willard. It was during the commandancy of Col. Willard the elder, that the map of the fortification, which bears date 1749, and which is circulated here to-day, was apparently drafted.

After the war was declared the Massachusetts governor undertook the construction of a line of fortifications extending from Fort Dummer to Williamstown. Fort Massachusetts was in Adams; Fort Pelham in Rowe; Fort Shirley in Heath; Rice's and Cog-

ran's fort in Colrain [? Ed.]; and Sheldon's fort in Bernardston. Soldiers were kept scouting on the line between the fortresses, and large dogs were trained to scent the trails of the Indians. The government of Massachusetts offered a bounty for Indian scalps, and the war became to a considerable extent not one of necessary patriotic defense, but one of eagerness to get the offered prizes. A class of men were brought into the service who were familiar with wood craft and forest ways; who knew Indian methods, and who valued an Indian just as they valued a wolf for the money got on his head.

The first Indian attack in this vicinity was at the Great Meadows in Putney, where William Phipps was killed and scalped on the 5th of July, 1745. On the 10th of the same month Josiah Fisher suffered a like experience at what is now Keene. On October 12, the stockade at Great Meadows was attacked, but the enemy were repulsed; Nehemiah Howe, however, who was cutting wood about eighty rods from the stockade, was taken captive, and Joseph Rugg, also outside the stockade, was killed and his head stuck up on a pole. Similar assaults were made shortly after on Forts Shirley and Pelham, and a desperate one at Number 4 on the 4th of April, 1747, when the garrison was besieged three days and thousands of shots were fired at the fort, with, however, the loss of only one man wounded of the garrison. It was in admiration of the defence at this post that Sir Charles Knowles, who was at the time in Boston, sent a sword to Capt. Stevens, who commanded the fort, and for Sir Charles the place when incorporated was called Charlestown.

On the 29th of March, 1748, the enemy came upon a party of men working in the field just outside Fort Dummer, and Lieut. John Sargent, Corporal Joshua Wells and Private Moses Cooper were killed, and Daniel Sargent was captured and taken to Canada. On the 13th of May of this year some of the Fort Dummer garrison participated in a scouting party up as far as Crown Point; encountering on their return somewhere in the township of Londonderry or Jamaica, at a point where they made a halt and were engaged in shooting salmon, a party of the enemy who had secretly followed them. Five of the party — Sergt. John Heywood, Sergt. Isaac Taylor, and Privates John Dodd, Daniel Mann and Joseph Severance were killed outright. Joseph Petty was wounded and left behind and was never heard of afterwards. On the 16th of June a party of fourteen men, on their way from Hinsdale to Fort

Dummer, fell into ambuscade and Jonathan French, Joseph Richardson and John Fish were killed and William Bickford mortally wounded. Six others, Henry Stevens, Benjamin Osgood, William Blanchard, Joel Johnson, Matthew Wyman and Moses Perkins, were carried prisoners to Canada.

The most considerable action of the year in this vicinity occurred in Marlborough, on Sunday, June 26, between a scouting party led from Number 4 by Capt. Humphrey Hobbs, and a party of the enemy led by a half-breed Indian named Sackett. In this engagement Hobbs' men were so well posted that he lost only nine killed and four wounded. The enemy, however, suffered severely. They were estimated at four times the force of the English, and the battle was accounted one of the most severe of the war in this region. Hobbs and the residue of his force took refuge in Fort Dummer the day after the fight. About eighteen days later, half a mile from Fort Dummer, across the river, ten men who were on their way from Northfield to Keene to strengthen the garrison there, were fell upon by a party of French and Indians and mostly captured. Effort was successfully made to cover the flight of two of them who ran down to the river bank under the guns of the fort; but the garrison was not strong enough to send over an attacking party to give fight to the Indians. It was in view of these repeated alarms that Mr. Gardner, chaplain of the fort, preached in July of that year from the text in Revelation iii, 3: "If, therefore, thou shalt not watch I will come on thee as a thief and thou shalt not know what hour I will come upon thee."

The peace of Aix-la-Chappelle concluded on October 18, 1748, and proclaimed in this country in January, 1749, brought quiet a while to the frontiers. The garrison at Fort Dummer was reduced to ten or fifteen men, and hope began to revive that men might cultivate their fields in safety and that women might tuck their children in bed without terror of the midnight war whoop and tomahawk. So confident was this anticipation of better times that a general movement for town incorporation was inaugurated, and Governor Benning Wentworth of New Hamsphire, to which province Vermont territory was then supposed to belong, issued grants for townships to Bennington in 1749; to Halifax in 1750; to Wilmington and Marlboro in 1751; to Rockingham and Westminster in 1752; and to Brattleboro, Townshend, Putney and Vernon in 1753.

But, once more, the fond hopes of the long-tried frontier settlers were doomed to disappointment. The formal peace of Aix-la-

Chappelle was for this region nominal only. Indian war parties hovered round the frontier and ten years more are yet to pass before actual quietude arrived. In some parts of the country these ten years were marked by as bloody conflicts and as savage atrocities as had blackened the page of all the long records of Indian warfare hitherto. In this region, now especially under our consideration, it may be sufficient to mention only a few particulars. On the 30th of August, 1754, the Indians broke into the house of James Johnson at Number 4 and carried him and his wife and three children and four other farmers to Canada. On the 2d of this March, Mrs. Johnson was delivered of a daughter, whom the sad mother named Captive. The Indians were, however, unwontedly kind to mother and babe and carried the mother on a litter till she was able to ride a horse. The journey, however, was long and provisions gave out; and the horse was killed for food; the baby itself being kept alive by sucking bits of the raw flesh. The baby, however, lived and grew up to be the wife of Col. George Kimball of Cavendish.

On the 27th of June, 1755, a more serious affair occurred at Bridgeman's stockade in Vernon, a little distance below Fort Dummer. On the coming of this day Caleb Howe, Benjamin Garfield, Hilkiah Grout and two of Caleb Howe's sons were returning from a day's work in a field near the river, when they were fired on by a party of Indians in ambush. Howe was mortally wounded and scalped. Garfield was drowned in attempting to swim across the river. Grout dodged into the woods and escaped. The two Howe boys were captured. Meantime the anxious families in the stockade who had heard the firing watched for the return of the missing members. Hearing a knocking at the gate they supposed their friends had arrived. But on removing the bolts, in poured their enemies. The three families, — Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Grout and Mrs. Garfield, fourteen persons in all, were taken prisoners and carried to Canada. Mrs. Howe and three of her children were afterward redeemed. Mrs. Howe married Mr. Amos Tute, and dying lies buried in the Vernon graveyard under a stone which bears the following inscription, familiar to many here:

Mrs. Jemima Tute
Successively relicit of Messrs.
William Phipps, Caleb Howe and Amos Tute.
The two first were killed by the Indians.
Phipps, July 5th, 1743
Howe, June 29th, 1755.

When Howe was killed she and her children
Then seven in number
Were Carried into Captivity
The Oldest daughter went to France
And was married to a French Gentleman.
The youngest was torn from her Breast
And perished with Hunger.
By the aid of some benevolent Gentlemen
And her own personal Heroism
She recovered the rest.
She had two by her last Husband
Outlived both him and them
And died March 7th, 1805, Aged 82
Having passed through more vicissitudes
And endured more hardships
Than any of her Contemporaries.

No more can savage foes annoy
Nor aught her wide spread fame destroy.

Her husband, Caleb Howe, who was wounded and scalped on the afternoon of June 27, was found still living next morning, taken across the river to Hinsdale's fort, where he died, apparently on the 29th. His gravestone still stands recording his death at thirty-two years of age. A month later than the Howe tragedy, four men of Hinsdale's fort were surprised cutting poles for pickets round their stockade. One was killed and his body cut open and otherwise mutilated, one was captured and two escaped to the fort. The "great gun" at Fort Dummer was fired, but before help from Northfield could arrive, the savages having killed another inhabitant, John Alexander, escaped. A report at this period made to the Governor by Nathan Willard in command at Fort Dummer, states that the Indians were continually lurking in the vicinity and that during that summer, up to August, nineteen persons had been killed or captured close by.

The formal declaration of war between England and France in 1756 hardly increased, at least in this region, the perils of life in the vicinity of Fort Dummer. Indeed it perhaps lessened it, as the garrison was increased. But raids of the savages were reported all about them. Two men were killed and two captured at Country Farms in Greenfield, August 12, and two men were fired at on the 20th between Hinsdale and Northfield, but fortunately escaped. On March 6, of the following year, 1758, the house of Capt. Fairbank Moore on West River in the town of Brattleboro, where now is Col. Richards Bradley's farmhouse, was attacked at midnight. Moore and his son were killed and scalped by their own fireside.

Mrs. Moore, the wife of the younger Moore, who had four children, one three weeks old, aroused by the demoniac war whoops of the savages, sprang out of bed and hastily drew on three pair of Capt. Moore's long woolen stockings. Well that she did. Snatching up her baby and her next youngest child she tried to escape. But she was overtaken and with her children set out on the long tramp to Fort Ticonderoga. Happily they all arrived there and were thence taken to Montreal, whence they were ultimately redeemed in 1762. In 1849 the bones of Capt. Moore and his son were unearthed in what was then Mr. Newman Allen's barnyard. One of the skulls contained the ounce bullet which killed its victim. This seems to have been the last Indian tragedy in this immediate vicinity, though at remote points the conflict continued, on a larger scale, and attended by the larger circumstances of war, till the capture of Ticonderoga and Crown Point in 1759, and the conquest of Canada in 1760 brought at last an end to the bloody Indian tragedies of this harassed and wearied land.

I shall not at all attempt to trace the further story of the now useless fort. Its interest was gone. No longer was it, as for years it had been, the city of refuge for fleeing fugitives from the savage foe; a fortress of defence for settlers near its substantial walls; it gradually sank into the uselessness and decay of age. Its big pine timbers slowly rotted away. In my boyhood, fifty years ago, its outline was distinctly discoverable, and later still — perhaps even now — some ridges of earth mark the course of some embankment raised in aid of its greater security. But now, I suppose, except for an occasional bullet or arrow head turned up by the plow, or washed out of the river bank by the spring freshets, little or nothing remains to remind the visitor to these precincts of the great perils this fortress in the wilderness was designed to avert; of the heroic courage with which it was built and defended; of the bloody tragedies enacted in the near vicinity, and the awful sufferings and sorrow of the victims of those days of terror and distress.

Nevertheless, well may it be for us, fallen on our quieter and peaceful times, to remind ourselves that these things have been, and that, spite of all the appearances of smiling nature and civilization and comfort about us, they have been here. Surely it becomes us who have entered into the results of the sacrifices and sufferings of those who have gone before us, and who have made possible the comfort and quietude in which we meet to-day, to

drop the tear of sympathy and lift the plaudits of admiration for those who suffered or died so heroically in our behalf.

POEM.*

BY MRS. JENNIE STEBBINS SMITH OF BRATTLEBORO.

No fairer scenes in climes afar
Have nature-loving spirits found,
Than lie along yon river's course,
From lakelet source to distant Sound.

Soft-tinted skies and verdure green
May deck with beauty foreign lands,
May please the eye and fancy charm;
But naught our hearts' deep love commands
Like old New England's hills and sands.

'T is well Vermont and Old Bay State
To-day unite in celebration,
And trace on our Fort Dummer's site
The lines of her fortification.

On Massachusetts soil it stood
Before new bounds King George selected;
From Dummer, Governor of that State,
An order came — Fort be erected

On Lands "Equivalent" — so 'tis writ —
There is a safe and fit location;
"Wantastiquet" and western hills
Approach and guard the situation.

Like sentry proud, for years it stood,
To watch the treacherous northern foe,
And guard from French and Indian scout
The thrifty growing towns below.

Younger by near an hundred years
Than are her nearby sister states,
Vermont has less of ancient lore
In way of legends, relics, dates.

Yet many a name through long decades,
With tale of valor or of dread,
Recorded or traditional,
Now wakens memories long dead.

* Of the seventy stanzas in this poem space allows the insertion of only those most nearly related to the immediate occasion. [ED.]

The tragedy of Bridgeman's fort,
The names of Sartwell and of Howe,
The story of the captive fair,
Are held in veneration now.

And many a one to-day, with pride
Akin to that of British peers,
Ancestral lineage traces down
From those New England pioneers.

Guard well these treasures of the past,
Daughters and Sons of honored stock;
The annals of these early days
Trace ye as on the solid rock.

FORT SARTWELL.

ADDRESS BY HON. M. I. REED.

It is a singular coincidence that this meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association should very appropriately occur on the 209th anniversary of the day when the first conveyance by deed, of lands within the borders of Vermont, to English-speaking people was signed. Therefore, it seems fitting that some account of the various transactions by which the boundaries of the present town of Vernon, which is a part of the lands conveyed by that deed, were ultimately established may not be foreign to the purposes of this meeting.

The country occupied by the Squakheag tribe of Indians was just north of that of the Pocumtucks, and extended as far north as the little river called Wanasquatok (now Broad Brook), which empties into the Connecticut three fourths of a mile south of Fort Dummer. The name Squakheag, which is a contraction of a more complex Indian name, undoubtedly, meant when translated into English, a spearing place of fish. This interpretation is confirmed by the fact that around the many small islands and at the mouths of the small streams flowing into the Connecticut here, were to be found the best fishing and spearing places for salmon. That this vicinity was unquestionably the home of a numerous and prosperous tribe for very many years is strongly evidenced by the presence of large quantities of Indian relics, remains of granaries or underground barns, and their burial places, many of which have

been discovered within the present town of Vernon. The first attempt at an English settlement at Squakheag was made in 1671, when a petition was made to the General Court of Massachusetts in May, that year, for a grant of lands, signed by John Lyman and thirty-two others, which was not successful. A renewal of the petition the next spring was successful and May 15, 1672, an order was obtained and a committee appointed, and William Clarke, William Allys and Isaac Graves went to Squakheag and laid out a township, the northerly bound of which on the west side of the Connecticut was the River Wanasquatok and three fourths of a mile wide on the west side of the river, three and three fourths of a mile wide on the easterly side of the river, and eight miles long. This township was called Northfield, and included most of what is now Vernon, Hinsdale, Winchester and Northfield.

King Philip's War followed soon after, and the settlers who were not killed abandoned the place, but returned with others about 1685, and two years later, August 13, 1687, the deed to which we have referred was signed by Nawelet, chief of the Squakheags, Gongequa, Aspiambemet, Haddarawansett and Meganichcha. It conveyed to William Clarke and John King, agents for the original proprietors of Northfield, a tract of land bounded north by the River Wanasquatok, or Broad Brook, and south by the river called "Cowas," now Mill or Webster Brook, which is on the easterly side of Great River (near Northfield bridge), and six miles wide on either side of the Connecticut, thus including all the lands of the Squakheags in this sale. The witnesses to this deed were Jonathan Hunt, Preserved Clapp, William Clarke, Jr., Peter Jethro, Joseph Atherton and Isaac Chauncey. The first named was the ancestor of Lieut.-Gov. Jonathan Hunt, and also Col. John Hunt, present proprietor of Dummer farm.

The westerly part of Vernon, which was not included in Northfield, was granted by the provincial government of Massachusetts in 1736 to Samuel Hunt and others, descendants of the men who were in the "Falls Fight" at Turners Falls in 1676. The boundary between the provinces of Massachusetts Bay and New Hampshire was a subject in controversy for many years, but it was finally decreed, August 5, 1740, by the king in council, that the line should be a due westerly course from a point three miles north of Pawtucket Falls, and in pursuance of this order His Excellency, Gov. Jonathan Belcher, caused a line to be run by surveyors, and one

Richard Hazen in the year 1741 ran the line between said provinces on the westerly part, and this survey, although it was very indefinitely marked or described, has been relied upon as the authentic boundary. By this survey the boundary was placed much farther south in this locality than had been previously considered, and being too indefinitely marked subsequent surveys, although designing to accept the Hazen survey, have varied, and it was not until 1892 that any steps were taken to have this line legally and permanently established and marked. In that year the Vermont legislature caused the appointment of a commission with this end in view. The States of New Hampshire and Massachusetts also appointed commissioners, and it may reasonably be expected, as this commission is still at work, that the vacillating state line may ultimately become fixed.

The boundary between New York and New Hampshire by decree of King George III., July 20, 1764, was fixed upon the west bank of the Connecticut River, and the north and west lines of Vernon were surveyed and established by Phineas Munn of Deerfield in 1777. So by reason of the various claims and contests Vernon, or some part of it, has been called Squakheag, Northfield and Fall town gore, Hampshire County, Mass.; Hinsdale, Cheshire County, New Hampshire; Hinsdale, Cumberland County, New York; Hinsdale, Cumberland County, Vermont; Hinsdale, Windham County, Vermont; and since 1802, Vernon, Windham County, Vermont. For this name we are indebted to the good taste of the wife of Hon. Jonathan Hunt. Mr. Hunt, being the representative to the General Assembly in 1802, was instructed to change the name of the town to Huntstown. Mrs. Hunt demurred and suggested Vernon, under which name it was incorporated, and we understand it to be the only town in the state named by a woman.

In 1737 Josiah Sartwell built a fortified house known as Sartwell's Fort, two miles south of Fort Dummer and on the site of the house now owned and occupied by F. W. Warner. This fort was built of hewn timbers and was thirty-eight feet long, twenty feet wide, with lower and upper floor, the upper story so projecting that from openings or port holes constructed there the inmates could guard and defend the approach and entrance to the fort. This building was owned by Josiah Sartwell and his descendants about one hundred years, and in 1837 it was taken down by Hon. Ebenezer Howe and replaced by the farm house now standing, and in

which many of the timbers from the old fort were used and still remain.

The line of lineal descendants from Josiah Sartwell, who occupied this old historic place, is, second, his daughter Jemima, who married for her second husband Caleb Howe; third, their son, Moses Howe; fourth, Ebenezer Howe; fifth, Hon. Ebenezer Howe, Jr.; sixth, Col. Arad Howe; seventh, Warren M. Howe, who with his cousin, George E. Howe, a joint owner, sold the property in the spring of 1895, after a family ownership of more than one hundred and sixty years from the original grant.

Fort Bridgman was a similar, but larger structure than Fort Sartwell, and was more secure, being protected by a line of pickets or stockades, and was built the same year, 1737, by Orlando Bridgman, and was located about one hundred rods southeast of Fort Sartwell and about fifteen rods east of the present residence of George H. Hubbard. June 24, 1746, a party of twenty Indians attacked this fort and burned it, killed William Robbins and James Parker, wounded two others who were at work in the meadow near by, and took John Beaman and Daniel Howe prisoners, Howe killing one of the Indians in the fight. The fort was soon rebuilt, and more strongly than before, and except Fort Dummer was the only place considered secure from the treacherous attack of the French and Indians. But the next year, October 22, 1747, a party of thirty-five French and Indians, under command of Ensign de Levy, from Fort Frederick, on a scouting expedition, chanced to come upon this fort while unoccupied, and it was again plundered and burned, and one Jonathan Sartwell taken prisoner near by. Again the sturdy pioneers rebuilt the fort and sought to make it still more secure, and for eight years it proved to be sufficiently strong for its intended service, but a third disaster befell this unfortunate place on June, some historians say July 27, 1755. At this time Caleb Howe, Hilkiah Grout and Benjamin Gaffield were returning to the fort from their work in the meadows, and were surprised and fired upon by Indians who were in ambush in the ravine just north of the fort. Howe was on horseback with two of his children behind him. A rifle ball brought both horse and rider to the ground, breaking the thigh of Howe. An Indian then thrust his spear through his body, tore off his scalp and left him. Gaffield and Grout fled toward Fort Hinsdale, across the river, but Gaffield was drowned in crossing.

The Indians then took the two children of Howe and went to

the fort, deceiving the inmates, who, thinking their husbands had returned from their work, opened the gate and were rushed upon by the Indians, overpowered and taken prisoners, fourteen persons in all, viz., Mrs. Jemima Howe and seven children, who lived at Fort Sartwell, but on account of the greater security of this fort were here while the men were away; Mrs. Submit Grout and three children, and Mrs. Eunice Gaffield and child. The fort was plundered and again burned. Howe was found next morning, alive, by a party from Fort Hinsdale, but lived only a few hours.

His wife and her seven children were taken to Crown Point, thence to St. Johns, then to St. Francis, where a council of the principal warriors of the St. Francis tribe and the chief sachem was convened, and Mrs. Howe was delivered to an old squaw. She remained with the Indians about a year and was sold to a French gentleman named Saccapee who kindly treated her, and with whom she remained until 1759, when by her perseverance, indomitable courage and heroism she succeeded in obtaining her ransom with three of her children, for whom the sum of 2,700 livres was advanced by Colonel Schuyler, who was also a prisoner in Canada, but whose influence with Governor Vaudreuil was measured by his rank, and whose intercession in behalf of many of the captives was of much avail. Major Israel Putnam, who was taken prisoner in August, 1758, was released by exchange at this time and accompanied Mrs. Howe on her return home. She returned to Canada later and finally obtained the release and return of two more of her children.

The story of the "fair captive" shows us that she was possessed of wonderful powers of endurance, as well as the most remarkable fortitude and courage, which enabled her to endure the most excessive suffering and torture that the savage mind could devise and inflict, and to return to her home still in the full vigor of maturity to lead to its close a life more full of varied scenes, hairbreadth escapes and thrilling romance than even the vivid imagination of Brattleboro's gifted daughter (the distinguished writer of fiction, Mary Wilkins), can picture.

Among the many descendants of this family, who established and maintained their early home amid such trials, can be found many who have become distinguished for their sterling qualities of industry and integrity, coupled with unusual abilities, and the name of Howe has been transmitted untarnished from generation to generation for two and a half centuries. Hon. Ebenezer Howe, lately

of Vernon, and his sons, are remembered as men who filled many positions of honor and trust with fidelity. Brattleboro is proud in honoring one of her daughters to-day — a descendant of the fair captive — Mrs. Mary Howe-Lavin, the talented and widely celebrated singer. Caleb Howe of Fort Sartwell was the son of Nehemiah Howe, who was taken captive by the Indians at Putney Great Meadows, October 11, 1745, and died in Canada in 1747. His father was Samuel, son of John, who settled in Sudbury, Mass., in 1638, making a lineage of nine generations, six of whom lived at Fort Sartwell and no less than twelve members of which suffered death or captivity by the brutality of the Indians.

On account of the burning of the manuscripts and records of the town in 1797 with the Bridgman house, which stood on the site now occupied by the Hubbard homestead, it is difficult to trace much of the early history of the town and the genealogies of many of the early settlers. Among the corporators of the town of Hinsdale in 1753 we recognize the names of Joseph Stebbins, Benoni Wright and Hezekiah Elmore, some of whose descendants are now prosperous citizens of Vernon. From Benoni Wright our present veteran town clerk and postmaster, Addison Whithead, is a descendant of the sixth generation. He is also a descendant of John Whithead, one of the historic Boston "tea party" of December 16, 1773. Mrs. Whithead is a lineal descendant from Joseph Stebbins, also of Col. John Hawks of Deerfield colonial fame.

These old forts long ago disappeared and their occupants were nearly all laid to rest in the burial ground near by, where their epitaphs, in the quaint rhymes of the Rev. Bunker Gay, chiseled upon their slate headstones, reveal somewhat their prominent traits of character and the closing scenes of their lives, as well as the poetical aspirations of the first settled minister in this vicinity.

There are still *fortes* in Vernon, the principal one being agriculture, engaged in which the good husbandmen persistently labor and obtain the necessary equipments to enable themselves and their families to live in the most desirable of all forts, which is com-*fort*, in which they are well fortified against their worst enemies — pride and poverty, arrogance and wealth.

ANNUAL MEETING—1897.

REPORT.

"Old Deerfield" keeps its youth remarkably — thanks to the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association. Other towns of the county change and age, but Deerfield, so far as possible, remains in the ways of its younger days. This gives it the quaint attractiveness which has made for it such an enviable reputation for picturesqueness and original flavor.

The center of the youthfulness is of course Memorial Hall, for it is a mistake to suppose that the value of its "relics" lies in their age — it is in their youth, and as the many guests of the Association spent a pleasant hour or two, last Tuesday, February 23, in the various rooms of the red brick building, it was remarked how many infant industries were represented there. One saw young cotton mills — the spinning wheels of granddames, the shoe shops of our modernity, with their output of "razor-toes" — descendants of the heavy weight shoes of Uncle Sid. Dickinson; the big bonnet — from which our theatre hats have grown; blue and white china — now known as delft ware, and as for the straight backed chairs in which the guests sat about the cheery fire in the kitchen, Tuesday, who shall say they were not made for backs young and erect rather than for the Grecian bends and rocking-chair curves of this later and more aged day.

It was in the "old kitchen" that the business meeting was held. The scene would have looked more familiar and patriarchal had George Sheldon, the honorable president of the Association, been present, but as for a year or two past, his frail health made the trip from Boston unwise. First Vice-President Francis M. Thompson, of well known antiquarian enthusiasm, presided. Deacon Nathaniel Hitchcock, secretary and treasurer, made his reports, which show that the affairs of the society are in good condition, its present assets being about $1,800, some $300 of which was realized from the publication of Sheldon's History of Deerfield, for which the Association had become in part responsible. The Association will begin at once the publication of its proceedings for the past ten years — making Vol. II.

These deaths the past year were reported: Joseph H. Hollister of Greenfield, who joined in 1870; George B. Bartlett of Concord, Rev. Dr. Robert Crawford and Mrs. Julia Allen of Deerfield and R. S. Thornton

of Mount Hermon. Mrs. Mary P. Wentworth, who was re-elected curator of the hall, reported a slight decrease in the number of visitors the past year. George Sheldon's report as curator, showed that $1[illegible] had been taken in entrance fees, that the year had been successful, and contributions numerous.

For arranging the annual field day this committee was appointed E. A. Newcomb, J. J. Johnson and N. S. Cutler of Greenfield, Elisha Wells and John H. Stebbins of Deerfield. In making his report as secretary, Mr. Hitchcock paid tribute to Rev. Dr. Crawford for his participation in the forming of the Association.

These officers were elected: President, Hon. George Sheldon of Deerfield; vice-presidents, Francis M. Thompson and John Sheldon of Greenfield; recording secretary, Nathaniel Hitchcock of Deerfield; corresponding secretary, Herbert C. Parsons of Greenfield; treasurer, Nathaniel Hitchcock; councillors, George W. Horr of Athol; John M. Smith and Jesse L. Delano of Sunderland; C. B. Tilton of South Deerfield, Elisha Wells, Charles Jones, Robert Childs, Catherine B. Yale and Mary P. Wentworth, of Deerfield; H. D. Holton and C. F. R. Jenne, of Brattleboro, Vt.; Samuel O. Lamb, Esq., Hon. E. A. Hall, Hon. James S. Grinnell, Nahum S. Cutler, Hon. C. C. Conant and Hon. L. J. Gunn, of Greenfield; George P. Barrett of Maine; Hon. Robert R. Bishop of Newton, B. N. Farren and R. S. Thornton of Montague.

At the close of the business meeting, the Association was presented with several valuable relics. Jesse A. Delano and W. F. Campbell of Sunderland gave a large wooden whipping-post, which was used in the school at "the center," in 1791, for discipline of the scholars. Mr. Delano sketched interestingly the history of the schools of this town. L. S. Abel of Conway presented an ancient surveyor's compass. Portraits of Dr. E. S. Hawkes, an early student at Deerfield Academy, and of George W. Horr, the historian of Worcester County, were given. Rev. P. V. Finch of Greenfield made presentation of a portrait of the late Daniel Denison Slade, M. D., of Newton, on behalf of Mrs. Slade, and read a paper on Dr. Slade and his relations to the "Old Indian House door," which have caused his memory to be held in grateful remembrance by the society. Dr. Slade, who was much of an antiquarian, bought, some years ago, the famous tomahawk hacked door through which Mrs. Sheldon was shot, February, 1704. It was the generosity and large-heartedness of Dr. Slade which allowed the society to repurchase from him this door, which is now one of the most interesting and prized relics in Memorial Hall.

At the sounding of the old bell, about 5.30 o'clock, the guests repaired to the town hall, where the women of Deerfield served in "plate in your lap style" a supper which was excellent. After the supper the

programme of the evening was begun. Vice-President Thompson presided and was very happy in his introductions of speakers. An unpublished poem on "Deerfield," written by the late peasant bard, J. D. Canning of Gill, was read by his daughter, Miss Carrie Canning, postmistress of Gill. A poem entitled "Sanguinaria," written by Miss Frances A. Allen, was also read.

The music of the evening was by the Green River glee club, which sang several selections. Interesting addresses were made by Hon. John E. Russell of Leicester, Judge Fayette Smith and Mrs. Lucy Cutler Kellogg of Greenfield.

POEM.

BY THE LATE JOSIAH D. CANNING, "THE PEASANT BARD," READ BY HIS DAUGHTER, MISS CARRIE CANNING.

Hail Deerfield! Old Deerfield! My harp shall awake
And sound for "Lang Syne" and relationship's sake;
My kindred I love, and I study their weal;—
Thou art my grandmother, and devoted I feel.

Old mother of towns! how rejoiced thou must be
Around thee thy hale, thrifty children to see!
And to say with the happy, good mother of old,
There 's no weak niddy-noddy gone out of my fold.

There 's Greenfield, thy eldest, ambitious and smart,
With the shire of the county, to give her a start;
There 's Conway, thy second, as stately in health
As her hills are in worth, or her valleys in wealth.

There 's Shelburne, with pride you may reckon your third;
No kine of old Jacob could match with her herd;
But thy daughter, or granddaughter, call if you will,
Is thy youngest and fairest, thy water-nymph Gill.

O, grandma! I think on the troubles you've seen,
How your visage was scarred by the tomahawk keen,
How your children you nursed when most mothers would tire,
And held on to your own 'spite the axe and the fire.

Old mother of towns! Like the virtuous dame
Whom Solomon quotes in King Lemuel's name,*
Thy children rise up with blessings on thee;—
As for Dedham, thy husband,—his proxy I'll be.

* Prov. xxxi. 28.

DR. SLADE AND THE OLD INDIAN HOUSE DOOR.

BY REV. P. VORHEES FINCH.

One of the most sacred treasures in the possession of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association is the door of the Old Indian House. The history of the house itself was given at the annual meeting of the Association in 1875, in a very interesting paper by Mr. Nathaniel Hitchcock, entitled "Recollections of the Old Indian House," and published in vol. 1 of the "History and Proceedings." We gather from this paper that the house, supposed to have been built by Capt. John Sheldon, about the year 1688, was taken down by Mr. Henry K. Hoyt, in the year 1848. Portions of the building were preserved as relics, among them the door. It came into the possession of David Starr Hoyt, well known in his day in connection with the Kansas border warfare as the "Kansas martyr." Mr. Hoyt belonged to one of the old Deerfield families, and being a lover of all that was associated with the stirring events of the early history of the venerable town, he had gathered together and placed in his cabinet many utensils and implements and other relics illustrative of its pioneer life. To him the door was a prize, and, according to tradition, he obtained possession of it on condition that it should never be removed from Deerfield.

Several years after his death, however, through ignorance doubtless of the condition on which it was obtained, the door passed into the possession of Daniel Denison Slade, M. D., of Boston, a gentleman of refined and cultivated tastes, a graduate of Harvard University and thoroughly capable of appreciating the value of the prize that had fallen into his eager antiquarian grasp. For he was a relic-hunter and an accomplished one. He knew a good thing when he saw it, and here was something of the very best. It was one hundred and seventy-five years old. It was made of thick, heavy planks, crossed and fastened together and clinched with numerous wrought iron nails. No paint had ever touched it; but it was well preserved and black with age. And what a history it carried. It was inwrought in every fiber of its wood. Hardly anything had happened in Deerfield from its first settlement that that old door had not seen or heard about. Many, many feet had

crossed its threshold; probably every person in the town had made repeated ingress and egress through its hospitable portals, and it had swung, oh, how often, to the touch of John Williams, that true, noble pastor of his flock who remained steadfastly by them amid all the hardships of their frontier life, their companion, their guide, their own familiar friend.

And then just one hundred and fifty-nine years before it had come into possession of Dr. Slade, it had witnessed the ravages of that fearful night when it might have been said of Deerfield, as it was said of Jerusalem of old, "Now doth she sit solitary that was full of people! Now is she become as a widow! She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks: among all her lovers she hath none to comfort her. She is gone into captivity because of affliction, and because of great servitude: she dwelleth among the heathen, she findeth no rest: all her persecutors overtook her between the straits." The old door, during the sacking of Deerfield, bore the brunt of the fight. It was covered with the cuts and scars of battle, and despite its stalwart make a way was hacked through it for the passage of that merciless bullet which sent Mrs. Sheldon to her doom. And here was the old historic door, the old resisting, battle-scarred door, the property of Dr. Slade. How happy he was in the possession of it. It was the best and most valuable of all his treasures. He would never part with it. And he was just the one to prize the relic, for he was of Puritan ancestry, a natural lover of antiquities, an antiquarian in the blood and in the bone.

"He was born on Beacon Hill, near the State House, Boston, May 10, 1823, and died at Chestnut Hill, near Boston, February 11, 1896. His father was Jacob Tilton Slade, a Boston merchant, and son of Benjamin and Susanna (Tilton) Slade of Portsmouth, N. H. Benjamin was descended from Arthur Slade, who emigrated to Portsmouth, N. H., from Deptford, county of Kent, England, about 1706. This fact," writes Mr. Denison R. Slade, "I have just established, being engaged at this time in looking up the genealogy of our family. Mr. J. T. Slade was born in Portsmouth in 1778, and for many years was engaged in business in St. Petersburg, Russia. In 1827 he left Boston for the continent, where he lived until his death in June, 1854. He was a man of captivating personal appearance, tall and possessing fine physique and a robust constitution. His wife, Elizabeth (Rogers) Slade, was a daughter of Daniel Denison and Elizabeth (Bromfield) Rog-

ers and granddaughter of Col. Henry Bromfield of Harvard, Mass. Mrs. Slade died in 1826, in the home erected for her adjoining the so-called mansion-house of her father, Daniel Denison Rogers; whereupon her brother, the late Henry Bromfield Rogers, became Daniel's guardian. To him, a man of excellent judgment and liberal religious faith, Daniel Slade was indebted for many of his sterling qualities of character. Daniel D. Rogers was a successful Boston merchant, residing in a large brick mansion which he built on the lot of land between Mt. Vernon and Bowdoin streets and facing Beacon street. In this house Daniel lived until he was ten years old, in care of his grandmother and his Aunt Hannah, who afterwards became Mrs. William Powell Mason, and the place never ceased to possess attractions for him."

He was prepared for college at both public and private schools, including the famous Boston Latin School. During these years of preparation he developed a special love for natural history. He was a member of a society of boys, one of whose objects was to collect rare specimens of stones and other curious things that they might happen to find. In an early letter, referring to the Bromfield mansion at Harvard, he writes: "It is a grand old place and my attachment for it was always great. Many of my happiest associations are connected with it. . . . How many times have the old walls rung with laughter from lips now silent in the dust. . . . Would that everything had been preserved as it originally was; all the old furniture, pictures, prints, etc. The old trees still live, but Time has laid his withering hand upon some of them." Here the antiquarian element, which later on was a controlling force in his nature, comes to the front. The boy is always father of the man; and so we are not surprised at the statement that it was a habit of his life to preserve letters and documents and souvenirs, and to keep a journal and scrap-book.

While at Harvard, which he entered when he was seventeen years of age, as a member of the Natural History Society of the college, he was successively its vice president and treasurer, and was in addition, the president and curator of ornithology and geology. He was a classmate, and enjoyed through life the friendship of such men as Francis Parkman, Leverett Saltonstall, George S. Hale, T. E. Francis and Robert Codman, who, together with other friends and companions of his youth, addressed him the following letter when absent through serious sickness, from his class reunion of 1882:—

Dear Sir: —Your classmates assembled in 7 Holworthy, join in this note to you, to say how much we miss your presence, how sincerely we sympathize with you in your illness, how we prize your friendship and love, and how near to our hearts is the desire that your life may be prolonged and your health fully restored.

He graduated from Harvard in 1844 and spent some months on the farm of the Wells brothers in Shelburne, near Greenfield. It was during this period, doubtless, that he came to know more immediately about historic Deerfield and her treasures, and especially the "Old Indian House." His desire for the door of that house wsa not born of the moment. It had been growing in his mind and heart for well-nigh twenty years ere the valuable relic came into his possession.

It is to be noted that he did genuine work while on the farm. The venerable president of our Association writes in this connection concerning him: "He boarded in the family of my sister. I was visiting there the day the young man began his work. He was ambitious to look brown like the rest of the workmen. So he rolled up his shirt sleeves and turned down his collar in defiance of my advice. You should have seen him when he came in at noon. He had passed the brown stage; he was as red as a beet. My sister covered him with buttermilk and sent him out again."

Returning from the farm he became a resident graduate at Harvard, and assisted the historian, Jared Sparks, by copying original documents relating to the American Revolution. In 1845 he entered the Harvard Medical School, and his success there decided him on the choice of medicine as a profession. During the summer of 1846 he studied in the office of Dr. Amos Twitchell, and in October of that year witnessed the first capital operation under the influence of ether. This important event was afterwards described by Dr. Slade in an article published in the Historic Moment Series of *Scribner's Magazine*. It was at the Grove Street Medical School that our young physician first came in contact with Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose friendship he ever afterwards continued to enjoy. On receiving his doctor's degree in 1848, he was appointed house surgeon at the Massachusetts General Hospital, where he served one year. He then went abroad, remaining in all three years in Europe, most of his time being devoted to the study of his profession in Dublin and in Paris. The summer of 1851 was passed by Dr. Slade as a resident pupil in the lying-in-hospital at Rutland Square, Dublin, and he studied two months during the fall at the National Veterinary School at Alfort, France. On his

return to this country in 1852 he commenced the practice of his profession in his native city, Boston, and opened an office on Beacon Street. His career as a physician and a public-spirited citizen of our metropolis and commonwealth need not be given here. It is amply set forth in a pamphlet from which I have drawn in substance, and, in many places, *verbatim*, all that I have given of his biography, which pamphlet may be found in the archives of our Association, under the title, "Daniel Denison Slade, by Charles R. Eastman, Ph. D. (Reprinted, with additions, from the New England Historical and Genealogical Register, Vol. LI., January, 1897").

Though much more might be profitably cited from the document just referred to, concerning the subject of this sketch, yet enough has been given to show who and what the man was who had "captivated" Deerfield's Old Indian House door.

The details of the transaction by which the doctor came into possession of the door have been sent the writer by his son, Mr. Denison R. Slade, and are as follows: The doctor was notified that the precious relic was for sale in a letter bearing date Deerfield, September 29, 1863, which is here given: *

Friend Slade: — I write to inform you that the old Indian house door which you saw when in Deerfield, is for sale. It is the property of the orphan daughter of the late David S. Hoyt, who was murdered during the early Kansas troubles. This is nearly or quite all the patrimony the poor deaf girl has, and I feel interested in having this ancient relic sold at a fair price on her account. I think it can now be bought for $100, securely boxed and delivered at the express office, consigned as may be directed.

The door is in a good state of preservation and has the knocker still attached to it. It has heretofore been held at a much higher price, but an aunt of the girl is about to return to Illinois and take her niece with her. The friends desire me to do what I can to make sale of the property. I write to give you the first chance.

I think $100 a reasonable price for so rare a memorial of Indian warfare.

I shall be happy to render you any service in my power in reference to it.

An early reply is desired.

Very truly, your friend,

R. N. Porter.

Notes from Dr. Slade's journal show that the desired early reply to this letter was given: —

Oct. 2, 1863. Wrote Porter about Indian door at Deerfield.

Oct. 8, 1863. Received a letter in regard to the old Deerfield door, which I intend to purchase.

Oct. 10, 1863. The Indian door arrived from Deerfield.

* In justice to the citizens of Deerfield it should be stated that the news of its sale to Dr. Slade was the first knowledge they had that it had been offered for sale. —Editor.

The son writes, adding that the door was received by his father on the date above given, at Chestnut Hill. It was safely placed and treasured in his "study" for five years, and was the center of attraction and of great interest to all friends from far and near [among them your editor].

The door had no sooner left town than the citizens awoke to a realizing sense of their loss. They felt somewhat like the people of Gaza, after Samson had carried off the gates of their city. But they did not, after the manner of the ancients, put on sackcloth and sit in ashes and proclaim a fast. They simply "took measures," the records of the board of the trustees of the Old Indian House door inform us, "to purchase it back if possible." From these records, carefully kept by the Secretary of the Trustees, and very complete, which were kindly loaned the writer by Mr. Nathaniel Hitchcock, I shall quote in substance and sometimes literally, without giving further credit.

A committee consisting of Rev. R. Crawford, D. D., Edward W. Stebbins and James C. Pratt, was appointed to negotiate with Dr. Slade concerning the lost treasure. A correspondence was opened at once, but was soon dropped without accomplishing the object in view. Again, in October, 1867, the correspondence was renewed by Dr. Slade, who stated as follows: "Since it (the door) came into my possession, I have always felt some compunction in regard to it, not that it was not fairly mine by the right of purchase, but that it rightly belonged to the town of Deerfield and should be forever retained by that town as a most sacred relic." An answer being returned offering to purchase the door and asking his terms, he generously offered it for just what it had cost him, adding the cost of transportation. The offer was at once accepted, the price being $110, and the purchase was made. The door arrived safely by express, Wednesday, February 19, 1868, and was taken possession of by a board of trustees appointed at a meeting of the citizens of Deerfield, Thursday, February 6, 1868, to receive the door and hold it in trust for the community, and with power to fill vacancies in their number, and consisting of the following persons, namely: Rev. Dr. Crawford, Nathaniel Hitchcock, Luke Wright, George Sheldon and Samuel F. Wells.

The conditions on which the door was sold to this board are as follows: —

1. That said door shall be kept in a convenient place, as near the place as may be where it was at the time of the destruction of the town, and near the place where the

monument stands which was erected to the memory of our fallen heroes, who fell in the late rebellion.

2. That it shall be kept in a situation where it will be accessible to all who take an interest in the many trials and sufferings of the founders of Pocumptuck, alias Deerfield.

3. This bill of sale shall be recorded on the book of records of Deerfield, and the bill kept with the deeds to the town of Deerfield.

4. Whenever a vacancy occurs in this board of trustees, either by resignation or death, the same shall be filled by the remaining trustees, within thirty days after the vacancy occurs; and the name of said trustee, so chosen, shall be reported to the town clerk, to be entered on the town books.

At the same meeting of Deerfield citizens already referred to, held February 6, 1868, to take measures for welcoming back to Deerfield the Old Indian House door, the following committee of arrangements was chosen for the purpose, to wit: Rev. Dr. Crawford, Rev. G. H. Hosmer, George Sheldon, J. H. Stebbins, Mrs. C. W. Hoyt and Mrs. William Sheldon.

Under their direction and management a festival was held at the town hall, on the evening of Friday, February 28, 1868, the eve of the anniversary of the sacking of the town, which was a success both socially and financially. The hall was filled with people. The entertainment, both in a material and literary point of view, was rich and abundant. A full account of the event can be found in the Greenfield Gazette and Courier of March 2, 1868, of which the following is a condensed statement:

Behind the speaker's stand was the venerable old door, exhibiting its honorable scars before the people, as did the Roman heroes of old, with its rude iron knocker and stout iron latch and hinges. It looked as though with proper care it could outlive generation upon generations yet to come. Over it was appropriately draped the American flag, and here, too, was the old horse-shoe found over the door when the house was taken down, put there as a preventive against witchcraft. In a small room was a collection of relics, and a lady and gentleman dressed in full Indian costumes, which had been actually worn by the savages. The fatal bullet which killed Mrs. Sheldon at the attack on the Indian house, was exhibited, and also the three original deeds, which were given when the town of Deerfield was purchased. After refreshments had been served, Dr. Crawford made a few remarks, welcoming back the old door to Deerfield, where it would ever henceforth be kept. He then read the bill of sale from Dr. Slade to the board of trustees who were to take charge of the door, and the conditions on which it was purchased. He told why the door went away, and how by its absence, the people found out how much they prized it, and again he welcomed it back, and the people assembled on the occasion. He then introduced the Rev. J. F. Moors of Greenfield, who delivered the historical address. Mr. J. D. Canning of Gill, the peasant Bard, read a poem.

Dr. Slade, the late owner of the door, was then called upon, and commenced his remarks by an amusing parody on the "House that Jack Built," applying it to the old door. He had felt that the door had belonged to Deerfield, but if he had not carried it away, there would have been no occasion for the happy event of that evening. He told how he had treasured the old relic—the link uniting the present with the past

—and how reluctant he was to part with it. A letter was then read from Rev. J. K. Hosmer, a former pastor of the village, by his brother, Rev. G. H. Hosmer, filled with the deepest interest of the writer in the old relic. Prof. Edward Hitchcock of Amherst College made a few interesting and amusing remarks. He hoped the old door, with the other relics in the hands of the citizens, would be placed in a cabinet, and closed by proposing three cheers for Dr. Slade, which were heartily given. Rev. Mr. Hosmer read a letter from Miss C. Alice Baker of Cambridge, a descendant of one of Deerfield's original settlers, who paid an excellent tribute to the old door and its associations; and this closed the literary exercises of the evening.

The door was put in a glass case and placed in the front entrance hall of the Pocumtuck House, the landlord, Mr. Charles O. Phillips, agreeing safely to keep the same, subject to removal only on the order of the trustees. Here it remained, its condition being reported on year by year, by a committee of the board appointed for the purpose, until May 18, 1877, when the hotel was burned to the ground, and the door was rescued by Mr. Frank Nims, a public-spirited citizen, living near, who at once organized a party and removed it in safety. The next morning it was deposited in the old corner store, then owned by the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, where it remained until that building was sold to the trustees of the Deerfield Academy and Dickinson High School, when it became a serious question where it should be placed, the first consideration being safety, the second, convenience of access to visitors. The corn house of Mr. Nathaniel Hitchcock, midway between his house and barn, was finally selected as combining both considerations, and here the door was placed, the public being fully advertised of its location. And here it remained until September, 1879, when it was finally made over to the custody of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, and immediately found a permanent and an honored position in Memorial Hall, "as a centre of attraction for all lovers of local reminiscence, and as an unmistakable landmark in the tragic history of Deerfield."

In that same hall, as a mark of respect to his cherished memory, it is now proposed to place the portrait of the late Daniel Denison Slade, M. D., which, on behalf of his widow, I now have the honor of presenting to this Association. It will be forever linked with the Old Indian House door, as the portrait of the man whose nice sense of right in relation to the ownership of a most precious historical relic triumphed over the strong desire of the antiquarian, and caused him to restore to Deerfield one of her most sacred treasures, which, by right of purchase, fairly and honorably made, had lawfully become his own possession.

SANGUINARIA.

BY FRANCES S. ALLEN.

The tender grass of April is pricking through the brown,
On all the windy meadows that gird the gray old town,
Where, long ago, the fathers wrought stoutly in the field
With the plowshare and the pruning-hook, but kept the spear and shield.

Then, Death lay in the thicket and waited on the crown
Of hills to which they looked — to see the wily foe sweep down,
But where the savage whirlwind passed, to-day, a little maid
Goes wandering down the deep-ridged path, singing and unafraid.

And all the spreading field which the silent brook creeps round,
Deep shrinking in its alders, she fills with happy sound,
For, pushing from its folding leaf, the bloodroot lifts its head,
In starry companies it crowds the turf beneath her tread.

It lights the budding coppice, it troops beside the brook,
From grassy mound and hollow, she meets its upward look.
Low bending, now, to gather one, she pauses in dismay;
Within her hand it seems to bleed its fragile life away.

And while she holds it, pitying, there comes a piercing cry—
Some bird from out the marshes — but she draws a troubled sigh,
And her quickened thought goes searching, till it flashes to her mind
How the stumbling class in Virgil read a marvel of this kind —

She listening dreamily to how the cornel thicket bled,
And so the good Æneas knew where Priam's son lay dead,
"For I am Polydorus," the voice came from the ground,
"Far from the land that bore me, slain by a treacherous wound"—

"O that was all a story and very long ago,
I wonder, O I wonder why *my* flower is bleeding so!"
And swiftly comes the answer: from out its mossy bed,
She draws, to meet the light once more — an Indian arrowhead.

O, white and brave and hardy the flower within whose veins
The vigorous blood springs upward when the winds awake the plains!
The moss may veil the headstone on the ancient burial-hill —
The bloodroot tells its story to children's children still.

ADDRESS BY HON. JOHN E. RUSSELL OF LEICESTER.

I appear to-night at the request of your society, which desires to have on its records some memorial of one who was connected by blood with the makers of Deerfield.

But for this request I should not have thought of the matter, for I am not by nature an antiquarian nor have I ever taken an interest in genealogical researches.

All I have to say about the early members of my family is to be found in town histories and pamphlets and from what I have learned from descendants of the same stock in Connecticut.

My best reason for being here is in the fact that I have more direct knowledge of the founding and conduct of the business established by my father than any person now living, and I am glad to have an opportunity to put it on record.

I am here to take up the active life of one who was known to some of the older people present, but whose family was not on Deerfield records until the middle of the last century. The time at which my story begins is the prosaic era of material improvements, when the people of this valley had destroyed the heathen, after the manner of other chosen people, by hewing them in pieces, and smiting them hip and thigh. They had pleasant farms on these natural meadows, with cattle, sheep, swine, fowls and horses. Their homes were substantial houses, of the colonial period, to which we are now happily returning; scenes of industry and comfort, when the busy mother and sisters spun and wove wool and flax to clothe the households and the children were reared in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

As we look back at the generation before the Revolution we see here a self-respecting community which had as good an opportunity as men have ever had to improve their position materially and intellectually — one of the social cells from whose aggregations this widespread nation has grown to mighty life.

The word "civilization," if it meant that wonder to all primitive people, a society in which a small part had honor, education, wealth and abundance, while the mass struggled for food and raiment, was unknown in any of these colonies; not from any inherent virtue of the people, but from the situation and natural conditions.

The sources of their contentment were in social equality, abundance of land and a fair opportunity to get the fruits of the earth; they labored with their hands and consumed the fruit of their toil.

It was to such a community that John Russell came in 1756, whose grandson, John Russell, is the subject of my story. When you invited me you did not know that this is the hundredth anniversary of his birth, and I find that it is the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of his first ancestor in America. The first John Russell — born in 1597 — came to Boston in 1654, a widower with two sons, John and Phillip, and in 1636 was a prosperous citizen of Cambridge, carrying on his trade of glazier, which in those days of diamond glass and leaded sash, was an "art and mystery."

He was a Puritan, for he was made town clerk and took the opportunity to educate his son John at the new college and taught Phillip his trade of glazier. So it happened when John was graduated in 1645 and ordained to preach the word, in the "painful" manner of the time, he was called to Wethersfield, Conn., to succeed the Rev. Henry Smith. John, senior and Phillip, went with him. John married in Hartford and they all settled at Wethersfield. Old John there married the widow of Rev. Henry Smith and later on Phillip married her daughter Joannah.

This seemed a harmonious arrangement for some ten years; but Phillip's wife died and a schism broke out in the church; the congregation did not agree with the Russell theology; so the whole family and some of the congregation fled into the wilderness as far as Hadley, where they could worship in their own way. But though they had left schismatics in Connecticut, they were on the fighting frontier, continually vexed by border war. Phillip's second wife, Elizabeth Terry, with her youngest child, was killed by the Indians and another child was carried into captivity and killed on the bloody road to Canada. Phillip got another Connecticut girl, Mary Church, and increased the arrows in his quiver to the number of eleven. He died in 1695, when the profiles of William and Mary were on the English shilling. John also managed to get three Connecticut wives of sound orthodoxy and died in 1692.

Meantime they did good work for the colony and made themselves a place in history by concealing for many years two of the regicide judges. A very daring and dangerous thing to do, and it is a wonderful proof of the constancy and faithfulness of the community that they were not betrayed for the great rewards offered for the apprehension of the regicides.

The children of John and Phillip remembered their Connecticut relations; they thought of the land of their mothers, as the Israelites in the wilderness thought of the leeks and onions of Egypt and went where they could see them grow; hence another John Russell, born in Wethersfield in 1731, came back to the rich valleys of the Connecticut and the Deerfield in 1756, and in 1758 married Hannah Sheldon, great-aunt of the historian of this region.

Hence all their descendants are as much Sheldon as Russell, and proud of a stock which goes back to the beginnings of Deerfield. This John Russell's short and busy life is a matter of record in his account books now in the Memorial Hall and in Sheldon's History. He died, leaving his young widow and five children just at the opening of the War of Independence. Hannah Sheldon reared her children successfully. Her son John, a thoughtful, religious youth all his life, respected as a citizen and beloved as a peacemaker, had a singular opportunity to learn a valuable trade at home.

The storm of war about Boston drove Isaac Parker, a skillful gold and silversmith, who was also an engraver, to the distant safety of Deerfield to pursue his trade and secure his stock. He taught John Russell to work in precious metals and John went to Northampton to settle in his trade.

There in 1794 he married Electa, daughter of Nathaniel Edwards and Ruth Strong, and came back to the new and thriving town of Greenfield. This part of Hampshire County was rapidly growing. Cheapside was the head of navigation on the Deerfield River; all heavy goods like iron, salt, molasses, sugar, rum and imported goods generally, came up the Connecticut in flat bottom boats which took back cargoes of shingles, stoves, hops, brooms, pine lumber and some farm produce. The region was already petitioned to be set off as a new county, with Greenfield as the shire town.

About the time that John Russell moved to Greenfield, there came many enterprising men; among them were Col. William Moore, Beriah and Reuel Willard, Jerome Ripley, Jonathan Leavitt, Richard E. Newcomb, Thomas Chapman, Samuel Pierce, Ambrose Ames and other notable citizens; and a society was forming which made Greenfield a good place for business and a pleasant place of residence.

John Russell here began a successful life; in addition to the us-

ual stock in his trade, he made silverware, wedding rings and the gold beads that the well-to-do farmers' wives and daughters of that day loved to wear round their necks. He was a military character, being major of the regiment, which title he bore to the end of life.

In 1797 John Russell, Jr., was born, the eldest of seven children, who were all reared and for the times carefully educated. Two boys were sent to Westfield Academy. Charles entered Yale College, but having to leave on account of sickness, studied theology at Andover, and was settled in the ministry. Ruth Strong and Hannah Sheldon became teachers, a vocation in which Ruth was eminently successful. Mary, the youngest, married Dr. James Dean. John was taught his father's handicraft; in his after life he was wont to say that his success in his great business was largely due to the taste and art fostered by his early lessons and practice with the engraver's and chaser's tools on gold and silver, and to the careful use of valuable stock.

Each of the sons of John Russell, Sr., was enterprising and the village life of Greenfield did not give scope for their energy. Before John was of age the settlement of Georgia and Alabama attracted enterprise from the North. A syndicate of Greenfield capitalists sent John Russell to Georgia, where, after a year or two of ill success, owing to bad cotton seasons, he speculated for them to advantage and was joined by other young men from Greenfield, among them his brother Nathaniel, and Artemus Gould.

Nathaniel returned to Greenfield, went into business there and built the woolen mills known for a generation as the "Hollow Factory." Artemus Gould remained in Georgia through life. He became a wealthy merchant and banker of Augusta.

John Russell lived in Georgia and South Carolina twelve years. He was interested in politics and in 1824 was a warm supporter of William H. Crawford of Georgia, one of the candidates for the presidency. There was a great increase of cotton planting and from 1824 to 1828 he speculated so successfully in cotton that he thought he had money enough to last all his life. In 1829, at Guinneth County, Georgia, he met Juliana Witmer of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, who was on a visit to her sister, the wife of a planter of that vicinity. She was the daughter or Abram Witmer and Ann Catharine Burg.

John Russell and Juliana Witmer were married in Georgia, in 1830, and went to Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

In 1832 he brought his young wife to Greenfield. They were undecided where to settle, but the persuasion of his family and friends induced them to remain in Greenfield. It was a dull place after the active life in the South, but it was flush time; money was abundant, and John Russell, to quote his own opinion, exaggerating the value of his capital and his own experience of business, and entirely mistaken in the locality, resolved to undertake manufacturing.

It seems strange that he should have selected a business entirely untried in this country, in which he had no experience, that was under the control of the Yorkshire cutlers, where it had flourished from the time before the Norman Conquest. The cause of his action was a book published by A. S. Beckwith of Providence in 1832, called "The Practical Tourist." It was a record of the travels of Zachariah Allen, an eminent cloth manufacturer of Rhode Island. Mr. Allen's book is one of the most interesting accounts of travel ever written by an American. He gave an eloquent, even poetical account of the cutlery, tool and steel trade at Sheffield, which had enough influence on Mr. Russell's mind to induce him to undertake the business.

He began by making chisels and similar goods, for which he could get workmen here, but this was interrupted by fire, though the loss was not important, but he had gone far enough to make up his mind that he was on the right road, and bought the Green River water power where Wiley & Russell's fine works are now, building the solid stone and brick mills, so long famous as the Green River Works. Being his own architect and engineer, he made costly mistakes. He underestimated New England freshets and ice jams, and in the first spring flood lost his dam, canal, bridge, and a building full of machinery, which was scattered over Deerfield meadows. But with quiet persistence, which was his chief characteristic, he replaced the loss. He was joined by his youngest brother, Francis, who was bred a merchant, and instead of consigning their goods to commission houses, they surprised "the trade" by opening their own house in New York. In 1835 there came to Greenfield from New York, Henry Wells Clapp, born in Springfield, 1798, who, contented with a handsome estate, which he had made as a manufacturing jeweller, was willing to retire to country life at the early age of thirty-seven. John Russell and Henry W. Clapp at once began a friendship only interrupted by

death. They had absolute confidence in each other. There were no concealments nor controversies between them.

Mr. Clapp was a man of liberal mind, who did not care to add to his fortune, he only desired to invest his money; he never became a partner in the business, though he derived advantages from it by improvement in real estate, and his eldest son was brought up in it, and became a partner; but Henry W. Clapp's credit was joined to John Russell's, and from 1836 to the end, no matter how bad times were even in the general bankruptcy of 1837, and the succeeding four years of depression, no note bearing the name of J. Russell & Co., was protested or extended. The credit of the house became known in every part of the world, where they wished to buy, and the stamp of the Green River Works became as widely known.

In the commercial crash of 1837, Nathaniel Russell lost his woolen mills, and though it seemed ill fortune it did not so prove; it was an advantage both to him and to his brothers. He was taken into the firm. After 1840, they had no hard times and never had an unprofitable season. John was always at the works and his brothers managed the New York house.

They were as successful in selling as in manufacturing. Nathaniel was a strong character; he was an excellent merchant of the old school; his word was a bond; he had the confidence of everybody; he was a financier capable of wide combinations; for many years a director in one of the New York banks, and his judgment was sound.

Though they kept a large warehouse and full staff of men in New York, and could have had the sale of the goods of the best manufacturers in other branches of the trade, they never dealt in any goods but those of their own manufacture.

Another feature of their system was that they firmly maintained prices. When competition pressed them, they met it by improving quality. About 1849, Henry B. Clapp, who had been trained in the business by John Russell, became a partner. He was a strong acquisition, and at the time of his death, by accident, in 1861, he and Francis B. Russell, John Russell's youngest son, were in control of the Green River Works, the founder having practically retired in 1860. From that time until his death, December 27, 1874, John Russell led a quiet life, and gave himself no concern whatever about the cutlery business.

As the life work of John Russell was the establishment of the

cutlery business in America, now such an important branch of manufacturing, a few words on the causes of his success, outside of his industry, patience and natural aptitude, may be added.

At the time of the establishment of the Green River Works the master cutlers of Yorkshire controlled the trade of this country. They had all the means and appliances and skillful mechanics who had an hereditary aptitude for the work. They had close access to coal and a practical monopoly of cutler's steel. Their agencies were in all the American cities, and the names of their ancient houses stamped on shining blades were read by children as familiar household words.

Nor could John Russell expect any especial assistance to his infant industry from protection. There was no public debt; no important pension list; the revenues were beyond expenses, and the treasury and money market were embarrassed by a surplus; the sale of public lands almost paid the expenses of the frugal government. The threat of "nullification" had forced the compromise tariff of Henry Clay. Both sides had agreed to a plan for nine years from 1833, under which duties were to be reduced by tenths of the excess over twenty per cent, and it was a point of political and sectional honor to be satisfied with it.

Fair competition with Sheffield on such terms as the Americans could make for themselves was all that could be expected, but there were strong circumstances in their favor which they did not foresee.

The Green River Works were hardly built when the country was struck by the financial disaster of 1837. This memorable panic was caused by the surplus cash in the treasury, which the government loaned to banks in all parts of the country to get it in circulation. This money was loaned by the banks to their customers as freely as if it had been their own capital, which indeed was the intent of government, but it made abundant money and led to a great speculation. The form it took was dealing in public lands. Speculators bought the lands; the money for them was paid into the treasury, loaned again to the banks and reloaned to speculators to buy more lands. It was an earlier invention of the endless chain. In the midst of this excitement Congress passed an act to distribute this money, already loaned and in full use, among the States; the calling of loans to comply with this law made tight money, lands could not be sold, a panic came on which prostrated business in every part of the country with general bankruptcy.

This condition had a slow recovery, but the Green River Works weathered the storm, imported workmen from Sheffield and when trade revived found they could compete with any one.

The eleven years of the tariff of 1846 was the time of their rapid and solid growth. Under this act duties were very low on cutlery, but were equally low on all the material used. Everything they used was imported; from steel to ivory and from grindstones to emery. Cutler's steel was imported in slow sailing ships, and a great stock had to be kept.

The steel house of the Green River Works had a year's supply of every size. There was also stock of ivory, ebony and other hard woods, bone, horn, brass, wire, etc. The necessity of keeping all this variety of stock was a heavy expense in interest on capital and the simple classification and low duties of the Robert J. Walker tariff was favorable. Wages were higher here than in Yorkshire, but that was an advantage; it early proved that well-paid labor is the cheapest; it was more ambitious and more productive; it brought some of the best mechanics of Sheffield to Greenfield. The Bradshaws, Matthew Chapman, happily still with us and one of the most respected citizens of Greenfield; the Thompsons, James Rowley and his excellent family; Joseph Gardner and many others came before 1845.

Later, German cutlers came in considerable numbers, whose descendants are among the thrifty citizens of Franklin County. There was abundant work, good wages and never a strike. These imported men brought old world methods; they were efficient workmen who knew their trades thoroughly from long apprenticeships, but the great success of J. Russell & Co. was in an American system based upon well-paid, intelligent, sober mechanics, ambitious to advance their fortunes, working with every possible labor-saving device and rapid machinery. Labor was systematized, finishing and adjusting by hand minimized, and skill, accuracy and dispatch required.

A peculiar feature of Sheffield was in household industries, especially in work where power was not required. There were many families of hereditary smiths; all of them, even women and girls, could work at blade forging. Steel was furnished by the master cutlers and blades were returned of the kinds ordered.

"Hafting" was also done in this way. The town was a hive of scattered, small industries, connected with cutlery. On such a system American competition told with great effect. The first

radical change in making cutlery here was in forging blades; these were drawn by power hammers run by belting; the "bolsters" that the English cutlers "swaged" by hand were shaped by the fall of a heavy drop hammer; the blades were then trimmed by a stamp. These changes not only cheapened forging, but owing to the quality of the work they greatly reduced the cost of grinding.

The immemorial practice of household work in Yorkshire made it impossible for the master cutlers to follow the American system, which required power and superseded hand forging. Hereafter, English rivalry was at great disadvantage, though there was no time after 1842 that the labor cost of fine cutlery was not less in this country than in Yorkshire.

German competition was not felt at all. Another advantage was in John Russell's taste and feeling for beauty and correct form; there was a just proportion, an elegance of style, a neatness of finish in the American goods that surpassed the work of Europe. Some of the American patterns put on the market forty-five years ago are the best used by the English makers to-day.

A foreign demand for the goods of the Green River Works was rapidly growing when it was cut off by the war; surplus goods, injuring the market, were sent to South America through Boston merchants, who in those days had great trade with the east coast. There was much business with Mexico from St. Louis, by the "Santa Fé Trail," and J. Russell & Co. supplied all the stock, a surprising amount, required by the fur companies of the Northwest. These goods were for the Indian tribes. They were packed in water-tight casks, sent by sail to New Orleans, and up the river to St. Louis, whence they went to the upper Missouri in small boats.

I remember hearing it said that one shipment of "Hunters' Knives," some sixty or seventy casks, that went to the old Indian traders, Pierre Choteau & Co., contained more knives than there could be inhabitants, white and red, in the undefined Northwest. That was the period when a frontiersman used to say "up to Green River," to indicate thoroughness of action — referring to the stamp on the blade of his seven-inch knife.

American vessels trading to the Mediterranean and the East Indies took cutlery, especially sailors' sheath knives; these had such repute that they were found in every sea, and John Russell liked to say that they were used in the British navy. All this was in the day of small things: The annual production of the Green River Works in the fifties would be called a small matter by the corpora-

tion now using the name at Turners Falls, but the house was the leader of the trade, relatively great at that time. It certainly fulfilled the purpose of business and established an industry upon the best and firmest basis, that is, by making superior goods and getting a good price for them.

THE NEW ENGLAND CONFEDERACY OF 1643

AND OTHER UNIONS OF THE AMERICAN COLONIES.

BY JUDGE FAYETTE SMITH.

In the early part of the year 1774, when it seemed probable to the far-seeing statesmen of the American Colonies that there would soon be a rupture between the colonies and the mother country, and the questions involved would affect all the colonies alike, the natural and first important step was to procure a union of these colonies. A mighty struggle was anticipated and the strength of union was desired.

In obedience to a circular issued by the Sons of Liberty of New York to the leading patriots of the other colonies, a Congress of Delegates from twelve colonies (Georgia being unrepresented), were assembled in Philadelphia in 1774, an organization was perfected, afterwards known and honored as the "Continental Congress," with just as much power and no more than the jealous provinces were then willing to grant. That Congress raised armies and supplies, appointed a Commander-in-Chief and other military and civil officers, sent agents and ministers to foreign countries, raised money, made loans, published a declaration of principles, known as "The Declaration of Independence," and after a long and successful war severed these colonies from the mother country and launched them forth in the family of nations as a free and independent government. Through the experiences of this confederation, its wants, necessities and disabilities, the then States were ripe for the new Federal Constitution and government afterwards inaugurated.

There had been other confederations between the colonies before the Continental Congress. Twice, certainly, in their history,

when there had been a common peril, requiring vigilance and strength to meet it, the good sense of the colonists brought them together for consultation, and from these unions and consultations we trace the beginnings of a nation.

The first and principal confederation of the colonies, of which I wish now to speak, was the New England Confederacy of 1643, composed of the four New England colonies, Massachusetts, Plymouth, Connecticut and New Haven. The period was only twenty-three years after the landing of the Mayflower, and thirteen years after the first settlement of Boston. This measure had been conceived a year or two before. The reasons are set forth in the preamble to the articles, viz: That "we came into these parts of America with one end and aim, namely, to advance the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to enjoy the liberties of the gospel in purity with peace; and whereas in our settling (by a wise providence of God) we are further dispersed upon the seacoasts and rivers than was at first intended, so that we cannot according to our desire with convenience communicate in one government and jurisdiction; and whereas we live encompassed with people of several nations and strange languages, which may hereafter prove injurious to us and our posterity; and forasmuch as the natives have formerly committed sundry insolences and outrages upon several plantations of the English and have of late combined themselves against us; and seeing by reason of 'sad distractions' in England which they have heard of and which they know, we are hindered from that humble way of seeking advice or reaping those comfortable fruits of protection which at other times we might expect; we therefore conceive it our bounden duty without delay to enter into a present consociation amongst ourselves for mutual help and strength in all our mutual concernments, that as in nation and religion, so in other respects we be and continue one."

Sifted down, there were really three reasons for this movement, viz: Protection against the Dutch and French, security against the Indians, and the liberties of the gospel in purity and peace. There was already a controversy with the Dutch about the western boundary of the colonies of Connecticut and New Haven. The Dutch had settled at the mouth of the Hudson River, claimed a part of the land belonging to those colonies, and they also harbored fugitives from justice and furnished the Indians with arms and ammunition to be used against the English. They were a great annoyance.

The original proposition toward a confederacy came from Connecticut and New Haven. The people of those colonies wanted protection against their Dutch neighbors. The eastern colonies were not in that danger. But they were exposed to the Indian outbreaks.

Massachusetts at first hesitated to come into the league. She was much the most powerful colony and was perhaps unwilling to share in a joint administration equally with the less populous communities. But a recent event in England caused her to change her course. War had broken out in England between the king and parliament. These were the "sad distractions" in England referred to in the preamble. Puritanism and civil liberty were at stake; and those who sympathized with the success of parliament thought it wise to strengthen their influence by a confederation of all those of similar sentiments.

At the General Court held in Boston in May, 1643, commissioners were present from each of the three colonies, Plymouth, Connecticut and New Haven. The Governor, with two magistrates and three commissioners, was authorized to treat on the part of Massachusetts.

After two or three meetings, these commissioners agreed upon certain articles which were signed by all the commissioners except those of Plymouth on the 19th of May, 1643, and ratified by Plymouth in August, 1643.

By the first articles the four colonies were united under the name of "The United Colonies of New England," in firm and perpetual league of friendship and amity for offence and defence, mutual advice and succor upon all just occasions, both for preserving and propagating the truths and liberties of the Gospel, and for their own mutual safety and welfare.

It was provided for purposes of internal administration that each colony should retain its independence and that no new member should be received into the league, nor two present members be consolidated into one jurisdiction without the consent of the rest. It was provided that levies of men, money and supplies should be made on the several colonies in proportion to the male population between the ages of sixteen and sixty; and upon notice of an existing invasion of any colony, the others were to send relief, in the proportion of Massachusetts one hundred, and each of the other colonies forty-five, sufficiently armed and provided for the service and journey. If more than that number were called for, then the

whole body of the commissioners were to be assembled to make such further enlistment as might be necessary. The governing board of the confederacy consisted of two commissioners from each colony, all of them church members, and it had power to determine all affairs of war and peace, leagues and charges and numbers of men for war, division of spoils and all things of like nature which were the proper concomitants or consequents of such a confederacy for amity, offence and defence. The concurrence of six commissioners was to be conclusive, and in fault of this the matter was to be referred to the General Courts of the several colonies, and the concurrence of them all was to be binding. The commissioners were to meet once a year and at such other times as they might determine, and at such places in the large towns of the confederacy, except that two meetings out of five were to be in Boston. At each meeting the commissioners were to choose a president of that meeting. The commissioners were also to endeavor to frame general orders of a civil nature, wherein all the plantations were interested, for preserving peace among themselves, and preventing differences with others, and securing justice to citizens of other jurisdictions, and a firm and equable course of proceedings towards the Indians; and the articles also stipulated for the extradition of runaway servants and fugitives from justice. In case of the breach of any of the terms of the alliance by any colony, the commissioners of the other colonies were to determine the remedy.

It will be seen, these Federal commissioners had administrative as well as legislative authority, and like legislative bodies in our country subsequently, they did not always strictly confine their legislation to the subjects authorized by the articles. For illustration: The commissioners entertained an application from Massachusetts for a share in the lands conquered from the Pequots, and advised the General Courts of the several colonies to make permanent provision by law for a proper maintenance of the clergy. They commended to the several General Courts, as a matter worthy of due consideration and entertainment, the maintenance of poor scholars at the college at Cambridge, "and approved a proposal to every family able and willing to give, throughout the plantation, to give yearly towards that object but the fourth part of a bushel of corn, or something equivalent thereunto." They authorized Massachusetts to receive Martin (Martha's) Vineyard into their jurisdiction if they saw cause. They confirmed provisionally to Massachusetts the jurisdiction over Woranoake (West-

field) against the claim of one Fenwick. Under the penalty of a fine, prescribed by their own authority, they forbade the selling of arms and of ammunition to the Indians, and they commended unto the serious considerations of the several jurisdictions whether it were not expedient and necessary to prohibit the selling the aforesaid ammunition either to the French or the Dutch. "They provided for a proportionate distribution to the several colonies of powder and other gifts given to New England in general," such gifts from abroad being too apt to stop in Massachusetts. They recommended to the several colonies a plan of a joint stock company for trade with the Indians, to have a monopoly of the trade, but to include every person or partnership contributing to its funds not less than twenty pounds.

As another instance of the legislation of the commissioners, they at their annual meeting resolved to propose to the several General Courts that "all Quakers, Ranters and other notorious heretics, should be prohibited coming into the United Colonies, and if any should hereafter come or arise, that they should be forthwith secured or removed out of all the jurisdictions." Each of the Confederated Colonies proceeded to act on this recommendation.

By examining the powers granted to the commissioners and the jurisdiction reserved, it will be seen that at that early date was inaugurated what may be called the American system; a general government for matters common to all — such as peace and war and the regulations of their relations to foreign governments and the Indian tribes, and each colony reserved a local jurisdiction for all local matters. It is curious to notice that the extradition of fugitives from labor, which was a perpetual thorn to our people till the end of slavery, was even then carefully provided for.

The settlements east of Massachusetts and the plantations about Narragansett Bay were not received into this confederacy. Some of the settlements on the Pisquataqua and on the northern banks of the Merrimac, too dissimilar and feeble to form a colony by themselves, were united for the time being with their more powerful neighbor, the colony of Massachusetts, and thus had the protection of the confederacy; but the settlements of Gorges near the mouth of the Kennebec were refused admittance. The king had given him a charter constituting him Lord Proprietary of the Province of Maine, with extraordinary powers of legislation, and making him the ruler in Church and State. His kingdom lacked subjects. It would add no strength to the confederacy, nor could

it be relied upon to fulfil the mutual stipulations made by the four colonies. He was not in sympathy with them. He was under fealty to the king. These colonists were disposed to take sides with Parliament. Hence his settlements were denied admittance, because, in the language of Winthrop, "they ran a different course from us both in their ministry and civil administration."

The settlements on the Narragansett Bay now included in the State of Rhode Island were also excluded from this confederacy. Roger Williams, then a young man, came to Boston in the year 1631, with a reputation for talents and piety. In a short time he was invited to the church at Salem as their teacher. By his opinions on church government, civil government — the authority of magistrates, and the rights of the colonies to the land they occupied — he made himself obnoxious to the government and he withdrew for a season to the Plymouth colony. His Salem flock had strong affection for him, and persuaded him to return. After he was installed over the Salem church he began to stir up strife. John Quincy Adams has truly described him as "*Conscientious contentious.*" Williams maintained that the colonists had no title to their land by their patent from the king, and it was a great sin to claim a right thereby to this country; and that a magistrate should not be allowed to administer an oath to an unregenerate person. He addressed a letter to his own church to renounce all intercourse with the other churches of the colony, and because they would not do it he ceased to commune with them, and refused to join in family prayers even with his wife, because she continued her communion with the church. This contention continued for a time. The magistrates and their deputies of Massachusetts decided that Williams and their constituents could not live advantageously together, and ordered that he should depart out of their jurisdiction in six weeks, and not to return without license of the court. This time was extended to the following spring. As he continued his excitement in Salem the magistrates decided that he was an unsafe man to be in the colony, and proposed to send him to England in a vessel then about to sail. Getting wind of this, he escaped into the wilderness among his friendly Indians, and upon suggestion of Governor Winthrop, who was his personal friend, he steered his course to the Narragansett Bay, and finally reached the place where the city of Providence is now situated, and laid the foundations for what is now that city. His knowledge of the Indian language gave him an advantage for intercourse with

them. He and his followers could not affiliate with the people of the four colonies. *These* had come to the wilderness — endured the hardship of the new settlement, to enjoy their own worship — regulate their own civil and religious affairs, and this they had the right to do; and to transmit their institutions to their children. They were homogeneous and welcomed to their settlements only of the like kind. The confederacy was exclusive and formed to protect them in their churches as well as in their civic rights. Persons of different faith and practice could go elsewhere. The whole continent, excepting the small extent covered by the settlements of these colonists under their respective charters, was open to all comers. The colonists claimed the right to keep out disturbing elements — whether of creed, conduct or practices.

The feelings of the original settlers can be best described by an election sermon preached by Rev. John Higginson before the governor and council of Massachusetts Bay on the 27th of May, 1663, entitled, "The Cause of God and His People in New England." The preacher, among other things, said:

> My fathers and brethren: This is never to be forgotten, that New England is originally a plantation of Religion and not a plantation of trade. Let merchants and such as are increasing cent. per cent. remember this. Let others that have come over since remember this, — that worldly gain was not the end and design of the people of New England, but Religion. And if any man amongst us make Religion as twelve, and the world as thirteen, let such an one know he hath neither the spirit of a true New England man, nor yet of a sincere Christian.

This preacher was the son of Rev. Francis Higginson, who had accompanied the Massachusetts Bay colony, which sailed from England to Boston in 1629, and with his father was among the first immigrants. He had grown up with the growth of the colony, he had associated with the leaders and from personal knowledge and intercourse knew whereof he spoke.

At the time of the formation of this confederacy the population of the four colonies was about 24,000, Massachusetts having about 15,000 inhabitants and the other three colonies about 3,000 each. This confederacy continued until January, 1665, when the colony of New Haven was consolidated with Connecticut, and the New Haven colony was no more. This of itself dissolved the confederacy. In anticipation of said change it was proposed by the commissioners then in session, that only two commissioners should represent this new colony of Connecticut and a majority of four out of six votes should have the same conclusive force as six out of

eight votes secured by the original articles, and the commissioners should thereafter meet once in three years. There seems to have been nothing final in said action; but in three years the commissioners came together again to consider propositions for forming a new confederacy. Certain changes were proposed, but final action was delayed till 1675 or thereabouts, when the new confederacy was formed between the three colonies. King Philip's War was then threatening and the exigency required the united strength of all the colonies.

The confederacy, as amended, continued until 1684, and at the last meeting the commissioners settled a few small bills and proclaimed for the colonies a day of fasting and prayer.

These confederacies, which existed from 1643 to 1684, seem to have accomplished their objects. They secured Connecticut and New Haven from the inroads of the Dutch, and established the boundary lines between these colonies and New York. They brought a united military force against the Indians, against whom they conquered a peace, and enabled the colonists to keep in touch with Puritans in England, for the many years after the assembling of the long Parliament. As an instance of their intimacy with the parliamentary leaders it is said, that a letter signed by five peers and thirty-four persons, members of the House of Commons and ministers, among them Oliver Cromwell and Oliver St. John, was addressed to ministers Cotton of Boston, Hooker of Hartford and Davenport of New Haven, urging them to come to England to aid in adjusting the religious differences that might arise between the Presbyterians and the Independents. These ministers, however, refused to go.

The federal commissioners of the New England colonies were jealous of any infringement of their jurisdiction. They passed a general order "that no jurisdiction within this confederacy shall permit any voluntaries to go forth in warlike way, against any people whatsoever, without order and direction of the commissioners of the several jurisdictions. They forbade the selling of arms and ammunition to the Indians; they provided for a yearly census for the colonies of those capable of bearing arms.

At the time the new confederacy was formed in 1675, the exigencies of the colonies were very great. It was the year of the battle of Bloody Brook. King Philip's men were striking at every exposed town. For ten weeks the federal commissioners were almost continuously in session; declared that war was necessary,

should be prosecuted by the colonies jointly and there should forthwith raised 1,000 men, of which 500 should be dragoons troopers with long arms. Massachusetts was to furnish 527, Connecticut 315 and Plymouth 155. The commissioners appointed Gov. Winslow of Plymouth to be the commander-in-chief and desired the colony of Connecticut to name his lieutenant. They also made numerous orders for the equipment and comfort of the men. After the death of King Philip in 1676, hostilities with the Indians in that part of the confederacy gradually came to an end; and though the federal commissioners continued to meet, but little business was transacted, and the confederacy itself was allowed to expire in 1684.

At the opening of the old French and Indian war, there was an attempt to form another confederation of all the English colonies of North America. They were all interested in a war then already commenced, between the English and French, for the mastery of the uninhabited region of the Great West. The Six Nations having their headquarters in northern and western New York, were likely to be an element in that struggle, and were all-powerful among the Indians on this continent. It was politic for the English colonists to treat with them and all the Indian tribes in alliance with them. The English wanted their friendship at this crisis. In June, 1754, commissioners assembled at Albany from every colony north of the Potomac. That city was a convenient rendezvous for meeting the Indians. Whilst negotiating with them, the commissioners also discussed the propriety and necessity of a union of the colonies for mutual defence. The commissioners from Massachusetts had already been authorized to enter into articles of union. Among the delegates present were some of the most illustrious men in the settlements, and they declared unanimously that a union of all the colonies was absolutely necessary. A committee of one delegate from each colony was appointed to draw up a plan of union. Dr. Benjamin Franklin was on that committee, and a projected plan already prepared by him was submitted and accepted, and he was deputed to make a draught of it. It proposed a grand council of forty-eight members, to be distributed among the colonies according to their rates of contribution, no colony to have more than seven nor less than two members. This council was to undertake the defence of the colonies as a general charge, apportion quotas of men and money, to control colonial armies, to enact ordinances of general interest and provide

for the general welfare. It was to have for its head a president-general appointed by the Crown, who was to have a negative on all acts of the council, and by and with the consent of the council, the appointment of all military officers and the entire management of Indian affairs. Civil officers were to be appointed by the council, with the consent of the president.

This plan seemed to the colonial assemblies to give the Crown too much power, and they all rejected it. On the other hand, the Crown was not anxious to see these colonies acting as partially independent states in most matters of legislation and government, and thus ended this attempt at a confederation. But this meeting of prominent men from all the colonies to consult on matters of general interest to all, bore fruit, and, as we have seen, when the greater controversy was about to arise between the colonies and the mother country, it was a natural impulse founded on tradition and experience for the colonies to unite their strength for mutual defence.

Franklin, a native of New England, and familiar with the history of all those provinces from the beginning, but residing in Pennsylvania, and a cosmopolitan so far as there could be one on this continent, though little given to dreaming, couldn't help foreseeing when the commissioners met in 1754, that a union of the colonies would tend to develop the great country west. He called attention to the richness of the land, the healthy temperature of the air, the mildness of the climate, and the convenience of inland navigation by the lakes and great rivers. "In less than a century," said he, "it must undoubtedly become a populous and powerful dominion." His mind had undoubtedly long dwelt on some union of the colonies, and as we have seen, at the meeting of the commissioners, "he had already a plan projected," and brought the "heads" with him.

Notwithstanding the failure to consummate a union in 1754, he assembled, with others, for the next meeting of delegates at Philadelphia, afterwards known as the Continental Congress, in 1774, and took a leading part in its acts and proceedings; and when after the close of the Revolutionary War it became apparent to the statesmen then living that the crisis demanded a different form of government, with enlarged powers, a convention was called in 1787. Franklin and many others who had been in the Continental Congress were members and brought thither their wisdom and experience. This convention framed a constitution, which was sub-

mitted to and ratified by the people of the States, and the [illegible] government inaugurated. Thus Franklin, who had always [illegible] cated a union of the colonies and been a member of three [illegible] tions to form and strengthen that union, lived to see the [illegible] government firmly established, and the great country back of the Appalachian mountains hastening to become "a populous and powerful dominion."

I said at the beginning, that from these early unions we trace the beginnings of a nation. From our present standpoint looking backward, we see a natural development from small things, and a union of the colonies at the different times named to meet the exigencies then required. The first union was for immediate strength, to secure them against the Indians, Dutch and French, and protect their gospel privileges. When the French and Indian war of 1754 threatened them, the same instinct of preservation led the colonies to attempt another union, but the war came to an end before the union was perfected; and when by a new union, the colonies had succeeded in their struggle for independence, and the country was in a crisis of its history on account of the unsettled condition of affairs, then it was to "form a more perfect union," our present Federal government was established. This same love of union the children have inherited, and it has been their watchword in the halls of legislation and on the field of battle, coupled with the hope and prayer that this union may be perpetual.

MAJOR JOHN BURKE THE FOUNDER OF BERNARDSTON.

BY LUCY CUTLER KELLOGG.

Fair is the valley of the Connecticut, with its broad meadows and winding river, its background of rugged mountain ranges. Dear to our hearts is the region, from old association's sake, and the tender memories clustered around. To our ancestors two hundred years ago, fair was the landscape and beautiful the country to look upon. Dear to them the scene and country because upon its possession had they built their hopes and laid their plans.

Far to the northward stretched the unbroken forest,— solitude

which gave a fancied security, but which in reality concealed a most subtle, treacherous foe to advancing civilization.

To Richard Burke, enticing were the Northampton meadows as he first viewed them in 1690, and elected them to be his future home. To his son, John Burke, the Hatfield lands possessed equal attractions, and it was here that the subject of our sketch was born on the 28th of November, 1717, the son of John of the second and grandson of Richard of the first generation of Burkes in America.

His boyhood was, we may assume, passed like others of those times. The Connecticut Valley was in a state of disquietude. Father Rasle's War was then in progress, and the region from Fort Dummer to Springfield was more or less on the defensive. Hence his earliest recollections must have been tinged with tales of Indian warfare, and probably the experiences of his early manhood were such as fitted him for the prominent positions he filled so successfully in later years.

When the Falls Fight Township was projected in 1736, and a list of those entitled to a share in the new town returned by the committee, the claim of Nathaniel Alexander of Northfield was proven. Alexander was one of the soldiers under Capt. Turner, and personally applied for his allotment. He did not, however, see fit to give a settling bond, and John Burke, from Nathaniel Alexander's "ticket," drew home lot No. 9, and meadow lot No. 67. This is the first mention I find of him after reaching manhood's estate.

We can conjecture that his attention was turned to the new town in several ways. Thomas Alvord's name was on the list as being entitled to a share, and a generation or so before, the Burke and Alvord families had intermarried. The settlement of a new place offered then, as now, greater opportunities, in some ways, for a man to attain prominence, and in John Burke's character the traits of leadership must have been well developed.

Likewise in those days romance often figured, and who of to-day shall say that this may not have had an influence? The Sheldon families were going to the new place. Ebenezer, son of Lieutenant Ebenezer, and, with all due deference to our honored president's different opinion, the one whom I assume to have been the Deacon Sheldon of Huckle Hill "Sheldon Fort" fame, had an absorbing interest in Mary Hoyt, the daughter of one of my own ancestors, Lieut. Jonathan Hoyt. It later transpired that John Burke enter-

tained a kindred feeling for the second sister younger, Sarah Hoyt. Whatever may have been the factors that decided him, we find that, in the settlement of Fall Town, John Burke played a prominent part. His was the first house and fort built in town, in 1735 or early in the year 1739. This was also the largest of the four early forts, being six rods square and built of timber ten to twelve feet in length. The fort contained eight houses, large enough so that during the five years of Queen Anne's War,* it gave shelter to eight families, in all fifty persons.

Chronologically, his marriage should now be recorded. He had built his house and was ready for his bride, but of his wedding I can give but little. He was married December 6, 1740, to Sarah Hoyt, and, as is proverbial in cases of true love, so was it here exemplified. Often have I heard those of the older generation tell how "Old Major Burke stole his wife out of her chamber window," a story with which you are doubtless conversant.

His military career began with the Indian War of 1744. During this war John Burke was appointed sergeant, and one year had command of a fort and soldiers. During an attack on the Deacon Sheldon fort on May 9, 1746, according to Doolittle's narrative, although Governor Cushman places the event a year later, he was slightly wounded near the shoulder blade, there being but two men with him at the time. Their small numbers, however, did not prevent their repulsing the foe and mortally wounding two. During this struggle he was materially assisted by the efforts of his wife and Mrs. Caleb Chapin. He was first commissioned as ensign by Governor William Shirley, under King George II., March 1, 1747, "of a company of volunteers raised for His Majesty's service for the defence of the Western frontier." One of the last affrays of this war in which he figured was that of Hobbs' Fight, and is best told in his own words:

Wednesday, June 22, 1748. Weighed provision for ye event. Appointed 12 men to take ye Canoes to Fort Dummer. (they were then at No. 4) I made my Dogg Skin Shoes. Thursday, June 23, Capt. Hobbs set out on ye Scout with 42 men, officers included: marched to ye falls (probably Bellows Falls). Drew by ye Canoes, set 'em of at night. Campt at ye falls. Friday, June 24, set of for West River: Traveled 14 miles & campt. June 25. Traveled 6 miles on our corse. Came to West River. Traveled down ye river 2 miles. Killed a Cubb & Dind. 4 miles & came to ye South branch where we Catchd 8 Salmon. Traveled up ye branch 2 miles, Campt. Sunday June 26th. Traveled S. W. 6 miles & came to Small brook where we boiled our kettles & Jest as we began to eat ye enemy came upon us, our guard on ye back track Discovered ym before they fired; after they fired they ran upon us firing and shooting but we stood our ground. they continued firing 4 hours.

* Queen Anne's War ended in 1713. [Ed.]

ye Battle was hard, they killed Sam'l Gunn, Eben'r Mitchell & Ely Scott, wounded Daniel McKenney, Sam'l Graves, Nathan Walker & Ralph Rice: after ye Indians went off we Lay till night then gathered up our packs, took up ye Dead & wounded. Traveled of in ye Dark about 1-2 mile, buried ye Dead under old Loggs. Carried 2 of ye wounded. Traveled 1 1-2 miles & Campt. We are thoughtful ye enemy had no cause to bost, we had several fair shots and killed as many of yms as they of us. Tuesday, 28. Staid at Fort Dummer, in ye afternoon Catched 3 Salmon, sold ym at Vendue, Drank it in Punch. Sunday July 3. went to Meeting at Northfield. Mr. Ashley preached from 2 peter 1-5, "and besides this giving all diligence add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge."

August 14, 1754, he received a second commission as ensign in the first company in Fall Town, under command of Lieutenant Ebenezer Sheldon, Jr., Israel Williams, colonel. A commission dated March 29, 1755, by William Shirley, governor, gives him the rank of captain-lieutenant of a company of foot under command of Colonel Ephraim Williams, being part of the forces raised within this province for the defence and protection of his majesty's territories from the encroachments of the French at Crown Point, and upon the Lake Iroquois, commonly called by the French Lake Champlain, and for removing the encroachments already made there, of which forces Colonel William Johnson was commander-in-chief. In 1758, he was commissioned by "Thomas Pownal, Esq., Capt-General & Gov-in-chief, in & over His Majesty's Province of Mass. Bay in New England, and vice admiral of the same," as "Lieut. of the forces posted at Fall Town, Colerain, Charlemont, Northfield, Greenfield, Huntstown, Pontoosuck & Stockbridge," Colonel Israel Williams commander. In 1759, Governor Pownal commissioned him as captain of a company of foot, and in 1760, he raised him to the rank of major.

March 15, 1755, Commissary Williams charges the province for "15 lbs. of powder & 30 1-2 lbs. of lead & 3 doz. flints delivered to John Burke for Burke Fort & 19 gals. of rum delivered to Lieut. Burke for Sheldon's Fort." The summer of 1755 he spent on and about "Lake Sacrament, now called Lake George," and in a letter to his wife graphically described that battle. His diary covering the events of this campaign, portrays most vividly the experiences he underwent. Under date of July 31, 1755, he writes that his men went to Saratoga Fort and dug from the earth 1,114 cannon ball. The next day the men were obliged, some of them, to work in the water, which reached to their necks, and as a recompense were given one half pint extra allowance of rum.

He was present at the surrender of Fort William Henry, August 10, 1757, escaping from that massacre clad only in his "deer

skin breeches and his watch," while his reported losses included £328, 8*s.*, Continental currency, or about $50, and a tobacco box valued at £1.

Such was the military record of Major John Burke, prior to the Revolution. In that crisis he was ever a firm and unwavering friend of his country, for whose good he exerted a powerful influence. He did not enlist in the service, but took the more quiet part. In 1777, he was a member of the Committee of Correspondence, Inspection and Safety. September 8, 1778, the town voted that a company of thirty men, under command of Major John Burke — he then acting as captain — be ordered "to be ready, equipped with arms and ammunition, upon any emergency." From our acquaintance with Major Burke's character, we may be sure that he carried out the order so far as he was personally concerned, but if the "emergency" came, I have failed to find it on record.

His interest and usefulness were not confined to military affairs. In 1742 he was chosen as a member of the committee to lay out highways. It must have been not far from this date, surely, that he found an Indian lad along the banks of Fall River, which stream ran near his house, or rather fort. He took him into his family, giving him the name of John Harmon; taught him to read, write and work. But the Indian nature proved unchangeable. The boy, when grown, ran away from "Old Aquilise," as he called his would-be benefactor, and it is supposed that it was he who piloted the Indians who attacked Deacon Sheldon's fort as before mentioned.

In 1755 Major Burke was made surveyor of highways. He was selectman for the years 1776, 1777 and 1779, town treasurer for 1782, 1783 and 1784, assessor and collector for 1786. He was the town's first and only representative to the General Court for twenty-two years; a record equalled by few, if any. Bernardston did well to thus honor one of her founders, and one who had always done so much for her protection and advancement. He probably did more for the improvement of the town and for advancing its reputation than any other man. He went through all the regular grades of military office from that of corporal to that of major. And let it be remembered, a military title in those days was a mark of superiority.

There were five children born to this worthy couple, four daughters and a son. Mehitable, the third daughter, and so far as I

know, the only one who has living descendants, seems to have inherited the persistent qualities of her parents. Her mother at one time rather complainingly remarked that "Our Hitty would have John Slate," to which the sturdy father replied, perhaps with thoughts of his own younger days, "Well, Sarah Hoyt would have John Burke!" and "Hitty" became Mrs. John Slate, presumably with the sanction of her parents.

The latter part of Major Burke's life was passed as an innkeeper, and his sign, now in Memorial Hall, announced that "here was provided entertainment for man & beast."

In 1782 he built a new house near the site of the old fort on Burke Flat. After the house was raised an anthem was sung, the words being those of the thirteenth verse of the fourteenth chapter of Revelation, set to the tune "Judgment" anthem, as follows: "And I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me, Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth, yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Two years later he was called to rest. His death occurred at Deerfield, October 27, 1784, he being there attending a convention, and this imperfect record of his deeds is forthwith presented to you:

He was a man of sound, discriminating mind, of good education for the times, a judicious politician, a practical Christian, one of the pillars of the church and a man much beloved in private life. In short, as a man, as a soldier, as a statesman and as a Christian, he was eminent. And what higher eulogism can be pronounced upon any man!

FIELD MEETING—1897.

FIELD MEETING.

THE

POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,

MEETS WITH THE

VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY OF NORTHFIELD, MASS.

TO ASSIST IN THE DEDICATION OF STONES MARKING THE

HISTORICAL SPOTS IN THAT TOWN,

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1897.

HON. GEORGE SHELDON, President of the Day.

MORNING PROGRAM.

MUSIC.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME, By Rev. C. I. Schofield.

RESPONSE, By Hon. George Sheldon, President of P. V. M. A.

MUSIC.

PRAYER, By Rev. Geo. W. Solley.

REPORT ON MEMORIAL STONES, By Dr. N. P. Wood.

MUSIC.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS, By Rev. Geo. F. Piper.

MUSIC.

AFTERNOON PROGRAM.

MUSIC.

ADDRESSES, By Edwin D. Mead, Esq., Boston, Mass.; Herbert C. Parsons, Esq., Greenfield, Mass.; Judge H. H. Wheeler, Brattleboro, Vt., and others.

POEM, By Mrs. L. W. Eels, of Deerfield, Mass.

REPORT.

FIELD DAY — DEDICATION OF MEMORIAL STONES.

The Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association made, Wednesday, its quarter-century visit to Northfield, where, as guest of the Village Improvement Society, it held its annual field day and assisted in the dedication of stones marking historical spots in the town. The lawns of "The Old Dutton Homestead" furnished a beautiful place for the gathering, and indeed, an historical one, for the handsome large house was built in 1796, by Timothy Dutton, the first of four generations of Duttons who have lived there. It was the birthplace of Mrs. A. M. D. Alexander, the donor of the memorial stones, and is now known as the estate of the late Franklin Field. On the grassy lawn, facing the canvas-shaded speakers' stand, were rows of settees filled with visitors from far and near. Just in the edge of the orchard that skirts the lawn was the Northfield band, and under the brawny arms of two maples, larger and more beautiful than the dozens of other trees which shade the grounds, was a tuneful choir inclosing a little organ. A typical village fiddler and one of the old-time "singin'-skewl" masters were the leaders, and it did one's heart good to hear some of the ancient glees sung in the good old-fashioned way — erratically but feelingly. Both band and choir brightened the day much.

The attendance was large. People were present from Sunderland, Whately, Deerfield, Shelburne, Bernardston, Greenfield, Brattleboro and other towns.

The memorial stones formed the central theme of the day. These, it must be known, some of them rough boulders and others granite shafts, all appropriately inscribed, have been placed at various spots of more than ordinary interest in Northfield. The carrying out of this valuable work was made possible largely by the gifts of Mrs. Alexander. One of the speakers of the day — Dr. N. P. Wood — said that Mrs. Alexander believes that right in Northfield are sufficient historical data and picturesque setting for the working out of volumes of romance equal to "Betty Alden" or "Standish of Standish." This being the case and holding good equally to other towns of the county, it would seem well that the Pocumtuck Association at these, its field meetings, should present the historic data which it unearths in form attractive to the listener and to the reader, — not as a mass of dates and dry facts, for as Dr. Wood said, "An attractive writer of history is he who has a vivid imagination; who enlivens his dry and dignified facts with the rich coloring from romance, ballad and chronicle."

Rev. C. I. Scofield made the address of welcome. He said in part I have antipathy to that pretentious proverb that the nation is happiest which has no annals. This is a shallow and unphilosophical saying. Rather "to the stars through trouble." We are distinctly better to-day for the history we have made — for the hard side, which is the best side. We justly claim that our history and annal making compares with any history ever made on the earth. It does not serve so well the purpose of the great history writers, for it has few great, notable conflicts. It was a steady, hard push, a continued wearing away of lives in self-denial. This kind of history is peculiarly liable to oblivion. These heroes easily fade away. Hence honor to the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association. It is well that we have been inspired to mark the notable historical places in the valley.

George Sheldon of Deerfield, president of the Association, responded. He recalled the last meeting in Northfield, twenty-five years ago. Of the speakers but two are living. Prayer was made by Rev. G. W. Solley, pastor of the first church erected in the county — 1686. Dr. N. P. Wood made an interesting report on the memorial stones.

The morning exercises concluded with Rev. Mr. Piper's address. A collation was then served by the townswomen to their guests, and other visitors enjoyed a basket lunch.

The first speaker of the afternoon was Mr. Edwin D. Mead of Boston. He paid a most appreciative tribute to the beauties of the Connecticut Valley — which, he said, yet waits for its great poet. The Connecticut River is the queen of New England. We love the valley not chiefly for its beauty and fertility, but for what man has done for it. I thank God that I was born in New England and in this garden spot of it — this valley — the best place in the world to be born in. The only people without annals are savages and barbarians. The memorial society, when it works with intelligence, is one of the most valuable and sacramental of the world. Great memories make great hopes. It matters not how small the field, so that there be great thoughts and great lives. We cannot study this local life too deeply, especially those who are students of institutions. Rufus Choate's first printed essay is upon the desirability of having in New England a series of romances illuminating our history as do those of Walter Scott the period of which they treat. He singles out two periods which he wished thus to illumine: King Philip's War and the ten or twelve years before the Revolution — the time of Jonathan Mayhew and others in Europe. The first period is that which this town chiefly illustrates. Make local annals touch current history. We hear much these days about decay and revival of country towns. Here are subjects of greatest interest and moment. There are economic reasons for the changes — for the dwindling of towns. The factories and the fertile west are the chief

causes. I believe the abandonment has reached its high-water mark and that the coming half century will be of revival — not of decay. The young leave the towns because life there is so small and dull. All that helps to make people know that under these hard rocks there are ideals and things worth thinking about, has a tendency to hold young men. We must make the people think — stimulate the imagination — lift out of the unintellectual to interest in true life.

We hear much now of the hoodlum — that pest and devastation of the country towns. He is a dangerous fellow. We must work resolutely against him and set up counter-irritants against hoodlumism, and so the pettiness and laxity of country life — the natural soil of the hoodlum — shall go. Such monuments as these, when native and influential, exterminate hoodlumism — your fine new public library will be a grand, good power. It is an elegant building. The very greatest pledge in high things is the public library. These memorial monuments are pages in a great stone library. The first libraries were stone — the stone tablets were the books read by all men. Study romance, local institutions, but do not let the records of the people die. That simple, sturdy life — it is always refreshing to turn to and we love it. This history and life we love was set amid great beauty. But more than farm and mountain, remember the struggle of the people for democracy and liberty. We have to fight to-day, other slaves — not the old-day ones. Be as energetic and as quick to fight against the slavery of ignorance, rum, hoodlumism; the inequalities that so easily beset a community; and the slavery of the dollar. Our pride is not in our rich men, but in our noble ones.

These meetings that bring us more closely to the sturdy, serious past, giving a community something of consequence to talk about for a year to come, are sacramental. Any New England county could well afford to subsidize a man like George Sheldon for setting in operation forces which save thousands of dollars yearly on the jail bill and the lunatic asylum. Happily such men never need subsidizing. Their beneficent influence, like the rains of heaven, fall ever freely upon the just and the unjust.

Rev. Mr. Solley then read a poem by Mrs. L. W. Eels of Deerfield, and Robert Snow sang a solo.

Representative H. C. Parsons was then called upon.

He spoke of himself as a son of the old town whose presence on the program, to compare the past with the present, was always considered an essential of a Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association celebration. He dates his knowledge of the town just a century back, when he came with his grandfather as an emigrant from Connecticut; his grandfather to establish himself as a tanner and he to select the most favorable spot in the Connecticut valley, and for that matter, in the world, as a birthplace. The town had then 1,000 population, one of the larger

towns of the valley. Its condition was typical of the New England town of the end of the century — self-reliant and progressive. It included among its people a representative of about every useful trade — a clothier, a hatter, a shoemaker, a nail-maker, a cabinet-maker, a clock-maker, a jeweler, a saddler, two or three tanners, and it had three or more stores, supplied by boats on the Connecticut, and six taverns, supported by the travel on the main lines of stage travel. Professionally, it was equipped with five or six doctors, a single minister, and three lawyers of wide repute. The change the century has brought about is equally typical of New England towns, which have lost that self-reliance that was a consequence of the difficulties of communication with each other. They then made in their own little shops and produced on their own farms nearly all that was needed for their own use and comfort. It is at least an interesting question whether in losing this and coming into closer commercial relations with the rest of the world they have bettered their being. But it is certain that the conditions of living have vastly improved, and it is to be believed that with the greater ease and comfort has come a better intelligence and a finer, if less bold and striking, character.

Mr. Parsons spoke of the value of these historical gatherings and the fortune to any people to have an historical background, and the importance of preserving the historical connection — knowledge of the past, that the future may be more fruitful. The need in Massachusetts is to honor the beginnings and to maintain the old standards. They have already proved their virtue by withstanding changes in population which have gone so far that thirty per cent of her people are foreign born, while the school, the church, the government of town and State are substantially those established by the fathers. The best fruit of these annual gatherings will be the renewal of devotion to the ancient standards and institutions which have made New England strong and great.

Judge H. H. Wheeler of the United States District Court, whose name is familiar to many within the jurisdiction of New York, Connecticut and this State, was the next speaker. Judge Wheeler is a resident of Brattleboro, but is a native, like Mr. Mead, of Chesterfield. The judge spoke in his usual interesting way and was listened to with marked attention. He referred to the career of Captain Mellvin, first captain of the Northfield fort, and exhibited a combination sundial and compass, once the property of Captain Mellvin, which was found in a Vermont garden by some children a few years ago.

A letter was read from Dr. Henry D. Holton. H. C. Parsons displayed a cane made from the Old Oak under which the first religious services were held. It was given, in the rough, by Dr. Elijah Stratton to Historian Sheldon. A poem on "The Old Oak," by Miss Edith Callender of Northfield, was read:

LINES ON THE OLD OAK.

UNDER WHOSE SHADE THE FIRST PUBLIC RELIGIOUS SERVICES WERE HELD IN NORTHFIELD, IN 1673.

Here once a temple stood whose arches fair,
As the slow years expand,
Were wrought and lifted in the still blue air
By God's Almighty hand.

The bell that calls to worship rang its chime
Deep in the hearts of men,
And far across the solemn gulf of time
Its cadence falls again.

Gone is the glorious shaft that bore on high
Its dome of swaying green,
The worshipers that bowed beneath it lie
In distant graves unseen.

Yet He who built the temple evermore
Lifts up His Courts of Praise,
And all invites to learn His sacred lore
As in the ancient days.

May we who reap the sowing of the Past
Still in Thy strength confide,
And in Thy Universal Church at last,
Lord, may Thy people bide!

Other speakers were Joseph Mason of New Jersey, son of Rev. Thomas Mason, who lived in Northfield from 1800 to 1830. Mr. Mason gave interesting recollections of fifty years ago. Thanks were extended to Mr. Alexander and to the committee in charge of the meeting. To Charles W. Mattoon of Northfield is due credit for the floral decorations of the memorial stones and of the luncheon tables.

ADDRESS BY GEORGE SHELDON.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen of Northfield:

The cordial welcome extended by your representative to the Association over which I have the honor to preside, I am assured by a former experience will be the keynote to the exercises of this occasion.

It may be assumed that your invitations to our Association to assist at the dedication of memorials in Northfield have become a regular quarter-centennial affair. Twenty-five years ago, lacking four days, we were here to dedicate the monument on Pachaug Hill, in memory of Nathaniel Dickinson; and we shall make no engagement for the first two weeks in September, 1922, until we have heard from Northfield. Not all of us here to-day may respond to your invitation, but institutions continue while men drop out.

Of those in our Association who took part in the exercises of twenty-five years ago, but two remain. Of those who welcomed us the ranks have been seriously thinned. But we must keep green the memory of those who have fallen by the way, even as we strive to revive and perpetuate the memory of those who have wrought and suffered in the long, long ago.

Mr. Temple, the orator of the day in September, 1872, and my collaborator on the "History of Northfield," is gone. Mr. Munsel, who suggested and printed that history, is no more. Gone is your minister, Mr. Clark, and Deacon Field and Lorenzo Brown, all of whom made addresses. Gone, Miss Catlin, the poet, and Mr. Belden, the hospitable owner of the grove in which we met. I speak now, with one exception, of those only whose names were borne on the program of the occasion. The names of many others prominent at that meeting will rise at once to your lips and there must be sadness in the retrospect.

The mission of our Association, Mr. Chairman, seems to have been marked out in a large measure by circumstances. There is no word in our constitution referring to memorial monuments or town histories, but we were only a year old when called to dedicate a monument in memory of Moses Rice, a victim of savage assault in the last French War; and but two years old when we held dedicatory services over a memorial on the spot where your Nathaniel Dickinson met a similar fate. Our Association was not

instrumental in the erection of the first, and possibly not of the second; but our record in that direction can certainly be established from the date of the field meeting here in 1872. The marble column erected by a venerable citizen of Hinsdale, in memory of a tragic event in the old French War, was the direct result of words heard from the platform on that day, and an officer of our Association was consulted as to its erection, its site, its character and inscription. Another result of that meeting was the rediscovery, so to speak, and the restoration of the inscription on Belden's Rock, now happily preserved forever. It is also certain that the study of the "History of Northfield" and its publication grew out of that same meeting. So much we may modestly claim for our two-year-old in the new line of labor to which it had been called. I will not dwell upon our subsequent career which he who runs may read. How far the erection of the monuments we now meet to dedicate may be due to the influence of that meeting or that history, none can say but that public-spirited woman who has made this day's work possible, a woman to whom the citizens of Northfield and our Association will always owe a debt of gratitude. Long may she live to enjoy the work of her hands. Should her pious and patriotic example have its proper effect, and the ratio of increase continue, Northfield, before the next quarter-centennial meeting, will earn the name of the "Monumental town." After to-day it will, perhaps, have no rival in this field except Lexington and Concord.

Your children and your children's children will read the brief inscriptions cut upon the stones you now erect and they cannot fail to be incited thereby to a study of your local history — and local history is the true foundation of all history. The local events revealed in the recent explorations of buried Greece, Egypt and Babylon are to-day the center of historical interest throughout the whole civilized world. Men watch to see whether the newly discovered records confirm the ancient written accounts, or whether they compel their rewriting. When your descendants read that "on this plain Capt. Richard Beers and his men were surprised by the Indians, Sept. 4, 1675," they see the whole story of that bloody event epitomized. They get glimpses of the march, the ambush, the consternation, the slaughter, and the barbarous work of the red devils after the victory. To them it will be a slide which they will naturally seek to enlarge by the historical stereopticon.

"Here, enclosed by a stockade, the first settlement was made in 1673." How vividly these few words recall the four terrible days in September, 1675, and the dreadful condition of your ancestors, who were only separated from a horrible death by a single, feeble line of palisades. But, with the fate of their wives and little ones at stake, we see the few determined men within make it a sure refuge against the cowardly horde whooping and yelling around it. Weary and faint with watching and fighting, however, they must anxiously look each other in the face for encouragement and ask, How long can this siege be resisted? What hope of help from man? Could their condition be known to friends in the towns below? One company of soldiers sent to their relief had been annihilated at their very doors. They do not even know that one escaped to tell the tale, and they could only hope that the settlements below were not in the same condition as their own. Worn down by distressing anxiety, the foremost of the settlement lying dead upon the meadow to the west; with sickening fears of the result to their helpless ones, the brave hearts held on hour after hour, day after day, only sustained by their trust that the Lord of Hosts would in His good time show them His right hand. At last some watchful eye discovers evident confusion in the ranks of the besiegers; messengers are running to and fro among them, and soon after the savages sullenly disappear in the eastern swamps. A dead silence succeeds the shouting and the shooting. What could this change import? Had the prayers of the sufferers been heard, and was succor at hand? The besieged could not then know that the cause of the retreat of the enemy was because their scouts had discovered the approach of a company of English soldiers with their vanguard and flankers all on the alert. There was no chance for a surprise, and the Indians had never a stomach for an open fight. The exhausted men, improving the lull, sink upon the ground; their leader, meanwhile, keeps anxious watch, waiting the result. The stockade can now be approached from within in safety, and the wondering women, wild-eyed and worn, peer longingly through the loopholes on its southern side. Soon a joyful sound thrills every heart, and every muscle tingles with new strength. "They are coming! They are coming!" Major Treat and his troopers are in sight. The gates are opened. The besieged are saved, after death had stared them in the face for four days and four nights.

One has truly said of Major Treat that during the trying times

of Philip's War, he had a genius for being in the right place at the right time. Witness his relief of Captain Moseley at Bloody Brook, September 18, 1675; his raising the siege of Springfield in its extremity, October 5; his appearance at Hatfield, October 19; his saving of Northampton, March 14, 1676, from the hands of the horde which left Northfield on the 12th, confident of its destruction. In each instance Major Treat appeared unexpectedly and, as Mather says, "Just in the nick of time."

Men and women of Northfield, the name and memory of Robert Treat must be very dear to you. Some day the inscription quoted above may have an addendum to this effect: "Settlers snatched from the jaws of death by Major Treat, September 6, 1675."

Mr. Chairman, the greeting given Major Treat by your ancestors two hundred and twenty-two years ago last Monday, when the gates were opened to receive him, we leave the imagination to picture. The warm welcome their descendants have extended to us to-day we know and appreciate, but would not this welcome have been more ardent had the people of Northfield known that among us, and of us, and now seated upon this platform, was a lineal descendant of that same Major Robert Treat, their deliverer?

[The speaker here paused and introduced Rev. George W. Solley of Deerfield, who was received with cheers. Ed.]

Some six months after the departure of Major Treat with the survivors of the first settlement, two other notable persons appeared on the stage, of whom I would — without trenching on the grounds of the orator of the day — like to say a few words. Had the descendants of either of them been among us, they, too, would have been brought along. The first is Mary Rowlandson, whose varied and romantic career can rarely be paralleled, even in the realm of fiction. We see her the honored wife of the minister of Lancaster, the mother of his four children, easily the "first lady" of the town; then besieged by Indians and brought to straits like your ancestors, but no Major Treat appeared for her relief. Forced to choose between a sure death in the flames roaring over her head and a shower of bullets at the door, one of which wounded herself and the child in her arms; now a prisoner in the hands of a savage, and forced to march and sleep in the February snow, "Torn by the bullet's smart, whereof the self-same stroke was draining low her wailing infant's heart," whose lifeless form was soon torn from her arms and carried she knew not whither; now the servile slave to an Indian princess, the

haughty Weetemo, to whom she had been presented, a gift from her husband, the fiery Quinapin; later a guest at the table of King Philip, and again a fashioner of garments for his children. Meanwhile she was kept alive only by food too vile to be thought of.

Mrs. Rowlandson arrived at Squakheag, March 8, 1676, and her narrative — one of the most interesting and instructive to be found — gives the only contemporary account known of the events occurring in this region at that critical period. Neither Hubbard, nor Mather, nor the later writers of the day throw one ray of light on the affairs occurring at Northfield, the headquarters of the confederate forces of the enemy in the spring of 1676.

Mrs. Rowlandson was in this region about five weeks, during which time she writes her observations and her "removes." I have called attention to Mrs. Rowlandson with an especial purpose. If our orator does not take the matter up I would urge the study of her narrative as an excellent basis for local antiquarian research; that an attempt be made in a close study of her "Relation" and the topography of this vicinity, to fix the site of some of the scenes and events she described. In her interviews with Philip, Mrs. Rowlandson gives some fine points in the character of that notable personage not to be found elsewhere. We can but lament that her notes had not been ten times more voluminous. Here and there we catch glimpses of the children of Philip only to be seen through her eyes, and also of the royal but unfortunate sisters, Weetemo, Queen of Pocasset, and Wotonekanuske, wife of Philip. We get some inside views of life among the higher ranks of the natives, and more of the daily life and character of the rank and file. To one in pursuit of knowledge of this character no work of less pretension or of more real value can be found than the brief narrative of Mary Rowlandson.

I would like, on this occasion, to say something to the younger part of this audience about the traditions concerning "Philip's Hill." I have recently talked with a young man who had as a relic a splinter which he took from the stump of "King Philip's Tree;" another person has shown me a piece of bark taken from the trunk. The story they tell is that this tree, an ancient pine, was hollow, and afforded a secure hiding place for Philip when hard pressed by his enemies. These collectors, I suppose, never thought to consider this proposition: If a pine tree was old and decayed enough to form a hollow so large that it could hide a man two hundred and twenty-five years ago, what chance is there that the whole tree and

its stump and roots should not have turned to dust and ashes a hundred years ago? You all know that of such a tree nothing could be left to those of this generation but a tradition.

Did the collector of relics from this tree know more of the Indian and his methods of warfare, it would occur to him that such a place of concealment, in case of an attack, would be the most unlikely place in the world to which an Indian would resort. Were he acquainted with the campaign of the spring of 1676, the only time Philip was known to be here, he would have learned that during the few weeks that the enemy was in this quarter not a hostile Englishman came near, so that he had no occasion for hiding.

This same young man told me the tradition of a camp fortified by Philip on this hill, and said the remains of the ditch were still to be seen.

I may be called an iconoclast by those who prefer a romantic tradition to substantial fact; but this will not trouble me in the least, so I will call the young man's attention to the fact that in Indian fortification the ditch or moat and the rampart were never used. The Indian mode of defence was copied by the English settlers, and was the same used by your ancestors in fortifying their settlement in 1673. It consisted of a single line of stakes or posts set closely together in a trench and bound to each other by a horizontal fastening near the top. This line was called a stockade or palisade, and the posts, stockadoes or palisadoes, indiscriminately, and often the enclosure itself, was called a stockade. Sometimes in permanent Indian towns a double row of stockades was used, as at the "Mohawk castles." The Indian had a faint glimmering of the use of the moat, rampart and curtain when he fortified a rising ground in the midst of a watery swamp, but he never dug a ditch or raised a dyke or parapet. The English usually inclosed a square or a parallelogram, and improved on the native fortification by adding a sort of bastion at the corners diagonally opposite, which they called a mount; this was elevated and served as well for a watch tower.

The remains of a ditch on Philip's Hill is easily accounted for without the tradition. In the earlier days there were no enclosed pastures for confining live stock. The cultivated fields, instead, were fenced in and the cattle fenced out to roam at will in the surrounding wild lands. Intervales or meadows were selected by the first comers, divided by lot, and enclosed by a fence at common expense. Bennett's meadow was thus enclosed. If it required

more fence to go around the point of a promontory than to go across it, the fence ran across and the promontory was enclosed with the meadow. Now as to the remains of the moat or ditch on Philip's Hill—can that be accounted for? We read in the old English classics that:

> Honest John Tompkins, a hedger and ditcher,
> Although he was poor, didn't want to be richer.

If this be considered a general statement and honest John a representative man, this declaration of his contented state of mind may, perhaps, be considered doubtful. John Tompkins, or his representative, emigrated to New England, and why but to better his fortune? Here was a virgin field for his occupation. There was not a hedge or ditch in all the broad land, and John Tompkins found his services in demand. I have seen the remains of his work in a hundred places; have helped to destroy some of it, and still hold some of it on my own land; and although a heavy burden of timber was cut off thirty-five years ago and a new growth covers the land, the work of honest John Tompkins is as clearly defined as when finished one hundred and fifty or one hundred and seventy-five years ago. At that time barbed wire had not come into general use,* and the ditch was reckoned the cheapest and most enduring of fences. It was dug some three feet deep and as many wide; the earth all thrown out on one side made a dyke nearly or quite as high; on the top of this, John Tompkins, much to his disgust, was obliged to build a structure of stakes and poles or brush, instead of the trim hedge of his native land. Is it not clear, my young friend, that what you see on Philip's Hill is the work of honest John Tompkins, and not that of a fort which King Philip never built? If you ask—as well you may—why the old tradition was followed in the "History of Northfield," I reply, the author is now twenty-five years older in the business, that year by year new fields for research are opened, that the honest seeker after truth is constrained by the new observations, and if, in consequence, new conclusions are reached, he cannot, for consistency's sake, abide by old errors, and that one is indeed a poor student in history, theology, philosophy or science, who has nothing new to show for the splendid opportunity for observation and study offered during the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

* [For the benefit of later generations I will state that this kind of a fence was invented about the middle of the nineteenth century. Ed.]

POEM.

BY MRS. L. W. EELS OF DEERFIELD.

Roll back the centuries that lie
 Between the earliest dawn,
Our infant nation's struggling life,
 And this, its latest morn.

And with reverent footsteps tread
 Again the hallowed soil,
Bought with life-blood sacrifice,
 Suffering and toil.

And ne'er was fairer heritage
 From sire to son bequeathed,
And never 'round historic name
 A purer fame enwreathed.

Their children's pledge of loyalty
 Is homage they would pay,
The tribute of their grateful hearts,
 On this memorial day.

And monuments on wooded hill
 And verdant plain shall tell
Where these heroic hands have wrought,
 And where her heroes fell;

Where palisades, to guard their homes
 From lurking, savage foes,
And where, on this historic ground,
 The statelier fortress rose.

Beneath the shadow of the "Oak,"
 On consecrated sod,
Our fathers left "what there they found,
 Freedom to worship God."

They builded for ages yet to come,
 Far better than they knew,
And on the corner stone they laid,
 A mighty nation grew.

Their proudest monument shall be
 Our country's flag unfurled.
The gleam of its starry folds the sign
 Of freedom for the world.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON MEMORIAL STONES.

BY N. P. WOOD, M. D.

Northfield has a history. It has a written history which gives a record of almost two and a quarter centuries.

It is an important fact that the inhabitants of this beautiful old town have had a voice and influence in the growth of this country; in the shaping of its institutions and in the development of its civilization during all the time, save fifty-three years, since the landing of the Mayflower at Plymouth Rock. And it is a somewhat singular fact, worthy of passing notice, that as the pilgrim fathers came to Plymouth because of their religious zeal and convictions, Northfield to-day has become the Mecca for thousands of people inspired by the same motives. As I have already said, Northfield has a written history, but as there has been issued only a single edition, limited in the number of its volumes, such a record is available to very few people only. Of the many thousand visitors who come here yearly it is safe to say that scarcely a score know anything of the early history of this town; when and by whom the first settlement was made; whether or not the first settlers took any considerable part in the early conflicts for civilization in this Connecticut Valley, and whether these first settlers have descendants still living here. That a few prominent facts answering briefly such inquiries in a way that "He who runs may read," these memorial stones, which we are this day to dedicate, have been erected.

A lady, a life-long resident of Northfield, a direct descendant of an early settler, and whose husband descended in direct line from one of those brave men who came here in 1673, has been for many years intensely desirous that spots of interest connected with the settlement and growth of this town should be marked in an appropriate and enduring manner.

This lady is fond of her native town, proud of its history and of its rural beauty, and she believes that right here in Northfield are enough historical data out of which could be wrought, by the aid of an artist, volumes of romance equal to "Betty Alden" or "Standish of Standish."

And so through her desire and persistency these memorial stones

are erected. It was her public spirit which first conceived, and her generous purse which finally gave form to these memorial offerings.

As I have been asked to give a history of this work, I will make the following statement: Sometime during the winter of 1895–96 the donor said to me, "Cannot some action be taken at our next March meeting looking toward the formation of a Village Improvement Society by means of which the beauty of our street shall be improved and a beginning toward marking spots of historical interest be made?" Accordingly the following article was inserted in the warrant for the town meeting of March 2, 1896:

"Art. 7. To see if the town will vote leave to the citizens to form a Village Improvement Society and act thereon."

At said meeting such leave was voted with the proviso that whatever things were done by such a Village Improvement Society should have the approval of the selectmen. Now was the opportunity for this desire of the donor to take shape, and it did so. On May 6, 1896, the Northfield Village Improvement Society was organized with the following officers: J. M. Clapp, president; Rev. Geo. F. Piper, vice-president; S. E. Walker, secretary; N. P. Wood, treasurer.

These officers with the following named persons were constituted an executive committee: viz., Rev. C. I. Scofield, E. S. Bardwell and W. J. Wright.

The donor immediately sought a conference with this committee and proposed that they proceed to erect stones appropriately inscribed to mark the following spots: viz., the site of the first settlement; of the first fort; of the first religious services held in Northfield; of the place of battle where Capt. Richard Beers and his company were surprised by Indians, September 4, 1675; of the grave of Captain Beers; of a fort built in 1686 near the residence of the late Henry W. Webster, and of "Council Rock." The donor agreed to pay the expense of this work.

The committee, after several consultations, matured the following plan. They thought it more appropriate to mark some spots with granite shafts and some with natural boulders. It was also thought best to place upon one stone the inscriptions to mark the first settlement, the first fort and Council Rock, as the first fort was within the stockade inclosing the first settlement, and Council Rock was near by. The committee soon discovered that the wording of inscriptions for such memorial stones is no easy task. It was

finally voted by the committee that Rev. Geo. F. Piper should draft inscriptions to be submitted to the whole committee for their approval. Such inscriptions were presented to a joint committee from the Village Improvement Society and the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association. The result of this committee's deliberation is as follows: On the stone erected in front of John Morgan's lot the inscriptions read, "Here enclosed by a stockade the first settlement in the town was made in 1673." "Nine rods west, a fort was built in 1685; rebuilt in 1722." "Eight rods south stood Council Rock."

On a boulder near the Henry W. Webster place the inscription reads: "On this lot a fort was built in 1686; rebuilt in 1722." On the granite shaft on Beers Plain the inscription reads: "On this plain Capt. Richard Beers and his men were surprised by Indians, Sept. 4th, 1675." On the boulder at the south end of Main Street the inscription reads: "Here under a large oak, standing until 1869, the first religious services were held in this town in 1673." On the granite slab in front of the Samuel Merriman house the inscription reads: "The grave of Capt. Richard Beers, killed by Indians near this spot, Sept. 4th, 1675."

Many other spots of equal importance and interest ought to be marked in a like manner, as for example, the rendezvous of King Philip and his warriors a part of the winter of 1675–76. His fortifications of the place are plainly visible to-day. [See ante, p. 445. Ed.]

The place where Nathaniel Dickinson and Asahel Burt were killed by Indians, April 15, 1747, is already marked by a granite shaft erected by one of his great-grandsons. It is certainly to be hoped that this work, so well begun, will cause either public or private enterprise to mark all other spots of like interest.

In the history of our state or nation these facts are not important in the sense that battles, sieges, and senates are important. But they are important in that they help to elucidate the condition of society and the struggles for civilization at that time.

He who would understand the progress of our national growth and civilization must not confine his observations to congresses and solemn days. He must see ordinary men in their ordinary business and in their ordinary pleasures. He must mingle with the crowd and know of the ordinary struggles of humanity. An attractive writer of history is he who has a vivid imagination; who enlivens his dry and dignified facts with the rich coloring from

romance, ballad, and chronicle. Such an one writing the history of our country would assuredly not omit Bunker Hill and Lexington, Yorktown and Appomattox. Nor would he fail to mention the Declaration of Independence or the Emancipation Proclamation. But with these he would intersperse the details which are the charm of historical romance.

He would consider no small beginnings, no anecdote, no familiar saying, as too insignificant for his notice, which marks our national progress and civilization. Macaulay tells us that "at the Lincoln Cathedral there is a beautiful painted window which was made by an apprentice out of a piece of glass which had been rejected by his master. It is so far superior to every other in the church, that, according to tradition, the vanquished artist killed himself from mortification." In like manner has Jane G. Austin used many fragments of truth which historians have scorned, in a way which well may excite their envy. She has constructed out of their gleanings works which even considered as histories are scarcely less valuable than theirs.

Let me quote from Macaulay again: "While historians are practicing all the arts of controversy they miserably neglect the art of narration, the art of interesting the affections and presenting pictures to the imagination."

The writers of history seem to entertain an aristocratic contempt for the writers of memoirs. They think it beneath the dignity of men who describe the revolutions of nations to dwell on the details which constitute the charm of biography.

The most characteristic and interesting circumstances are omitted or softened down because, we are told, they are too trivial for the majesty of history. The majesty of history seems to resemble the majesty of the poor King of Spain who died a martyr to ceremony because the proper dignitaries were not at hand to render assistance. And so these bits of history carved on quarried granite and natural boulder, if all the circumstances connected with them are carefully searched, can be made the corner stones upon which a builder of historical romance can construct volumes like "Standish of Standish" or "Ivanhoe." A "Miles Standish" or a "Black Knight" may not be found, but heroes and heroines will not be wanting if only the legitimate imagination is active in its use of undoubted historical data.

At the centennial celebration recently held in Nashville, Tenn., President McKinley said in the course of a speech that it is an

important fact, worthy of commemorating in a fitting and enduring manner, that a commonwealth had reached its hundredth birthday. He further said that it was time to set historical landmarks and carefully treasure historical legend and lore.

This is doubly true of a locality two hundred and twenty-four years old. It is important because all historical beginnings are important. It is important if we and future generations wish to study the progress of American civilization in this beautiful valley of the "Winding and willow fringed Connecticut."

The children in our common schools will have an added interest and zest in the study of home history, if in their daily walks they shall see carved in enduring stone texts for their daily lessons. And, finally, the sight of these stones in our daily lives here will generate in the minds and hearts of all good citizens increased respect for and devotion to this beautiful old town which is the home of so many and the birthplace of more.

Let me add in closing that we all unite in conferring deserved respect and honor upon the donor, Mrs. A. M. D. Alexander.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

BY REV. GEORGE F. PIPER.

Assembled here to dedicate stones erected as memorials of important events in the early history of this ancient town, it is appropriate that a sketch of that history be given with special reference to the conflicts with the Indians which here took place and hints at the causes of those conflicts. Such a sketch must relate much that is familiar to some who hear me. Twenty-five years ago a Field Meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association was held here and a monument a little more than a mile north of where we are assembled, dedicated to Nathaniel Dickinson and Asahel Burt, who were killed and scalped by the Indians on the 15th of April, 1747. At that meeting an address was delivered by Rev. J. H. Temple of Framingham, devoted to the three successive settlements of the town, to the encounters here with red men and to the ancestry of Nathaniel Dickinson. Two years later Mr. Temple, in connection with Hon. George Sheldon, then and now president of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, gave to the world a history of Northfield, which has received the highest praise

from those best qualified to judge of its merits. It would be idle for a novice like myself, busy with other thoughts and other things, or indeed for any one, to attempt to improve on the work of these enthusiastic and painstaking students of local history, or to describe in a minute way in an address of reasonable length for an occasion like this, the many thrilling events which have here occurred. I trust, however, that I shall be able to present in a manner not unworthy of your attention, a comprehensive view of the struggles which went on here with but little interruption for ninety years, and of the part which they formed of still greater struggles in the New World and the Old.

In 1669 explorers came here from Northampton and found the conditions favorable for a new town. They learned that the soil was rich and in other respects adapted to the wants of new settlers, that the number of Indians was small and their fortunes waning, and that they were ready to sell their lands to the white men. Two years later a petition signed by thirty-three persons was sent to the General Court setting forth that they found themselves straitened in the work of promoting Christ's kingdom, that they had their eyes on a place which the Indians called Squakheag, that the place was nearly deserted, and those that remained anxious to sell their lands either to the French or the English, that it would be unfortunate if they were to sell to the French, that the longer settlement was delayed there the worse, and that the petitioners ask liberty and encouragement to purchase a plantation. This petition the magistrates refused to grant, but the following year it was renewed and a convenient quantity of land for a village at Squakheag granted on condition that twenty able and honest householders settle upon the place within eighteen months, and that they engage to take due care to provide for and maintain the preaching of the Word. A formal grant was made of a tract of land of the contents of six miles square to be laid out not above eight miles in length by the river side. A farm of three hundred acres was reserved for the use of the country and a committee of five appointed to lay out the plantation, admit inhabitants, grant lands and order the affairs of the village. A large tract of land lying on both sides of the river had already been bought of Massemet for an unknown sum, and another large tract lying entirely on the west side of the river and north of the land which Massemet had sold was purchased for two hundred fathoms of wampum.

In the spring of 1673 the first settlers, consisting of sixteen families, the most of them from Northampton, came here, built a cluster of log huts with thatched roofs near the southerly end of what is now Main street and surrounded it by a stockade, which is believed to have been about forty rods long and thirty rods wide. Before winter a little meeting-house was built, the shade of a large oak which stood until 1869, serving as a place of worship during the first summer.

Think for a moment of the loneliness of this little hamlet and of the contrast which it presents to the Northfield of to-day, with its churches, its schools, its railroad and postal facilities, its telegraph and its telephone, its commodious and convenient dwellings, its magnificent shade trees, its public library, and a hundred things besides which promote human enjoyment, advancement and welfare. Deerfield, the nearest settlement, was sixteen miles away. Hadley, the next nearest, was thirty miles. Brookfield was forty-five miles distant, Lancaster sixty, Groton sixty-five, and an unbroken wilderness lay between those little villages of two or three score families each and this. To the west no habitation of white men was to be found until Albany was reached, more than a hundred miles away; while to the north it was not until one had journeyed through the forest to the St. Lawrence valley that white settlements were to be found, and these were of whites of another race, another nation and another religion. Thus cut off from the rest of the world the first white settlers here carried on their arduous work for more than two years with a good degree of success. Their relations with the few Indians remaining in this region were friendly and mutually helpful. They enjoyed what must have been no slight privilege to a little band of religious men and women deprived of so many temporal blessings, the spiritual ministrations of one of their number, Elder William Janes. But this state of things was not to last. No sooner had the third summer passed than the storm of war suddenly broke upon the little village. It was a part of that fierce resistance of barbarism to civilization known in history as Philip's War. For fifty years, after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth in 1620 there was peace between the increasing number of English settlers and the aboriginal inhabitants of New England,—the only important exception being the Pequot War in 1637. It is easy to see, however, that this state of things was destined sooner or later to come to an end. The colonists as Puritans looked upon the red men as heathen, de-

spised of God and fit only to be despised of men. As Englishmen they felt their superiority to the other nations of Europe even, and it was impossible that they should regard the savages in the wilds of America as in any respect their equals. As members of the Anglo-Saxon race they had an insatiable thirst for land, and this would at some time lead them to crowd the old owners of the soil within uncomfortable limits, if not actually to encroach on their rights. On the other hand, the natives were naturally jealous, bloodthirsty and revengeful. They delighted in war and were ready to engage in it on the slightest provocation. At length war broke out. It began at Swanzey, on the eastern shore of Narragansett Bay, under the leadership of Philip, chief of the Wampanoags, who for twelve years had plotted against the colonists and threatened their destruction. Swanzey was destroyed on the 24th of June, 1675. An attack on Taunton was made next. Middleboro and Dartmouth were burned shortly after. July 12th an attack was made on Mendon, and Brookfield was attacked and partially burned on the 2d of the next month. On the 1st of September Deerfield became the scene of slaughter, and the day following Northfield was assailed and eight men at work in the fields, unaware of their danger, were slain. On that day news of the assault on Deerfield reached Hadley, the headquarters of military operations, and a detachment of soldiers, consisting of Capt. Beers and thirty-six men, was sent to Northfield, for the safety of which there was deep concern. A point about three miles south of the village was reached on the evening of September 3d. After camping here for the night, Capt. Beers again began his march. As he was carelessly advancing, a horde of Indians, who had been lying in ambush, suddenly fell upon him and opened a murderous fire. His men, who at first were thrown into confusion, soon rallied and made a brave fight on the plain which now bears the name of their commander. They found, however, that the force against which they had to contend was too powerful, and when twenty of their own number had been slain, retreated to a spur of what is now known as Beers Mountain, where a final stand was made in a narrow ravine, which afforded a slight protection from the enemy's assaults. Here the brave captain fell, and the remnant of the little band, seeing that the day was lost, returned to Hadley with all possible speed. The next day Major Treat, with more than one hundred men, set out for Northfield and reached its terror-stricken village on the following morning. It was evident that nothing re-

mained but to abandon the place, and all the inhabitants were at once brought to Hadley. The Indians then burned the buildings and the stockade that enclosed them, and the first settlement here was at an end.

The war, of which the destruction of Northfield forms but a single scene, continued nearly a year longer. On the 18th of September, Captain Lothrop and his company of picked men from Essex County were massacred at Bloody Brook, in the southerly part of Deerfield, only six or seven of them escaping to tell the tale. Lancaster, Sudbury, Chelmsford and Marlboro were among the towns which suffered violence from the Indians. On the 19th of May, 1676, they were defeated at Turners Falls, on the 30th of the same month at Hatfield, and on the 12th of June at Hadley. On the 12th of August, Philip was killed at Bristol, R. I., by a bullet shot through his heart, and the war of which he may justly be regarded as the leading spirit was ended. But it should be borne in mind that although he was the prime instigator of the war, it would be a mistake to suppose that he was the only cause, and equally as great a mistake to suppose that he was present at all or even a considerable number of the scenes of bloodshed and burning, which render the years 1675 and '76 the darkest in the annals of New England.

In 1682 a movement was made for the resettlement of Northfield. The General Court, on petition of the original proprietors, filled the three vacancies existing in the committee of five; in the following year this committee proceeded to settle various rights and claims which in consequence of death, forfeiture and alienation, required their attention. In the spring of 1685 about twenty families came here and built a sawmill, a gristmill and what Rev. Mr. Hubbard calls "convenient houses." In the same year a fort was built just south of where Mr. John Morgan's house now stands, and land was reserved for a burying ground on Meadow Hill, the site of our principal cemetery to-day. Early in the year 1686 a fort was built on the height of land south of Mill Brook, and a new deed of the tract of land between Mill Brook and Miller's Brook obtained from the Indians. The year following purchase was made of a large tract of land north of Mill Brook, comprising all of Nawelet's remaining possessions. The village, as laid out at this settlement of the town, consisted of between thirty and forty lots on a street ten rods wide, corresponding to our present Main street. That the new settlers were public-

spirited and somewhat prosperous may be inferred from the fact that at the annual town meeting in February, 1688, they "voted to gather a rate of forty pounds five shillings to be levied on grants of meadow lands for to build a Meetinghouse and a bridge over Mill Brook." It is not probable that these projects were carried out, although Rev. Warham Mather was sent here to be minister for half a year, and his salary of fifteen pounds paid after the lapse of a dozen years, by the General Court. About this time a fort was built near what is now the corner of Main and Meadow streets, and at the southerly end of the main street a small garrison house was built. The turn which things now took showed that forts and garrisons were not superfluous.

James II. had annulled the colonists' charters in 1686 and sent over the despotic Sir Edmund Andros to rule New England as Governor General. Conflicts arose between Gov. Andros and the people and both the civil and military branches of government became less efficient in consequence. The French authorities in Canada naturally took advantage of the disturbed condition of things and instigated the Indians to attack the frontier settlements. On the 16th of August, 1688, a party of Indians, hired by the Canadian authorities to kill and scalp friendly Indians and whites, fell upon families living near Mill Brook and murdered three men, two women and a girl about fifteen years of age. Protest was made by Governor Andros to the Governor of Canada, but only an equivocal reply was returned.

In November, by order of Andros, a company of sixty men was sent here from Hartford. The company remained through the winter, affording sufficient protection to the inhabitants against Canadian savages, but at the same time proving an almost intolerable burden to the fifteen families left here by eating up their substance, since the government had no commissary department from which to furnish food. A petition to the General Court in June, 1689, recounts the dangers that beset the twelve families, which were all that then remained of the little settlement, and the burdens which they had to bear. Many who had settled with them had left the place, yet kept the lands which by agreement were not to be theirs until they had dwelt upon them four years. They were "exposed to the rage of the heathen," and the remoteness of the place invited them to prey upon it. Not only did the hardships unavoidable in a new place fall upon them, but their estates had been exhausted by maintaining a garrison of soldiers and being

kept from labor. They had to bear the burdens of watching, warding, fencing and highways. Their wives and children were ready to sink with fears. They had no "soul food" and saw no likelihood of attaining any. They were ready to abandon all and leave the place wholly to the enemy if the court so ordered, but begged that if they stayed those that had deserted the place be compelled to come back and dwell with them or relinquish their lands to others that would come and that such as came be compelled to take lots next to those already inhabited. In answer to this petition a committee was appointed to act at their discretion. Squads of soldiers were sent for short periods to garrison the place, and early in November the General Court, in conformity to a report of the committee, ordered that those who had deserted the place should return within four months, or provide sufficient men to bear arms in their stead, and that in case of failure to comply with this order their lands should be disposed of by the committee. But it was too late to improve the condition of the little settlement here on the borders of civilization. The prospect for this and all the frontier towns continued to darken. Although the revolution of 1688 had driven James II. from the throne and William and Mary had accepted the crown; although the people of Boston on the 18th of April, 1689, had seized Andros and restored Simon Bradstreet, the old governor, to power, and these changes were favorable, war between France and England seemed inevitable, and war between these nations meant the instigation of Indians by the Canadian authorities to commit depredations on English settlements all along our northern and western borders. It was evident that the doom of the settlement here was sealed, and in June, 1690, the County Court ordered "that all the inhabitants of Northfield that have any corn or other provisions, viz.: hogs, horses, cattle, etc., do transport it down within the space of six or eight days; and that which after said time aforesaid fixed, is yet to fetch, order will be given for fetching it down for the use of the country, except what is taken to pay carters or horsemen, except what the authorities see cause to return to the owners."

There were two general causes of strife between the early settlers of New England and the native population. The first is found in the jealousy and sense of wrong which the red man felt at seeing the constant advance of the white man upon territory which had been for ages all his own. It mattered not that he was adequately paid for his lands, that the right to hunt and fish

was reserved to him, that decided advantages accrued to him from contact with the new inhabitants, and that as a rule their treatment of him was honorable; still they were an annoyance to him; a new civilization and another race were gradually invading his rights, restraining his liberties and acquiring his possessions. Fierce passions, in consequence, were kindled in his breast, and those passions found vent in that desperate onslaught known as Philip's War. By that war, which resulted at length in signal defeat, and in which Philip lost his life, those passions were smothered. But a new cause of strife between the red man and the English colonists arose and continued long. In this conflict the Indian was only an accessory, a tool in the hands of the French. It was a struggle between the French and English for possession — for supremacy in the Western world — and in this struggle the Indians were employed by the French to cripple the English and gain advantage over them. All the principal attacks made by the Indians on the New England settlements from 1686 to 1760 are to be traced to this cause.

After the second abandonment of Northfield in 1690, no further attempt was made to settle the place for twenty-three years. Those years were nearly all disturbed by war between France and England; King William's War having begun in 1690 and continued until 1698, and Queen Anne's War having begun in 1702 and continued until 1713. The dangerous condition of our frontier towns during these wars is illustrated by two events which are familiar to all. On the 7th of July, 1693, a party of twenty-six Indians from Canada killed and plundered several families in Brookfield and fled with captives and a large amount of booty towards the north. On the 29th of February, 1704, a combined force of two hundred French and one hundred and forty-two Indians, fell upon Deerfield, destroyed the town, killed thirty-eight of its inhabitants and nine soldiers belonging to a relief party sent from Hatfield and Hadley, and took captive one hundred and twelve persons, of whom two escaped, twenty-two were killed or perished on their way to Canada, and only sixty returned to their friends.

No wonder that with such events occurring not far away the third settlement of Northfield was delayed until peace seemed to be established between the two rival nations for some time to come.

On the 30th of March, 1713, Queen Anne's War was brought

to an end by the treaty of Utrecht. In the autumn of the same year a petition was sent to the General Court of Massachusetts by the surviving proprietors of the Northfield lands which had so long lain waste, asking for a revival of the former grant and for the appointment of a committee to take charge of the place. In response to this petition a committee was appointed on the 17th of February, 1714, "to state the place of the town upon small lots so as it may be made defensible, grant out allotments, & order their prudentials, & what else is necessary for their establishment, *Provided* alway that forty families be settled there within three years next ensuing, & that they provide a learned orthodox minister to settle among them." Eight families came here in 1714, one in 1715, and six in 1716. In June, 1716, the General Court ordered that ten men be sent here to garrison the place. In October of that year, the committee for the town ordered "that a house about sixteen foot long & twelve foot wide be forthwith built in Northfield for the accommodation of a minister," and Mr. James Whitmore, a graduate of Yale College, was engaged to carry on the work of the ministry here for half a year, the committee agreeing "to give him for his encouragement twenty-five pounds, to subsist him, & to keep his horse." In this year a gristmill was built, which relieved the inhabitants of the necessity of carrying their corn and grain to Hadley and bringing back meal and flour. In 1717 the committee issued an order declaring all prior grants of land not settled this year to be void, and as a result many non-residents owning lands here sold them to persons wishing to become actual settlers. In this year a sawmill was built. Mr. Benjamin Doolittle of Wallingford, Ct., was also engaged to preach for the winter. The next year offered new evidences of permanence and prosperity. On the 18th of March it was agreed to build a meetinghouse forty-five feet long, thirty feet wide and eighteen feet between joints. The General Court, on the 27th of June, granted the sum of forty pounds, to be improved by the committee for Northfield, towards the support of the ministry in that place. The meetinghouse was completed by the 1st of August. On the 5th of that month, at a legal town meeting, Mr. Doolittle was called to settle in the ministry. Early in September he was ordained. A more suitable house was provided for him than the sixteen by twelve one built for Mr. Whitmore. He was to have a convenient home lot, fifty acres of swamp and meadow land, and ten acres of pasture. He was to have one hundred

pounds in money or province bills as a settlement, and his salary was to be sixty-five pounds annually for the first six years of his ministry, and seventy-five pounds afterwards, and, in case his family should stand in need of more, the amount was to be enlarged according to the capacity of the people. During the first six years of his ministry he was to be supplied with so much wood as the circumstances of his family should require, and after the expiration of that time each man with his team was to cart or sled wood one day yearly for Mr. Doolittle. In the second year of his ministry the town furnished him sixty-two loads of wood — presumably a cord to a load — and paid for cutting and hauling the same seven pounds fifteen shillings. To what size his woodpile was increased with his increasing family the records do not inform us.

In 1718 a pound was built, a ferry established and brickmaking begun. In 1719 a blacksmith put up a shop in the street and began business, and about this time a carpenter moved into town. In 1722 two forts were built, one on the site of that built in 1685, and the other on the site of that built in 1686. The erection of forts indicates that war was believed to be impending; and such was the case.

In this year a war broke out in which Massachusetts took the principal part on the one side, and the Indians living between the Merrimac River and the eastern limits of Maine on the other; although New Hampshire gave support to Massachusetts, and the governor of Canada and Canadian and other Indians to the eastern Indians. The immediate cause of the war was "the pushing forward of settlements and building of forts at the head of the bays and up the rivers in the province of Maine, on lands which the English claimed to have acquired by purchase and by treaty — the validity of which claim the Indians denied." The remote cause was the determination of the French to resist the extension of English settlements in the direction of their own, and to claim and ultimately possess the greater part of the unoccupied territory of eastern and northern New England. A powerful agent in furthering this design was Sebastian Rasle, a Jesuit missionary who was born in 1657, came to Quebec in 1689, was stationed first at St. Francis, then in the wilds of Illinois, and in 1695 at Norridgewock, on the Kennebec, where he built an attractive chapel, converted the greater part of the Norridgewock Indians to the Roman Catholic religion, made a dictionary of their language, a copy of

which is preserved in the library of Harvard College, and exerted an immense influence far and near for good and for bad. It was Father Rasle who now instigated the Indians to war. England and France took no open part in this war, and its principal theatre was in Maine; but the effects of it were by no means confined to that region. The governor of Canada early sent emissaries and presents to Indians living in the neighborhood of St. Francis River and Lake Champlain, supplied them with guns and ammunition, and incited them to hostile acts against the English. Gray Lock, an Indian chief who in the time of Philip's War had lived on the Westfield River and in the time of Queen Anne's War feigned himself a Canadian Indian and headed small parties which committed depredations in the Connecticut Valley, was now living on the borders of Missisquoi Bay at the northerly end of Lake Champlain, and had collected around him a considerable clan. Spurred on by the Canadian authorities, he joined in the war against the English.

On the 13th of August, 1723, while the men of Northfield were harvesting their grain, Gray Lock, with four other Indians, suddenly fell upon them and killed two prominent citizens, Thomas Holton and Theophilus Merriman. From Northfield they passed on to Rutland, in Worcester County, where they attacked Dea. Joseph Stevens and four of his sons. The father escaped, but two of the sons were killed and two were made prisoners. Soon after, meeting Rev. Joseph Willard, the minister of the town, they killed and scalped him, stripped off his clothes and with them and their captives started for Canada. Encouraged by his success on this expedition, Gray Lock started in September at the head of fifty Indians to commit fresh depredations. On the 9th of October they made a sudden attack on Northfield, slew Ebenezer Severance, wounded Hezekiah Stratton and Enoch Hall and took Samuel Dickinson prisoner.

An important movement for the protection of Northfield and the towns below was now begun. The General Court on the 27th of December voted to build a fort above the town on the equivalent land and to maintain in it a garrison of forty men. A fort about 180×159 feet with walls from 12 to 14 feet high was built of yellow pine timber laid up in the fashion of a log house, and the timbers locked together at the angles. It stood on the west bank of the Connecticut River just beyond the southern boundary of the present town of Brattleboro, and was named Fort Dummer in honor of the act-

ing governor of Massachusetts. The fort was finished early in April, 1724, and command of it given to Capt. Timothy Dwight with a company of fifty-five men. The forts on Northfield Street were also strengthened by stockades and heavily timbered mounts, and the buildings of Rev. Mr. Doolittle, standing where Mr. Webster's drug store now stands, were surrounded by strong pickets. Capt. Kellogg at this time had forty-five men on duty here. Gov. Saltonstall of Connecticut sent up during the summer two companies of white men and one of Mohegan Indians, numbering in all one hundred and fifty, to assist in scouting. It was so evident that the enemy was lurking about that men went armed to their work in the fields accompanied by a guard. The vigilance of Capt. Dwight at Fort Dummer and Capt. Kellogg in this place, however, saved the town from an attack, and a heavy crop of corn was raised in spite of the great obstacles which had to be overcome.

Although Father Rasle was killed on the 23d of August, 1724, while making actual resistance to an expedition which had been sent against Norridgewock, Father Rasle's War continued until 1726. In 1725 its burden still bore heavily on Northfield in the number of her men required for service in Capt. Kellogg's company and at Fort Dummer. From the spring of 1725 to the spring of 1726 not less than one seventh of her effective men were constantly on military duty.

Beginning with 1726 New England enjoyed eighteen years of peace. Only a glance at Northfield in those years can here be given. In 1736 complaint was made of the town for not maintaining a school according to law, and at a town meeting held for the purpose it was voted that the town hire a schoolmaster, and a committee was chosen to "build, buy, or hire a schoolhouse." Subsequently it was voted to build a schoolhouse and to raise thirteen pounds eighteen shillings to pay a schoolmaster.

In this or the following year it become evident that there was serious dissatisfaction with Rev. Mr. Doolittle. He was physician and surgeon as well as minister, and in the opinion of some of his parishioners his extensive medical practice interfered with his parochial work. He was also an avowed Arminian, and some of the leading members of the church were disturbed by the doctrines he preached. When it was found that a majority sustained the minister and all attempts to call an ecclesiastical council failed, his opponents carried the matter before the Hampshire Ministerial Association; but its recommendations were of no avail. An ap-

peal was then made to the County Court, and the judges, while declaring that this affair was not directly within their province, offered advice. But Parson Doolittle and his friends had things their own way. The opposition to him, though strong, was silenced and he remained the minister of the town until his death on the 9th of January, 1748.

The establishment of the boundary line between the provinces of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, an event of much importance to Northfield, occurred a little later than the troubles with Rev. Mr. Doolittle. This line had long been in dispute, owing to different constructions put upon the Massachusetts charter of 1692. Both the interested parties finally agreed to refer the matter to George II. In August, 1740, his majesty issued a decree which fixed the line more than forty miles south of the point to which Massachusetts claimed, and fourteen miles farther south than New Hampshire claimed. As a result of this arbitrary and unjust decree the northern boundary of Northfield was removed more than four and one half miles south of the point to which it had previously extended. Until the incorporation of Hinsdale in 1753 the people living in the territory which had been severed from Northfield were styled in deeds and official documents "of the northerly part of Northfield township above the line of the Massachusetts government."

In March, 1744, England and France mutually declared war against each other, and the opening of hostilities between these powers on the other side of the Atlantic meant a repetition of Indian atrocities in the exposed portions of New England. Dea. Ebenezer Alexander of this town seems to have anticipated the war and in the spring of 1744 built a mount near his house at his own expense, which was afterwards accepted and paid for by the town. Information of the declaration of war was received at Boston on the 21st of May, and the selectmen of Northfield were immediately notified. They called a town meeting on twelve hours' notice, at which it was voted to build mounts at the houses of Zechariah Field, Ebenezer Alexander, Rev. Mr. Doolittle and Nathaniel Dickinson, — the mounts to be nineteen feet high, boarded up twelve feet and lined with plank in the second story seven feet; the whole to be surrounded with a stockade. It was also voted that the selectmen be authorized to employ persons to apply to the General Court for soldiers to guard the place and money to pay for the forts.

The fort at Dea. Alexander's had already been completed, and the last of the four was finished in a little more than a month after the vote was passed. On the 14th of June the General Court ordered that a line of forts be built between Colrain and the Dutch settlements in New York, and in conformity to this order Fort Massachusetts was built in East Hoosack (now Adams), Fort Pelham in Rowe and Fort Shirley in Heath. There were now three strong forts in this region, Massachusetts, Dummer and that at No. 4 (now Charlestown, N. H.), and many smaller forts and blockhouses. Northfield became the rallying centre for men and the point from which military supplies were furnished. The year 1744 was passed in military preparations with no interruptions from the enemy.

On only three occasions are the Indians reported to have committed depredations within the limits of Northfield during this war, although the inhabitants were in a constant state of alarm, and it is probable that most of them slept at night within the different stockades. On the 11th of August, 1746, Benjamin Wright, while in search of cows which were out to pasture, was fired upon by a small party of Indians lying in ambush, and wounded so severely that he died the same night. Early in April, 1747, a part of de Niverville's French and Indian force, which had made an unsuccessful assault on the fort at No. 4, approached Northfield and lay in ambush a short distance north of the town. On the 15th of April, a little after sunset, they killed and scalped Nathaniel Dickinson and Asahel Burt at the place where the monument to the memory of these men now stands, then fled during the night to Winchester, thence to Lower Ashuelot, (now Swansey), thence to Upper Ashuelot (now Keene), all of which places they burned, the inhabitants having abandoned them the winter before because the soldiers necessary for their defense had been withdrawn. On the 23d of July, 1748, Aaron Belding, while on the way from his mother's, a little north of Mill Brook, to Dickinson's fort, a little south of it, was intercepted by six Indians, one of whom shot him down and scalped him on what is now known as Beldings Rock, directly in front of the Congregational Church.

Of the bloody work of the Indians in Putney, of the attacks made on Forts Shirley and Pelham, of the desperate assault on the fort at No. 4, of the slaughter and capture which occurred just outside Fort Dummer, at Londonderry, at Hinsdale and at Deerfield, of the destruction of Fort Massachusetts, of the sharp engagement

which took place at Marlboro, a few miles west of Brattleboro, there is no time to speak, nor does the scope of this address call for even a brief notice of these events. Enough to say that for nearly five years this whole region was exposed to the dangers, and endured the hardships and privations of a war in which Frenchmen and Indians did their worst to plunder, torture and kill.

This bloody contest, known to us as the old French and Indian war, was nominally ended on the 7th of October, 1748, by the treaty of Aix la Chapelle. This treaty, however, was hardly more than a truce, for the French were still determined to check the growth of English power in America, and the English as determined to extend that power. It was a false sense of security which led the town of Northfield, on the 5th of February, 1753, to vote "that as they would have no further use for their forts, a committee be chosen to sell and dispose of them." The following year Indian hostilities were resumed and continued for nine years. On Sunday, September 1, 1754, on reception of the news that the Johnson family had been captured the previous day at No. 4, a warrant was issued calling a town meeting at 7 o'clock the following morning, to see if the town would vote to build forts. It was voted to build them at Capt. Ebenezer Alexander's, Rev. Mr. Hubbard's, Widow Lydia Doolittle's and Samuel Field's, and to choose a committee to apply to the legislature for aid to pay for the same. Families that had settled on farms in Vernon and Hinsdale now resorted to the forts in those towns, or to Northfield, for protection.

The danger which attended the cultivation of the land at this period is shown by the fact that on the 20th of August, 1756, Zebediah Stebbins and Reuben Wright, who went up from Northfield to work on their lots near Stebbins's Island, were assaulted by a small party of Indians in ambush, and narrowly escaped with their lives.

Of the many victories and defeats of this long contest it would be impossible here to give account. This last French and Indian war, like the old French and Indian war, brought danger and alarm to all the region round about. It was a conflict in which Northfield furnished her full quota of soldiers and bore her full pecuniary burden and loss.

The result of the war, the conquest of Canada by the English, was the only one which could have given permanent relief to our frontier settlements from the attacks of the Indians at the instigation of the French.

I have done imperfectly what I set out to do. To have attempted more would evidently have been folly. Perhaps it was folly to attempt so much. If this sketch which I have given of the perils to which the first settlers here were exposed, the sufferings which they endured, and the obstacles with which they contended with so good a degree of success shall lead any of us to be more grateful for their manly valor and self-sacrificing spirit, more ready to perform the duties and bear with fortitude the ills of life, or to appreciate better the advantages and blessings which are ours, my presentation of this subject will not have been in vain.

ANNUAL MEETING—1898.

REPORT.

A sort of goodly ancestor worship characterizes the meetings of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association. Any one who attends them knows this. But it 's a limited number of people — more 's the pity — who lend themselves to the peculiar charm of these occasions upon which the little blocks or patches of history, that have been painstakingly worked up and embroidered in the true light of the past which they thus come truthfully to typify, are set in their places in the great quilt of local history with due and proper ceremony and rejoicing. And there 's nothing crazy about this quilt; to draw it up over one now and then and take a little nap under it, when the present seems a bit too gloomy and prosaic, is to dream of the happy — yet strugglesome — days gone by, and to awaken with a new calm and a new insight.

The twenty-eighth annual meeting of the Association held the afternoon and evening of Washington's Birthday was, in general characteristics, quite like its predecessors, with business meeting in the old kitchen at Memorial Hall; supper, papers and music in the town hall. But two of Old Deerfield's leading spirits, in these matters historical, were absent. The patriarchal figure of President George Sheldon was missed from the group at the hearth corner in the kitchen; and Miss Alice Baker's bright, interesting self was lacking for the complete enjoyment of the evening's literary programme. Vice-president Francis M. Thompson presided at the business meeting.

Deacon Nathaniel Hitchcock made his twenty-eighth report as secretary and treasurer. The year past, he says, has been one of increased interest in the Association. This is shown by the many visitors at the hall and in gifts of books. For the accommodation of numerous large volumes heavy shelves have been put in. The State is sending its volumes of names of soldiers and sailors of the Revolutionary War; the reports of the committee of education at Washington and large books from Canada's Royal library are also received. Two members have died since the last annual meeting: Silas N. Brooks, born in Bernardston, became a member of the Association September 16, 1870; died April, 1897; George A. Arms of Greenfield, joined the Association September 21, 1870, helped in the fitting up of Memorial Hall, died May 15, 1897. On February 26, 1897, Hon. John E. Russell of Leicester made himself

a life member by paying $25. The treasurer's account shows $895 at present in the treasury and $734 in hands of publishing committee of the History of Deerfield, ordered paid over to treasurer, will make the Association's assets $1,629. George W. Horr made suggestions regarding the collection of the history of New Salem. The records of that town were last year destroyed by fire. Mr. Horr, who is a native of the place, is anxious that the town's history should be at once written. A committee was appointed to investigate and report advices on the matter: Mr. Horr, chairman, and other members B. W. Farley and Willard Putnam of New Salem, Alpheus Harding of Athol and Boston, and Jonathan Johnson of Greenfield. The next field day will be at Colrain, in charge of the last year's committee, to which Joseph Griswold of Greenfield is added.

Two portraits were presented to the Association. One of James S. Grinnell and one of Horatio Hawks. Mr. Grinnell gave the Association his at the earnest request of vice-president Thompson, and Edward A. Hawks gave that of his father, as he had been asked by the Association to do. In presenting Mr. Grinnell's portrait, Mr. Thompson said:

I take great pleasure in being the agent to present to this society a portrait of the Hon. James S. Grinnell of Greenfield, a man beloved by the whole community for his good citizenship, his generosity and his democratic manners. Born of good stock and reared in our midst, he was in 1846, after the usual course of study in the office of Grinnell & Aiken, admitted to the bar of which his father, the late Hon. George Grinnell, was a prominent member.

For a few years he practiced in Greenfield and in Orange, but the drudgery of the law was not to his liking; his hobby was agriculture. He was prominent in the organization and always a worker for success in the old County Agricultural Society; and probably no man has done more for the building up of the agricultural interests of Franklin County than he. He was for many years chief clerk of the Agricultural Department at Washington, and also for a time chief clerk at the patent office, coming yearly to attend the fairs of the old society, taking the deepest interest in the success of its meetings. He had at times held the offices of both Secretary and President of the society, and many years since was appointed by the Governor a member of the State Board of Agriculture, of which he is the Vice-president, and usually the presiding officer at its meetings. He was a member of the State Senate in 1883, a candidate of the Democratic party for Lieutenant Governor in 1883 and 1884, and nomination to the higher office lay within his reach.

It makes a man's heart beat quicker and he has more faith in humanity when he sees the hearty greetings of the farmers and townspeople to our friend when he makes his appearance upon our village streets these days, and no person in Franklin County has more numerous or more sincere friends than James S. Grinnell.

Mr. Thompson said of Horatio Hawks:

Several of the early settlers of Deerfield came here from Windsor, Conn. Among others came, after settlement for some years in Hadley, one John Hawks, who became the progenitor of a numerous and distinguished line of descendants. The name of Hawks is found in almost every roll of the Indian wars, and several of the descendants of John Hawks earned everlasting fame by their deeds of valor, and a history of those early times with the name of Hawks omitted would be only equalled

by the play of Hamlet with the name struck out. His grandson, John Hawks, the hero of Fort Massachusetts, was a fair representative of the bravery and hardihood of the race.

Horatio, son of Quartus and Sarah (Allis) Hawks, was born at Deerfield, July 22, 1819, and lived on the old Hawks homestead; he was a man of much prominence in the affairs of the town and in the performance of public duties. He was for many years selectman, representative, captain of the old Franklin cadets, and colonel in the Massachusetts militia. He was active in the support of the government, but was lost with the steamer Melville, which foundered at sea, January 8, 1865, while on his way to Beaufort, S. C., seeking the body of his brother Charles, who died at Beaufort, December 17, 1864.

It is with a feeling of thankfulness to the descendants of Colonel Hawks that I receive this picture from them and present the same to this Association. It is the proper thing to do, and this Hall ought to contain the portraits of all those who have helped to make this portion of the Connecticut Valley the paradise which it is.

Officers were chosen for the ensuing year as follows: President, George Sheldon of Deerfield; vice-presidents, F. M. Thompson, S. O. Lamb of Greenfield; recording secretary, Nathaniel Hitchcock of Deerfield; corresponding secretary, Herbert C. Parsons of Greenfield; treasurer, Nathaniel Hitchcock; councillors, George W. Horr of Athol, John M. Smith of Sunderland, C. B. Tilton, Elisha Wells, Mrs. C. B. Yale, Mrs. Mary Wentworth and J. W. Champney of Deerfield, N. S. Cutler, E. A. Newcomb and Rev. P. V. Finch of Greenfield, Mrs. Anna C. Rumrill of Springfield, Mrs. E. Huntington of Cleveland, O., and John E. Russell of Leicester.

At 5:30 o'clock the ringing of the old bell at the head of the stairway in Memorial Hall assembled many visitors and guests to enjoy the spread which the committee of entertainment had provided in the town hall. Deerfield cookery! Where is there anything quite like it — so wholesome, so pleasant to the taste. There 's the minimum of sin in a Deerfield mince pie. There on the settees the people were seated; the cold meats and salads and cake and pie and coffee and all the rest of the repast were passed around by the young women; you gathered it all on a plate set on a paper napkin in your lap; the meats are so tender that no knives are needed; its a jolly picnic in-doors, in midwinter.

Almost too soon came a sharp rap on the platform table, with its old-fashioned red spread. It seemed all too short a time between prayers, for just a moment before, Rev. Mr. Solley had offered blessing on the supper about to be served — and this rap was to silence for the prayer by Rev. Mr. Campbell in opening the literary exercises. Then Mr. Thompson, who presided, asked the audience to rise and join the "choir" in singing the "Ode to Washington," which was written by Jonathan A. Saxton and sung at the great celebration of the centennial of Washington's birthday at Deerfield, February 22, 1832. The ode was sung to the tune "Wesley."

ODE TO WASHINGTON.

BY JONATHAN A. SAXTON OF DEERFIELD.

Hail to the day which gave Washington birth,
And joy to America, hope to the earth.
Wreaths to the chieftain, his country who guided,
And vanquished her foes in the strength of their might,
Established the peace, to his wisdom confided,
Of his country the father, and glory and light.
Lift high our voices in triumph and joy,
The freedom he gave us time cannot destroy.

Hail to the day which gave Washington birth,
And joy to America, hope to the earth.
Long shall his name live the first in our story,
His love in the hearts of the free ne'er decay.
His counsels still guide us to greatness and glory,
Till time shall be lost in eternity's day.
Lift high our voices in triumph and joy,
The freedom he gave us time cannot destroy.

Ever be honored our Washington's name,
The nations exult in the light of his fame.
What though the fetters of tyrants have bowed them,
And chained the free heart down to bondage and shame,
Through tempests and clouds which now darkly enshroud them,
The star of their hope points to Washington's name.
Sing, for the hope of the glory to be,
When tyrants shall perish and earth shall be free.

Yet there is gladness awaiting the slave,
Nor Heaven abandons the hopes of the brave.
Onward the light, through the nations advancing,
Warns millions of hearts with the glow of its fire.
From hilltop and mountain its bright beams are glancing,
And liberty's foes in its blaze shall expire.
Be then our banner in triumph unfurled,
Till knowledge and freedom have ransomed the world.

It was announced that Miss Baker was unable to be present because of illness, and that her paper on "Ethan Allen and his daughter," prepared for the occasion, would be read at the field meeting; so John Sheldon was called upon to read the paper prepared by his father, Hon. George Sheldon. And soon Mr. Sheldon was standing in the light of the funny old lamp, and was reading the account of "The Passing of the Fat Ox and the Farm Boy."

John M. Smith of Sunderland read a valuable paper on "History of the connection between the church and the town." Miss Margaret Miller of Deerfield read an interesting paper on "Quinten Stockwell's Captivity." This was to take the place of Miss Baker's omitted number. Dr. Henry D. Holton of Brattleboro, who as chairman of the Fort Dummer celebration committee two years ago, made that occasion so notable a success, told of the pleasant acquaintances made at that time, and amused the assembly with a story or two. C. F. Jenne, also of Brattleboro, spoke briefly. The pleasure of the evening was greatly increased by the contributions of some of Greenfield's most popular musicians. They were Mrs. C. H. Slocomb, soprano; Miss Tressie Buswell, alto; Charles J. Day, tenor; Robert E. Williams, bass; Mrs. Carrie E. Davis, accompanist. Their several numbers were very enjoyable, and were evidently appreciated. The attendance was remarkably large. It would have been good even for a more pleasant evening. Many Greenfielders were present, a number driving down under chaperonage of County Treasurer E. A. Newcomb. In accordance with the old custom, station agent Childs appeared just before train time, with lantern, to light the folk through the snow to the station.

The committee of entertainment was Mr. and Mrs. John H. Stebbins, Mrs. Henry Childs, Mrs. Alonzo Childs, Mrs. F. W. Stebbins, Mrs. Laura B. Wells, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Root, Arthur W. Ball, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Ball, Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Hawks, Mr. and Mrs. David Henry, Miss Frances Billings, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Greenough, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Ashley and Edward S. Hawks.

'TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

THE PASSING OF THE STALL-FED OX AND THE FARM BOY.

BY GEORGE SHELDON.

In giving this paper a title I have followed one of whom you may have heard so far as to say "'Tis sixty years since," but for obvious reasons shall follow him no farther. Instead of poetic and romantic flights of imagination I shall abide in the region of the most prosaic and everyday prose.

I may be presumptuous, but my observation has led me to believe that people nowadays are interested in the smallest details of local customs and local occupations which have gone into the domain of history. In the sketch of the artist, while the period may be selected at will, the objects presented in the foreground, the middle and extreme distance must all be on a contemporaneous plane, or

the composition lacks harmony. The same is true of an historical sketch, but in a lesser degree, and while my middle ground may be sixty years since, and the prospective show considerable variations, I trust harmony will be preserved, while the principal features of one of the lost arts of Deerfield are given in detail.

Among all the industries of our town none has been more productive or made her more famous than stall-feeding oxen for the Boston and New York markets. In this business Deerfield had rivals in a few down-river towns, but no beef brought higher prices on the foot than that driven from the barnyards of old Deerfield Street. In my boyhood every farmer was engaged in that calling and the capacious barns and sheds still remaining testify to their generous equipments for conducting the business.

Stall-feeding in Deerfield began at a very early period and flourished until the advent of railroads. These brought Western competition and ruin to the business in the East. Railroads were bread and meat to the Buckeye, the Sucker and the Hoosier, but poison to the Yankee farmer. In vain the sweat of our brows and the acquired skill of generations, when pitted against the virgin soil of the broad prairies, with limitless reaches of pasturage, and land which needed only to be tickled with a plow to laugh corn and oats. The Westerners soon undersold us in our own markets. With the great meat staples to be had almost for the asking and the iron horse feeding on fire and water at command, the unequal contest was a short one — the king of the valley was dethroned.

In early days it was an unheard of thing for oxen to be "sent to market" which had not been through a course of stall-feeding in some of the valley towns. In the fall of each year the feeders scoured the hill towns on the west and north and picked up the best specimens of oxhood to be found in the rich pastures or under the easy yokes of the farmers who reared them for their own needs and ultimately for a market in the valley towns. To the care and comfort of these the winter was devoted and our farmers grew rich — as riches were then counted — in the process. Stall-feeding grew to be an exact science, or perhaps one of the fine arts. Being practically a thing of the past, it will be assumed that a particular description of its more salient features may be of interest — at best, however, it must seem dry and commonplace, for it is not possible to infuse my notes with the all-pervading spirit of the times. I have said that the winter was devoted to the care of the stock. This word was used advisedly and it expresses the fact. It was a

devotion almost akin to worship. Nothing was allowed to interfere with the regular programme of the day. It was a cardinal doctrine of the feeders that the more comfortable and happy the animals were made the better the results. Nothing could be more true, and would that this fact were better understood by those now having the care of domestic animals. In this, humanity and profit are in full accord.

Leaving generalities we will now go to the root of the whole matter. One spring when hard times had ruled and the season had been an unprofitable one for feeders, the Hatfield farmer declared: "Well, all I have got to show for my year's work is a swearing pile of manure!" Now, whatever the feeders got or failed to get, they always got that — a barnyard kneedeep with droppings and litter, and solid pyramids of excremental matter under the stable windows which were the prime requisites for raising corn and peas-and-oats. These were the deposits upon which the farmers drew for future operations, and these grains, mixed half and half, and called provender, were the staple feed for fattening oxen. The winter opened with the corn-house stuffed to overflowing — one big bay in the barn filled to the peak with hay and the other crammed with "peas' n' oats" in the straw. The latter crop was very bulky and stringent measures were necessary to "tread down the mow" within a reasonable compass. Man power and horse power were both used. As a boy I have been many a time up to the "great beams" on horseback in the operation. This was fun for the boy, but a hard road to travel for the beast who would be half buried in the straw.

There were no power threshing machines, or corn shellers sixty years since. All this grain, and the rye for the family bread was pounded out by the flail in the strong hands of the farmer, during the intervals not occupied in caring for the stock. The "peas'n' oats" straw in the bulk, softened down by the flail, and the rye straw in the bundle were stored in the lofts of the cattle sheds, to be dealt out by the boys, as we shall see. The cobs from the corn-house were carried in baskets to the cob-bin, which was usually in the chamber over the kitchen. From this reservoir, it was one of the after school chores of the boys to carry great basketfuls for evening use in the big fireplace of the kitchen. This was always the center of the family circle. After a generous pile of cobs had been poured out in front of the forestick, the children were never tired of waiting and watching for the crisis when the smoking mass

would finally flash into a sudden blaze, each event a new surprise and delight. Fanning up "peas 'n' oats" was a disagreeable process even to the dust-laden thresher, and the pile shoved up to one side of the barn floor was allowed to accumulate until there was a brisk wind from the right quarter to carry off the chaff and dust, or until the provender bins grew lean and like Oliver called for more. In either case the "peas 'n' oats" were duly fanned and taken in two-bushel bags to the corn-house. The corncobs now bare and broken into small pieces under the persistent flail were raked out from the golden grain and the two carefully mixed. Half a bushel of corn was spread on the floor and a half bushel of "peas 'n 'oats" spread over it, and the process was repeated until the pile grew to a grist. The constituents were then still further mixed by shoveling over the mass from side to side and then into the half bushel measure; from this it was poured into the meal bag of linen or tow, two bushel to the bag. A grist was five or six bags for the cutter, or from twenty-five to fifty for the ox sled and the more thrifty the farmer the better stocked in advance were the capacious provender bins. The grist was carried to the Meadow mill two miles away, where every day the busy stones converted hundreds of bushels of this mixture into provender. The miller was held to a strict account to keep his millstones sharp and so adjusted that the provender should come out in exactly the right condition for easy digestion, not too coarse and not too fine. This condition was determined by the trained ear of the miller noting the pitch of the groaning millstones or the feel by the trained fingers of the hot stream of meal spurting from the spout, and woe to the miller if the oats were not well cut or, on the other hand, the corn was ground into flour.

We see that the winter was not, as the poets sing, altogether a holiday time to the Deerfield farmers, especially when we add to the barn work the felling, hauling and preparing for the fire of twenty or thirty cords of firewood each season. In all matters here treated I know whereof I affirm, being in them and of them.

In November the oxen purchased of the hill farmers were brought in small lots, or pair by pair, as most convenient, from ten, twenty or even forty miles away. In due time came an operation which required all the skill and patience available. Oxen differ as much in disposition and temper as men; handling them in ignorance of their character, while under the excitement of their new surroundings would be dangerous and might be fatal. Hence the ability to discern their

moods on short acquaintance was a prime requisite, and farm boys were early put to school in this study, for such knowledge came only with years of close observation. This operation was the arrangement of the miscellaneous herd into the necessary harmonious relations for their winter quarters. This proceeding was not unaptly called by "Uncle Ralph" "seating the meetinghouse." It may not be known to all that in every herd of horned cattle, whether it be large or small, there is always an absolute grading of rank for each member. With them might makes right, brute force being the only law. The rank is based on strength or skill — in short on the fighting qualities of each. The leader is an absolute monarch. His right once established none dare to dispute. The second in rank is the one that "beats" all below the chief and so down to the weakest which must humbly make way for all the others. The monarch is often a despot. That depends upon his character. In any event if he have occasion, or makes one, to cross the barnyard he takes a bee line regardless how many of his fellows may be in his path; the others do the same so far as their rank warrants. The element of courtesy seems to be entirely wanting. We must, however, except from this charge the relation of yoke-fellows towards each other where this quality is often very prominent. Mated when young they are thenceforth in labor or leisure, under the yoke or taking their food, literally always together, and they usually feel and show a strong attachment for each other. This latter fact was always noted by the judicious feeder when preparing for winter quarters.

For a stable of ten stalls five pairs of cattle are selected and turned loose in the barnyard. As strangers, the question of rank must be settled at the first meeting, and lively times follow. Every battle is watched with interest by the owner. For the comfort of the oxen it was desirable that mates should always stand side by side in the stalls. When one ox has prevailed in every encounter and so settled his place as ruler, it was best that his companion should beat all the other eight that the pair be not separated, and when he had locked horns with a rival for the second place, a little judicious urging of the mate to his assistance, or a sly diversion on the flank or rear of the rival with a pitchfork, always in hand, usually made it seem expedient for the latter to retire from the combat and give up beaten. A victory gained the first day, albeit sometimes in this questionable manner, was rarely again contested. This process continued until the rank of each ox was established and noted. It was generally a lively time for the man

as well as for the beast, since two or three contests might be in progress at the same time. Occasionally some more intelligent animal having faith in his own prowess, and realizing that he had been unfairly beaten, would rise above the demoralizing effect of defeat, watch an opportunity when his victor had nothing but his own pluck and muscle to back him, and challenge him to another combat. From the result of this second contest there was never any appeal.

The necessity of ascertaining the rank of each ox will appear when the usual manner of fastening them in the stalls is understood. The stalls were about three feet wide, separated only by studs on the stable side of the manger. The studs were boarded up some two and a half feet, and above at the height of the oxen's neck, was pinned a stout manger-pole running the whole length of the stable, to keep the animals from stepping into the manger. The manger had no partitions. Each ox was fastened by a strong rope about his horns to the stud next above him. He thus had liberty to move his head freely in every direction but one; he could not reach the ox below him and dared not molest the one above him. It was no easy task, nor one devoid of danger to break these ten animals into their new quarters. They were strangers in a strange place, and the stalls and the fastenings were entirely different from those to which they had been accustomed. One by one, the autocrat first, the ten were inducted into their respective stalls by such kind of handling as their character seemed to call for, the essential thing being to inspire them with confidence in their new masters, and in their new surroundings. By gentleness and patience each was at length tied up in his own place, and the "meetinghouse was seated." Had the dispositions of the newcomers been as well known as afterwards, the task would have been much simpler. It became easier at each repetition, and perhaps within a week all trouble was over. In a short time each ox knew his own stall, and would pass by all the tempting fodder lying by his path to it, well knowing he would find his own awaiting him.

As a rule mates were so courteous to each other that it was often impossible to find out which beat; but this kindness could not be presumed upon when arranging them in the stalls, as something might occur to rouse the temper of the ruler, when trouble would follow if misplaced, and so the buyer always asked the seller, which beats, unless it was apparent. Attacks of homesickness were not

uncommon among newcomers, and in such cases the most vigilant watch over doors, gates and fences was necessary to frustrate their persistent efforts to escape. Once free, the exiles would make tracks pointing straight towards the home of their early ox-hood, and with a fair start would get there; for the cowboy and the lasso were not of the Connecticut Valley, and the farm horse was no match for the excited runaways. It may not be amiss to make note of a single case. One day I had turned into my well-fenced barnyard a large pair of oxen just down from Vermont. Not long after I happened to see one of the strangers, with a spring as light as a deer, clear the top bar at a bound. The mate did not feel equal to this feat, but he proposed to show that some things can be done as well as others; so after giving one look round for a vulnerable point, he walked up to the bars, bent his head deliberately down, and adjusted his horns carefully to the rails and lifted both posts bodily out of the ground, quietly laid the whole down flat without misplacing a bar and walked out over the prostrate structure. But with all their active determination and prodigious power they acknowledged the mastership of man. I had no difficulty in stopping them in a lane leading to the highway, and so saving a world of trouble to all concerned. On this display of agility, ingenuity and strength, the homesick pair were condemned to close confinement, and for many weeks were not allowed the liberty of the yard, it not being safe to assume that this first break for liberty would be the last. As a rule, however, the strangers would soon settle down to the new order of things, and make the most of this, the happiest period of their lives, with perfect rest and the best food possible to repletion. In a short time, when the stable door was opened, all would march in like a file of soldiers and take their places in regular order; they always found awaiting them a measure of the sweetest provender, or the most fragrant hay they ever ate. Thenceforth for them, life ran in easy channels, disturbed only when some of their number were sold to the drover and strangers introduced. Then the scenes of the fall were gone over again. In these cases the old stock usually combined against the newcomers, forcing them into the lowest ranks. Here a good deal of human nature came out. Those who had so far found place at the foot of the herd, backed by their fellows, would revenge on the intruders their own previous humiliation, and the life of the latter was made a burden, until the love of ease in their tormentors outgrew their love of domination.

The system of feeding here was uniform. The fattening oxen were never kept in the stable except to be fed; always sleeping in the open air, their only protection being sheds opening to the south. They were "put up" at daylight and always found a savory mess in the manger. After the daily routine had become settled, they were let into the stable as fast as they could walk, and were tied up from the front; thus they were loose in their stalls for a minute or two. At such times traits of character were sometimes shown, which proved that hoggishness was not confined to the sty or to the human race. There being no partitions in the long manger, the unscrupulous scamp, seizing this momentary liberty, would stretch his neck to reach the pile of the ox next below him and would gobble up the biggest mouthful he could before touching his own, and would go on the same errand a second time if possible before he was tied up. There being usually fast eaters and slow eaters, when all were tied, the boy with his broom kept each mess as compact as possible, and each ox took his time to finish it, safe from depredation. The boy's knuckles often suffered from getting between the broom handle and the horns of his impatient customers. The provender being disposed of, hay from a narrow kench of the solid mow, and well shaken up by hand, was fed to the oxen little by little until they could eat no more. No pitchfork was allowed in this process, for fear the cattle's noses might be pricked, or the hay get into the manger in lumps, the aim being that the hay should fall as light as snowflakes on the sod, so it more easily reached its destination. The pampered beasts were not allowed to wait a moment between feeds; if their heads were seen above the manger, breakfast bell would ring in vain until they were all served with another batch of hay. If it should chance that some streak in the hay-mow was for any reason not quite up to standard, so that the epicures turned up their noses at it, it was not, "take that or nothing"; on the contrary, the manger was at once cleared, the contents relegated to a less particular grade, and replaced by a satisfactory quality. When stuffed to repletion, the oxen were let out to drink, one pair at a time, beginning of course at the foot of the stable; they were gently driven to the corner of the yard, where stood the watering trough brimming with water freshly drawn from the warm, deep well with the old oaken bucket. Here they were kept until they understood they were expected to take their fill. Under the new condition of things it was sometimes hard to make it clear to the dull-witted ones why they were thus

held, and occasionally a pair would not avail themselves of the opportunity for a day or two. Unpleasant experience, however, soon brought them to terms, for as soon as all who would had drunk, the trough was cleared to prevent an accumulation of ice; and in a few days it became a matter of course, for each pair as they were turned out to go straight to the trough and drink their fill. Meanwhile the stable was being cleaned, and the next pair waiting without impatience for their turn, as a matter of routine. When the head pair had taken their drink, they selected their camping place for the day on the clean beds of straw under the shed. If one earlier out had ventured to lie down before his betters had provided themselves, the spot he had selected was usually wanted and he forced to vacate. This condition of things was soon understood, and the weaker ones waited and watched their chance for a bed. When all were settled for their midday rest, the barnyard became forbidden ground to children and strangers. It was a grave offence in anybody to "scare up the cattle." Access to the barn was usually through the cattle sheds, and after a little, the feeder could thread his way unnoticed among the huge piles of beef, chewing the cud in sweet and calm content. But let his wife or daughter attempt to follow, their deference to the sex was at once manifest; at the first step inside the gate they would rise to an ox. At midday the barn was hardly more a playhouse for the children than the meetinghouse. There was no hunting of hens' eggs or jumping from the great beams on to the mow of "peas 'n' oats" straw.

It was one of the morning chores for the boys to rake up the walks, the vacant part of the bay and the barn floor, and all the scattered hay found was put with the orts and fed to a lower grade of stock; the orts being anything left in the manger when the epicures are turned out. After the orts were taken out the manger was swept as clean as broom could make it. The barn was kept about as orderly as the kitchen, and the food well cared for. At no time were the children allowed to play on the hay mow, or indulge in the delight of tumbling in the pile "thrown down" for immediate use. "How would you like to have folks walk on your bread and butter?" was the standard query, and the keynote for all employed about the barn, and that neatness which was true economy prevailed in every part of the premises. A slovenly barn was held to be a disgrace to the profession, and clear evidence of an unthrifty farmer, waste in small matters inevitably leading to carelessness in the general management of the farm.

When the hay was put into the mow it was trodden down as solid as man and boy power could do it, as many a pair of boys' legs could testify. "Mowing away" was no sinecure work, and upon its being faithfully done depended largely the condition of the hay in the winter. The prime object was to keep the mow level while the bay was being filled, that it should settle evenly and firmly, the outside keeping pace with the center — easy enough in theory, it was difficult enough in practice. Successfully done, the mow became an amalgamated mass, almost as solid as a bank of earth, the hay cured alike in every part; when fed out in the winter, the barn was filled with its grateful fragrance. The mow was cut down with a sharp hay knife in small square kenches that the exposure to the air be as little as possible, and no more was "thrown down" than was required for immediate consumption. The fresher the hay the better it was relished by the bovine palate, the better relished, the more eaten, the more eaten, the more resultant fat — the aim and end of the whole process.

That the appetite should not be cloyed by such abundant richness, about once a week the oxen were given a breakfast of cornstalks, husks, or "peas 'n' oats" straw, which was received with thanks. It was a day of trouble to the feeder when, as it sometimes happened, the objects of their care declined to eat the good things set before them, owing to unfavorable weather, or it may be to overfeeding with provender, albeit a careful watch was always kept on the condition of their digestive organs. "Your cattle eat well to-day?" was a common query when the feeders met on change in "Dr. Charles's senate chamber." "No trouble about that long 's this weather holds," was the usual response, on days when the air was crisp and the frost keen. It was this and kindred topics which were discussed day after day at this common place of meeting. The fine points of each other's stock, the fattening qualities, the estimated weight, the gain since put up, and above all the prospective price of beef as indicated in the weekly reports of the Brighton and New York markets; story-telling was in order often at the expense of some of the hearers. It was considered a fair game and a good joke for one to cut in and buy upon the sly a pair of oxen which a slower neighbor had spotted, and was leisurely trying to get at a bargain. Old straw was threshed over and over. The big ox of Colonel Asa Stebbins, which was too fat to walk, and was drawn to Brighton on an ox sled, was brought out, or the Duke and Dime of Uncle Seth, which were nearly in that con-

dition, were canvassed; with all this, however, was a judicious mixture of narratives, sometimes rather highly seasoned, and occasionally a jovial song from Uncle Sid — and nobody enjoyed or appreciated a royal good time better than these same hard working farmers of Deerfield.

In due time Dr. Charles's clock strikes two. Why is it that not one of that company is there to hear it? It is because that on the stroke of two the cattle must be "put up." None knew the hour better than the cattle themselves, and they would be surprised and disturbed by a few minutes' delay. They made no allowance for the variation of time pieces. Fair weather or foul, a few minutes before two they would rouse up, lazily stretch their full length for a while, and after a series of prolonged and satisfactory grunts, get up and take their respective places in a line with the leader at the stable door. When the door is opened the stately column marches deliberately in, each to his own stall, where he is tied in front, and the gorging begins. Nothing was allowed to interfere with putting up the cattle at the regular hour. A current story will illustrate this point. Of four brothers, prominent men of Deerfield Street, the oldest one died. There was a large gathering at his house for the funeral. To this fact I can testify, for through my three-year old eyes I saw from a chamber window the overflow in the dooryard. I did not, however, see or know of the hitch by which the proceedings were delayed for a considerable time. When at length the procession was ready to move towards the old burying yard, the pointers on the major's tall clock indicated the near approach of two o'clock, and "Col. Dick," one of the brothers, turned the other way towards home. "Uncle Liff" joined the procession, but casting his eyes towards the sun, saw that the cattle would be waiting at the stable door before he could return from the burial, so he left the line at his own gate. "Uncle Sid," following the example of his elder brothers, fell out as the procession passed his gate, within full sight of the graveyard. In due time the procession reached the open grave, into which the body of the Revolutionary Major was lowered; then came a pause for the usual ceremony, when some near friend of the deceased gave formal thanks to people for their assistance in burying the dead. The pause was short. "Uncle Hinsdale," who was the conductor of the funeral, advanced to the grave and with his peculiar emphatic "Ahem!" and his accompanying kick with the heel of his right foot, sent the earth rattling down upon the coffin and ex-

claimed shortly, "Cover him up! Cover him up! No friends here!" It is not clear whether he was the more vexed at the absence of the three brothers, or his own enforced presence after two o'clock.

At nightfall the cattle having eaten their fill were turned out with the same ceremony observed in the morning. It should have been stated that when untied in turn, the trained animals did not make their exit haphazard; they were early taught to back quietly out of the stall, and turning to the right or left as the case might be towards the door to take a prescribed route at a dignified pace to the watering trough; after drinking, they camped in the sheds for the night.

It was one of the regular morning chores of the boys to "straw the sheds," or make up the beds of the oxen for the day. The dung was thrown out, the old camping places stirred up and fresh straw from the lofts above was strown kneedeep over all. And so each day their lordships were furnished with a clean and tempting bed, which, as we have seen, they made the most of.

What I have described was the regular routine, month in and month out, until the feeders and the drovers agreed that the cattle were fat enough for market, and upon the terms on which they should change hands. The drovers were men who made it their business to buy the fatted oxen of the feeders and drive them to the great markets. The looker-on, provided he had the leisure, could find abundant amusement in watching the parties while making the bargain. Hours would be spent in examining and discussing the fine points, or the weak points, in each animal, adjourning back and forth from one to another, in estimating the comparative weight and quality. If the drover found a lack in one point, the feeder would call his attention to a compensation in another. If the brisket was fine and full, the drover would think the flank too thin; if the barrel was shown to be round and plump, the hips would be too narrow; if an unusual length of the animal was noted, the drover would see too much daylight under him. To offset the broad shoulders and swelling ribs, he was found too short to weigh well; if the skin was found as soft as velvet, the rump was not well filled, or if well filled it sloped off too much. And so point by point and inch by inch, each ox was examined, handled and discussed. The subjects looked on curiously or went to their straw wondering what all this unwonted disturbance meant, while the talk went on about the weight on the hoof or on the hook; the

probable rise or fall of prices on the next market day, with interludes of cider drinking and story-telling. Many a straw was chewed to paper stock, and many a stick whittled to a point, many a turning of backs and facing round again, many a last word and final getting into the cutter on the one side, and movement towards the barn on the other, before a bargain was made or a settled disagreement reached. Sometimes the appearance of a rival drover would add interest to the scene. The oxen were sold at a lump price per head, or at a fixed price per hundred, dressed weight; in such cases a settlement was made on the bill of weight brought back from the butcher. If no price could be agreed upon on the hoof or hook, the oxen were sent "on drift" at so much a head, the drover taking them to market and selling them as best he could on the feeders' account. Occasionally the owner himself became drover and salesman in the market. If he could not hold his own with drover and butcher on the final field of action, he might come back a wiser and a poorer man. The butcher preferred to deal with the middlemen, and the drovers were apt to feel their field of operations was encroached upon, so the two might combine on occasion to "roast" the intruder, both for sport and profit. Experience is knowledge at first hand, and the writer learned that this roasting process was not in every individual case a success. Moved by reasons he thought good he took his own to market. He found a townsman had been victimized the week before, and overhearing some conversation behind the yard fence between the drover, with whom he had failed to trade at home and a market butcher, learned that he was also marked for game. His blood was up and hot; forewarned, he called his wits to the front, watched each move and made his own with apparent unconcern, but in real torture and real ugliness.

Their plan was to combine and play the bear, decry his stock, declare the market glutted, that prices were falling; and each butcher that came into the yard would make a lower offer than his predecessor. Before noon, however, the roastee had scored a success. He had struck a man not in the ring, and sold one pair of oxen for eight dollars more than his first price. At sunset the clouds had passed, the unsophisticated farmer went about smiling serenely, and he went to bed counting himself the richer by a trying experience, and half a dozen unexpected ten dollar bills in his pocket, and an added confidence in himself. The aim and end of all the care and pains of stall-feeding being the net cash proceeds

at market, this story, personal as it is, may fairly be considered as part of the history in hand.

But to return; whoever took the drove to market, certain preliminaries were always necessary — preliminary steps literally. The first thing was to "walk the cattle." They had been so closely confined, with almost no exercise, that without this process the excitement attendant upon being turned loose on the road, and the unwonted fatigue of the first day's journey would be sure to break them down, rendering them unfit for the week's travel. To make them more waywise they were "walked" for a mile or more out and back for three or four days before the event. "Walking" was the term, but not the fact. Astonished and rejoicing at their freedom, the animals always started off on a gallop, raced back and forth, dancing, prancing and cutting up all manner of capers, to the great delight of the children watching and waiting at the windows. The subjects grew more calm at each exercise, until by Sunday night they generally took it as a matter of course, it being a new phase in the daily routine.

Monday morning was always starting time for the journey to Brighton, and it was a stirring scene on the street while the drover was mustering his oxen for the line of march, from the several barnyards where he had bought or engaged them. The windows were filled with the faces of women and children, and the street with a promiscuous stir-up of men, boys and beef cattle. As each new lot joined the drove, the scenes in the barnyard the fall before were repeated, only there was no interference in the combats, for no one cared which beat. Skirmishing and fighting for rank was the business in hand, until after much locking of horns, desperate pushing and tearing up of turf, all questions of precedence were settled and all faces were set towards Cheapside bridge. The street and roads in those days were lined with fences and gates. The first day's march ended at Grout's Corner, and a tired lot was man and boy and beast on arrival. The route was more quiet on Tuesday, and after that the victims marched as steady as grenadiers to Brighton and their destiny.

In our day when crowded passenger cars by the dozen make four trips a day between Boston and the Connecticut Valley, and freight cars deliver oxen at Brighton in half a day, it is hard to realize that sixty years since two stage lines each sending three coaches a week on a round trip to Boston, supplied all the demand for travel between this section of the Connecticut Valley and the

Hub, and that a few stray white-topped baggage wagons were ample accommodations for the freight. But there was next to nothing in the way of traveling for pleasure then, and the day of the drummer had not dawned. The passengers were generally store keepers going twice a year to Boston to buy a six months' stock of goods, ministers traveling on half-fare to convention or on exchanges, political stump speakers in their season, and rarely sisters, aunts or cousins going to visit sick relatives in city or country. Parties in sable going to funerals, so common in the cars to-day, were not seen in the stage coach. There was no harnessed lightning to give notice of death, and no steam to carry friends in response. People were buried where they died, and the funeral was attended by a sympathizing neighborhood; when it was all over the slow mail carried the sad news to the stricken hearts of the bereaved.

But however slow this transit it has carried us away from the fat ox, and his exit. We will return to again see him off from the valley on his final journey, and consider in connection therewith a matter not hitherto touched upon. Behind all the Monday morning stir and bustle in starting a drove of fat oxen to market, there was often a wrench in the heart of the mother at the first long parting from an ambitious son. With tearful eyes she watched him disappear round the turn of the road, running and shouting, whip in hand, about the excited oxen, he no less excited than they, and feeling his consequence as never before. For it was frequently on occasions like this that the boys of the farms took their first look into the outside world. With little or no pay beyond their expenses on the road, and perhaps a little guidance in seeing the elephant in the great cities, they would go with the drover as his assistants; thus day by day, footing their bills, and their way to the metropolis. Wonderful were the stories with which the travelers regaled the ears of their envious companions on their return in state by stage coach. These narratives generally bore fruit the next spring in new batches of pilgrims, and incidentally these trips to the city often led to ambitious aspirations, to permanent migrations, and a resultant loss to the valley.

Since among other changes in this changing era it has come to pass and been established that the "chief end of man" is not to "glorify God and enjoy him forever," but to get riches or die in the attempt, this emigration to the great centers, which began about sixty years since, has become a prominent factor in the his-

tory of the valley towns. The ultimate consequences of this movement we cannot as yet discern. Time alone can determine that. Some grounds for conjecture there may be in the fact that the one man, of the many score of adventurers, who succeeds in the terrible war of competition, is often turning his thoughts and his footsteps towards the home of his boyhood for an old age of quiet enjoyment, away from the strivings and the turmoils of the city; or perhaps more often giving of his wealth to endow libraries or otherwise enriching the social or educational life of his native town. Who can gauge the result of this reflux, or say whether it be not in the line of the great law of compensation; of one thing, however, we may be certain; much will depend upon the character of the returning tide.

But look upon this as we may, the old-fashioned farming and the old-fashioned farmer are gone. The stall-fed ox has gone, and the old-fashioned boy literally followed him to the metropolis.

The boy was essentially a part and parcel of the old farm life, sixty years since, but his multifarious occupations, each in its season, are now nearly obsolete. In winter, as we have said, it was his duty to straw the sheds, clear out the watering trough, rake up the barn floors, sweep up the meal, tend half-bushel in fanning up, make hay tea and feed the calves, feed the pigs corn in the ear, but never from the swill pail. When large enough, to milk the family cow, to get in wood and cobs for the evening fire, and kindlings for the morning, to draw cider for the three meals and the evening visitors. With the opening spring, to fill up the odd hours, he was set to work on the huge piles of sled length fuel in the wood yard, the bountiful result of the winter's sledding. I can testify in one case when the boy not being big enough for the axe an axe was made to match the boy. The sled wood was from two inches to two feet in diameter, the length usually nine or twelve feet, and the firewood three feet. No measure was used, but the eye was trained to cut exact lengths and the arm trained to the knack of sending the chips a-flying and leaving a clean cut calf just half through the log. The wood saw was then unknown.

The earliest meadow work for the boy was to knock dung, clear off the flood trash, pile and burn the cornstalks. There was usually fun enough in the last two employments to disguise the work, the bonfires being often an evening's sport. Then came "driving plow," which had no redeeming feature for the tired boy slowly plodding up and down the long furrows, lazily urging the slow oxen

with sleepy voice and fish-pole-like whip which he could not even crack. At each bout he looked longingly up to the hot sun which seemed to stand still in the heavens. Oh, the monotony and weariness of it! Even the night brought no relief.

> In dreams he trode the field again,
> In dreams across the burning plain
> His lagging legions urged amain.

The team was usually two pairs of oxen led by the family horse; often, however, three pairs of oxen and occasionally four; each addition making it easier for the beasts and harder for the boy. It was a welcome change when called to ride horse to harrow in peas and oats, or prepare the land for holing out. The boy must drive the team when dunging out, cover dung for the planter, cut dock on the grass land, plant white beans among the corn. Watching the cornfield to keep off depredators was a different thing. In this if the boy was allowed the old gun and powder horn, he found a congenial occupation in a contest with the wily crow, his cousin, the crow blackbird, and the chipmuck, all of which loved the sprouting grain. When cornfields were near together the boys could congregate or watch turn and turn at will. The most vigilant watch was called for at early dawn or early twilight. If a fishpond was near by, woe to the pickerel as he lay sunning himself near the surface. The boy reasoned well that the crow would be scared by the same shot which killed the fish. Napping woodchucks also blended in harmoniously. Too soon came riding horse to harrow for the first hoeing and harrowing alone for the second and third hoeing.

Then it was driving cows to and from pasture before and after the day's work. In the season of berries these were rather slow journeys, and many a string of black-caps were carried home to flavor the bread and milk; turning grindstone for the mowers, turning swaths after them, raking after and trimming up the haycocks, raking after cart, lugging jugs of water from the spring to the dinner tree. No ice was then used.

About the house the boy was always in demand piling up the fuel in the woodshed, picking up chips for the dinner pot, taking a turn at the churn dasher, hoeing in the garden, weeding out the long beds of beets, onions, parsnips, etc., and as he was caught, set to picking cucumbers and beans, digging potatoes, and picking up apples, running of errands to the neighbors or the store. It was

the boy's business to look after the poultry, gather the eggs, care for the setting hens, make the coops, and feed the chickens. With all this it would seem that the old-time boy could have no chance for fun or recreation; but this same tough little animal found a good deal of time for amusement by hook or crook. Fishing, trapping or shooting woodchucks and muskrats; trapping crows, blue jays and chipmucks; hunting crows' nests, making willow whistles; shaping and playing fire stones, and mumble the peg; making and flying kites, making and using bows and arrows and darts and slings — it was a great thing to be able to send the cat-tail arrow up out of sight — playing soldier with red flannel belts and shingle swords, in one case the son of a king being a fellow-officer; playing tag and prisoner's base, hide and coop, playing ball with home-made bat and ball; wicket, round ball, one and two old cat, being the favorite games. What fun on a September evening, in roasting corn on the end of a flexible stick at a burning stump or over the glowing coals in the bed of a bonfire of drift wood, or in favored places, at the arch of a burning brick kiln. No corn ever did or ever will taste like that. In winter sliding down hill on sleds whittled out evenings by the kitchen fire. Making skates the jackknife and gimlet of the boy could not compass. To raise money to buy them the boy would occasionally get a job of some neighbor at twenty-five cents a day, and gather nuts and glean corn, which were sold to the storekeeper. Some of the other games and sports have been handed down to the present generation.

The boy wore in winter stout cowhide shoes, misfitting spencer, and trousers of homespun, cut and made by some Aunt Sophy or Orra, usually a world too wide, which if not things of beauty, were warm, and allowed free action of limb and lung; with a long woolen comforter wound about his neck and thick, mother-knit mittens, he would exult in defying the weather and felt as much at home on the snow and ice as any polar bear. The overcoat and overshoes were unknown.

Of his summer rig the boy wore hardly enough on which to hang a description. Bare-footed, with a shirt of coarse cotton, short trousers of tow cloth held up by a pair of gallowses of his own knitting, one of which was usually missing; a straw hat minus a brim or a crown; and the toilet of the lad was complete and satisfactory. If we add a sore finger tied up in a rag, a limp caused by stone bruise or a thorn, a freckled face, a sturdy frame, an hon-

est eye and a respectful demeanor to the aged, we have a fair delineation of our subject.

The youth of to-day, with his pale face, his spindle shanks, his tooth-pick shoes, his store clothes, fancy colored shirt and necktie, his show of jewelry, his Latin grammar and grown-up air, would not be recognized as a boy and a brother by the boy of sixty years since.

So endeth this record of the passing of the stall-fed ox and the old-fashioned farm boy.

HISTORY OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL PARISH OF SUNDERLAND.

BY HON. JOHN M. SMITH.

In attempting to give a history of the "First Congregational Parish of Sunderland," it seems proper to review the period intervening from the settlement of the town and the organization of the parish and recall the steps taken to sustain religious worship in town, and while doing so we will have an opportunity to study the character of those who instituted and maintained such religious organizations by their works.

For by their works ye shall know them.

On November 12, 1716, 181 years ago, and only about a year and seven or eight months after the allotment of lands was made to the several proprietors of our town, at a meeting of said proprietors held that day, they "voted and chose a committee to take a journey to Cambridge to Consult with ye President of ye College as to where and whom they could obtain to be a minister in Swampfield," as the settlement was then called.

At the same meeting it was "voted to build a meetinghouse 30 foot wide and 45 foot long and in height 18 foot betwixt joints." They chose a committee at that meeting to carry this vote into execution.

By imagination let us place ourselves among those God-fearing men and women, only a single handful in number, so to speak, probably less than thirty-five adult males, not men of wealth by any means, but the contrary, having come with their families from

the settlements south of us (mostly from Hadley and Hatfield), struggling to make for themselves and their children a home. For a moment compare their surroundings, their efforts and their self-denials with that of ours to-day.

A journey to Cambridge, almost the entire length of our State, through an almost unbroken wilderness, with no public conveyance and in fact with no public road, only a path, was no light undertaking. Certainly the journey could not be made in three or four hours, as now. The committee also had instructions that if they did not succeed at Cambridge to return by the way of Norwich, Ct., and consult with an eminent divine (Mr. Willard), "or any other likely man and if possible bring him up with them."

If they succeeded in obtaining a minister he must be supported in his work while with them. From what source did they derive their income in order to pay their minister? They were all farmers, every one of them. We should be at loss for an answer if the town records did not tell us that they paid their minister in farm produce at a price fixed by a standard of prices made each year.

In fact, all taxes, or "rates," as they were called, were paid in farm produce. There was but little money in circulation and towns at certain times had considerable grain on hand which was received from taxpayers.

Lemuel Delano, who lived then in the house next north of the Sunderland chapel, being centrally located, was often chosen one of the committee to receive the grain brought in. In 1791 he built in his chamber two grain bins holding 150 bushels each, which are to-day where built and called the "town grain bins."

But grain was not the only kind of farmers' produce used to pay taxes. The list would include flax, beef and pork. At this time it was the custom of all ministers in traveling from one place to another to stop for entertainment at each other's houses. How convenient then for the minister to have a full supply of the necessaries of life.

We cannot fully understand the causes which compelled the organization of parishes, without some knowledge of the circumstances connected with that period, which is called the "Colonial period." I shall attempt to give an account of those conditions, but more especially the period since 1700. Though so far as I can see, the conditions concerning ministerial matters and the support of religious organizations were not materially different than during the previous century.

In the settlement of the colony of the Massachusetts Bay every inhabitant was required to contribute to all charges, both in church and Commonwealth, "whereof" (as the act says) "he doth or may receive benefit." Whoever by birth or residence became an inhabitant of the town was liable as such to be taxed for the support of public preaching in that town, which was just as obligatory as the support of highways. In the course of the years following, the enactment was modified at different times, exceptions and alterations were made so that persons living in a certain town could be exempted from taxes in that town for the support of the ministry and schools, but they must help support the ministry and schools in some other town, as the following taken from our town records will indicate, viz.: "Under date of March 2d, 1761. Voted, That we are willing to admit Thomas French, John Hooker, Nath'l Parker, Joseph Sanderson, Nath'l Sawtell, Philip Smith and Louis Parker's wido to join with us in the charges and privileges of the town, if the General Court can be pleased to Dismiss them from their respective towns." The above copy of the record does not show from what towns they would come, but the following does, which is found in "Sheldon's History of Deerfield," Vol. I, page 583, under date of November 29, 1758: "Thomas French petitions the General Court that his property may be exempted from taxes for ministerial purposes in Deerfield, as he lives within one mile of Sunderland and goes there to meeting. He is ordered to notify the town of a hearing on the matter on a certain day named." Nothing more is heard of the matter, but in 1761 others joined him in a similar petition, as follows, viz.: "Thomas French, John Hooker and Elijah Billing of Deerfield, Joseph Sanderson, Nathaniel Sawtelle and Philip Smith of Hatfield, who represent that they all live within one mile of Sunderland meetinghouse; that they attend meeting there and send their children to Sunderland to school and ask that they be taxed to support public worship and schools in Sunderland and be exempted elsewhere." The petitioners were ordered to serve the towns of Deerfield and Hatfield with a copy of the petition and give notice of a hearing on it, on the "second Tuesday of the setting of the Court." There is no knowledge of the result of this petition, which is alluded to here to show that all persons were obliged by law, as has already been stated, to help support religious worship by the taxation of heads and estates.

At the first session of the Provincial legislature in 1662, statutes were enacted for the better observation and keeping of the

Lord's day, and for the settlement and support of a minister in every town. These ministers were selected by the church and the choice ratified by the town or by a council if they could not agree. In case of neglect the courts had power to compel the settlement and support of a minister, and if there was no church gathered he should be selected by the town with the advice of three neighboring ordained ministers. This compulsory support was promised to able and learned Orthodox ministers, and assessments for the support of illiterate and ignorant persons strictly forbidden. He must have been educated in some university, college or public academy for instruction in the learned language, arts and sciences, or have received a degree from such an institution, or a testimonial under the hands of the majority of the settled ministers of the county, that he was of sufficient learning to qualify him for the work of the ministry.

During the early period in the history of the Massachusetts Bay colonists, who were mostly descendants of the Pilgrims and Puritans, only one religious organization was acknowledged or recognized, and that the Orthodox. But as time passed on other sects and other beliefs in religious doctrine sprang up and claimed support.

In 1770, an act was passed to exempt the people called Quakers and Anti-pedo Baptists, from paying taxes for the support of ministers settled by the laws of this province, and for the building and repairing meetinghouses or places of public worship where such ministers officiate.

It would seem from the following, found in the Sunderland town records, that some action was desired in Sunderland in regard to the matter, viz.: Under date of December 2, 1771, is found the following: "Voted, Mr. William Billing, Mr. John Clary and Simon Cooley be a committee to Consider of the affare between us and the Anti-pedo Baptists and if they think it best to make out a petition to the General Court."

There is no town record of any action being taken in the matter, but the presumption is that the Anti-pedo Baptist brethren were relieved from "double taxation." The Baptist society at North Sunderland was organized early in the year 1822, it being an offshoot of the Baptist society at North Leverett, called the Baptist society of Leverett and Montague, which was organized at a much earlier date.

A number of Sunderland people belonged to the Baptist society at North Leverett and attended worship there, who afterwards re-

moved their connections to the North Sunderland society. Of course such persons wished to be relieved from paying ministerial taxes in both places. The town record shows that John and William Morse were of that number, therefore, the town voted in 1791 to give in to them such taxes.

In 1793 the town voted, "that we will give into Jonathan Ballard the Meeting House and Ministerial taxes, which are now against him, and instruct the assessors to leave him out of such taxes so long as he attends and pays in the Baptist Society." The town records show other cases of the same nature.

It was in 1793 that the town was building their second meeting-house, and sold town land to help pay for it. Hence, the following vote passed at that time, viz.: "That we will allow to all those who were professed Baptist at the time the common land was appropriated to build the meetinghouse, their proportion of the product of said land thus appropriated."

Previous to the organization of the parish, individuals who attended public worship at some other place of worship than ours, could by filing a certificate with the town clerk procure the payment of their taxes to the support of the ministry where they worshipped. There are copies of a number of such certificates upon our records. The following is a copy of an original one, now in the town clerk's office at Sunderland, viz.:

> We the Subscribers Elijah Montague, Public Teacher of a Socicty of a religious Sect called Baptist in the town of Leverett and Montague, and Samuel Willis and Josiah Rice Committee of said Socicty do hereby certify that Elijah Hubbard doth belong to said Society and that he frequently and usually when able attends with us in our stated meetings for religious worship.
>
> ELIJAH MONTAGUE.
> SAMUEL WILLIS.
> JOSIAH RICE.
>
> Leverett, April 21st, 1805.

This matter of the attendance of our people at another place of worship than our own and the complications following the measures taken to make a just taxation was obviously the great reason for the formation of "a parish separate from the town."

By an enactment of the Legislature in 1824 a mode of changing the membership of one religious society to another was provided, and the taxation of a citizen who belonged to one religious society by any other was forbidden, but compulsory contribution by taxation for the expense of public worship remained. Besides the provisions in existence for the support of religious worship, "the Leg-

islature by special acts created Poll Parishes of certain named persons and their estates and provided modes by which others could join them. Members of such Poll Parishes by filing proper certificates with the Town Clerk, were liable to assessment in their own parish. They were not in terms debarred from voting in town meetings, upon ecclesiastical questions, but usually did refrain."

"The effect of the creation of a poll parish in any town was that its remaining inhabitants in their corporate capacity thereupon became a parish, and the First or Principal parish in that place and so remained charged with religious duties. Upon such a separation the corporate property of the town was by operation of law divided. That portion which had been held for secular purposes remained the property of all the inhabitants in their corporate capacity as a town; but that held for religious uses became the peculiar property of the First Parish."*

The organization of a Baptist society at North Leverett and later at North Sunderland complicated so far as they related to the support of the minister in our town and seemed to make the organization of the parish necessary. It is noticed in our town records that at a meeting held November, 1827, the town voted "that the assessors assess the polls and estates of the members of the First Congregational Society in this town in a sum sufficient to pay Rev. Mr. Taylor's Salary up to the first of May next and to procure his wood." I have been informed that for several years after this the parish taxes were laid by using the town's valuation list of the members of the society.

In 1834 an amendment to the constitution severed the connection between Church and State, and parishes became necessary and were provided for. The organization of other denominations made this necessary. By the enactment of that year all towns were freed from obligation to support religious teaching and worship. Every one was left free to withdraw from his parish or society without joining another. No one could be compelled to help support public worship.

By the laws then existing members of any parish could be taxed for the support of the parish, or for necessary parish expenses. A tax could be laid upon their estates, both real and personal.

But by act of the Legislature of 1887 religious societies *can-*

* The above is taken from an historical address delivered by Judge Barker of Pittsfield, Mass., as well as some other of the above facts.

not assess taxes upon the polls and estates of their members. Provided that pews may be assessed as heretofore.

At the annual town meeting held in March, 1831, it was voted, "that it is the wish of this meeting that the Rev. Mr. Taylor's Society take immediate measures to form themselves into a Parish separate from the town." This was during the pastorate of Rev. James Taylor, who died the following October. In accordance with that vote Jonathan Hartwell, Esq., of Montague, in response to a petition presented by certain members of Mr. Taylor's society on the 20th of the following October issued in due form a warrant to one of the legal voters of said society (Elihu Rowe), for the calling of a meeting of the said society to be held November 4th following, for the purpose of organizing a parish, at which meeting Gardner Dorrance was chosen moderator; Ashley Graves, clerk; Austin Smith, treasurer; William Delano, Horatio Graves and Moses Montague, assessors; Increase C. Graves, collector, and Quartus Smith, Elihu Rowe, Moses Montague, Roswell Field and Martin Hubbard, prudential committee.

At the first so-called annual meeting of the First Congregational Parish of Sunderland, held the first Monday in April following the November meeting for organization, the following proposition was read to the meeting, viz.: "Nathaniel Smith, Esq., proposes to give $3,000 to establish a permanent fund for the support of Orthodox preaching, on condition that the Society add $1,500 for the same purpose." The parish voted "to gratefully accept the generous offer with the condition, and that we will endeavor to procure that which is required to secure the donation."

The parish also voted "that the salary of Rev. James Taylor be paid to his family the present year" (Mr. Taylor having deceased previous to that meeting). This "permanent fund" is alluded to here for two purposes, viz.: First, to say that notwithstanding these good people seemed to think otherwise, yet it is quite questionable in the mind of the writer whether such a fund as this is of real advantage to a religious society, upon the principle that "That which costs nothing is nothing valued." Instances could be cited to prove the truth of this principle if necessary. Second, to refer to the conditions which were to be complied with in order to receive the benefit of this fund, which were as follows, to wit:

Article 1st. The income of the fund hereby created shall be annually applied, or oftener, by the Assessors or Prudential Committee of said Parish towards the sup-

port of a regular minister thereof, holding the following doctrines of the Holy Scriptures, to wit:

That there is one true God in three persons, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, equal in power and glory; that man is by nature personally depraved and destitute of holiness; that the Son of God hath made an atonement for sin; that in order to the partaking thereof a person must be renewed in the spirit of mind by the Holy Ghost, and must exercise repentance towards God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, that the righteousness of Christ is the only ground of justification, which is received through faith, the Gift of God. That Regeneration and Sanctification are the effects of the agency of the Holy Ghost; that without personal holiness no man shall see the Lord, and that the rewards and punishments of the future state will be Eternal. And no minister of said First Parish who shall refuse to admit the said doctrines as doctrines of the Holy Scriptures shall be entitled to receive any part of said income under any circumstances whatever.

Article 2 is omitted here as not pertinent.

Article 3d. In order that the doctrinal sentiments of the minister of said First Parish may at any period be ascertained, the Assessors or Prudential Committee thereof, whenever desired in writing by any individual parishioner to ascertain the same, shall request such minister to express in writing his assent to the fundamental doctrines aforesaid, and upon his neglecting to do so, they shall refuse so long as he continues in such neglect to apply any part of said fund to his support.

The transactions of the parish since the date of its organization have been for the most part commonplace in their character and only a small part of them will be alluded to in this review. But it is pleasing to be able to say that although there has been at times differences of opinion among its members in regard to some internal matters, yet all controversies have been amicably settled without division and we trust with a Christian spirit.

It is shown from the records that new members were admitted only by a vote of the society. At a meeting held in December, 1835, an amendment to the by-laws was voted, viz.: "Any individual wishing to unite with the First Congregational Society of Sunderland shall file notice in writing of his desire so to do, with the Prudential Committee of said Society, and the aforesaid Committee shall insert an article in the next Parish Warrant of the person or persons so wishing to unite, to be acted upon by the Parish." Accordingly, in the next warrant was the following article, viz.: "To see if they would admit Enoch Chapin, Ira Beaman, Gustavus D. Peck, Elihu Clark and Henry Church as members of the Parish." These persons were admitted, being voted upon separately. (So says the record.)

At a meeting held in April, 1837, it was "voted to reconsider the former vote as to admitting individuals as members of the Society and leave it with the Prudential Committee to admit such as they think best."

In the earlier history of the parish, when an individual desired to sever his connection with the parish and doing so by "written request," as required, it was called "signing off," and was considered rather odious — especially without some good reason was manifest, and by the boys called mean, as thought to be to get rid of paying his share of parish expenses.

It is related that one wealthy man "signed off" and joined the Baptists at North Sunderland, when the common opinion was that he did so not because he had become a Baptist (for he was not a professor of religion) but "signed off" to get rid of paying his share of parish expenses.

It is said that a scene followed the next Sabbath. When he attempted to open his pew door to enter he found it nailed up. He jumped over into the pew and kicked the door open. The next Sabbath he found the seats which were fastened with hinges taken off. He got a chair for his wife, while he sat on the hat box.

In December, 1835, a committee was chosen by the parish to investigate as to repairing the meetinghouse. This was the old one built in 1793. The result was the building of the present one the following year.

The committee chosen by the parish to superintend the work of building were Enoch Chapin, William Delano, Elihu Rowe, Phineas Graves and Horace Henderson, of which committee Enoch Chapin was chairman. The house was built upon the site of the former one, the house being paid for by the sale of slips, titles being given to the purchasers by warrantee deeds. When the house was so completely overhauled in 1871, (the house itself being all taken down above the underpinning excepting the four bare walls,) the owners in almost all cases freely gave up their titles of ownership of the slips to the parish which has continued to own them until the recent change of ownership. The funds needed for repairs at that time were obtained by subscription and amounted to over $6,000 besides the cost of the organ which was presented by A. J. Johnson, Esq., of New York, the pews by the brothers Rufus and Augustus Graves of New York, who were natives of Sunderland. The frescoing of the house was paid for by John L. Graves of Boston, also a native of Sunderland.

The chapel now in use was built in 1849, costing at that time about $800.

The house which was in use prior to the building of the chapel, stood between the houses of the late Mr. S. S. Warner and Miss

Jane Montague and called the "Town House," was used by the town for all town purposes, lyceums, lectures and schools.

The school called "High School" was kept there sixty or more years ago, for scholars ten years of age and over.

Jedediah Clark and Daniel Rice were the last teachers who taught winter terms, those that the writer remembers.

The building was used by the parish for all parish purposes and for conference meetings, for which purpose it was illy adapted.

It was not so clear when it was built or by whom. A warrant for calling a town meeting to be held April 7, 1828, at the "South Meeting House," the word "South" having been prefixed to the warrant for the first time in 1824, showed that a meetinghouse had been built at North Sunderland. In the record of this meeting, the third vote as recorded is as follows, viz.: "That this meeting be adjourned to the townhouse and to assemble there immediately, and the meeting was so adjourned." The fourth vote was the following: "Met at the town house according to adjournment and heard a Prayer from Rev. Mr. Taylor."

Notwithstanding the building was called the "Town House," yet the evidence is to show that when the building was sold and removed the parish received pay for the building and the land it stood upon, and further that at a town meeting held about that time, viz.: in or about 1847, an officer of the town stated in town meeting "that they were without a place to hold their meetings."

At a meeting held in 1836, after the building of the present meetinghouse, the society voted that $450 be borrowed from the permanent fund to defray the expense of building a basement story, purchase stoves, carpets and pipe for the meetinghouse.

In 1842 the present parsonage was built, and the record says: "Voted that a sum not exceeding $1,600 of the permanent fund be used for that purpose."

It appears from the records of the society that before the expiration of one year from the creation of the permanent fund, the parish committed an act of doubtful propriety, not to say of doubtful expediency, when they sprang a leak upon the permanent fund by voting to appropriate $610 of the fund for the purchase of a parsonage.

It was hardly any less a step taken in the wrong direction, by voting, that the aforesaid sum be invested by the committee in a parsonage to be rented to the minister. The said parsonage was owned by the parish but a short time, (less than two years,) but

whether the sum invested therein was returned to the permanent fund, the record does not say. The parsonage bought at that time was the house just south of the meetinghouse, owned by Geo. M. Hubbard. It was occupied by Mr. Holmes, but by no other minister. The writer remembers very well when Mr. Holmes lived there. Mr. Ingram, who succeeded Mr. Holmes, lived on the place now owned by Mrs. Howlett, which was previously occupied by Rev. James Taylor, and owned and occupied by his family during the pastorate of Mr. Holmes, and the first part of that of Mr. Ingram.

For a good many years before the formation of the parish and until the organization of a religious society at South Deerfield in 1818, the people of South Deerfield were members of our church and parish and came to Sunderland to attend meeting and contributed to the support of those institutions.

Since the organization of the South Deerfield society, the inhabitants of South Deerfield, living on the easterly side of the Sugar Loaf mountain range, have been in attendance at church services in Sunderland, owning pews in the meetinghouse, until the repairing of the meetinghouse in 1871.

The votes passed at a town meeting in 1793, at the time the town was engaged in building a meetinghouse, had reference to South Deerfield people, viz.: "Voted, that we are willing to receive donations in timber and labor from persons who are not inhabitants of this town, towards building the meetinghouse."

And the following passed at a later meeting: "Voted, That we are willing to sell pews in the new meetinghouse to persons who are not inhabitants of this town." And the following: "Voted that we are willing that all persons who are not inhabitants of this town, who may choose to purchase pews in the new meetinghouse to stand an equal chance with us in purchasing."

In 1887 by an act of the Legislature the incorporation of churches was provided for (see Chap. 404 of 1887), in a similar manner as other organizations may become incorporated.

Previous to that time in order to secure incorporation it was necessary to apply to the Legislature for a special act of incorporation, which was attended with much labor and expense.

Taking advantage of this enactment the Sunderland church in November, 1897, proceeded to take the necessary steps for the dissolution of the parish and of incorporating the church, which has been accomplished.

The question of taking this action on the part of the church had been under consideration for several years.

The arguments in favor, which were advanced, were to prevent any possibility of collusion between the two organizations, the parish and the church.

Those who objected to the measure were those who said, "let well enough alone." For the last fifteen years every member of the parish but two were members of the church also; for the past two years every member of the parish but one was a member of the church also; and in both of these cases, these individuals were in full sympathy with the church.

By the action taken the First Congregational Church of Sunderland has come into possession of all the assets belonging to the First Congregational Parish of Sunderland, which has ceased to exist. At the same time the church has assumed control of all matters which belonged to said parish with its duties and responsibilities.

As has already been intimated, there has always been harmony and kindly feeling, in the first place between the town and the church, and later between the parish and the church, although they were separate organizations, and well there might be, for they were nearly all descendants of the old Puritan stock, and it is not at all strange that so long as the blood of those godly men predominates in our community, so long as their prayers are remembered by Him who holds the universe in His hand, with whom "a thousand years is as one day," so long may we expect peace, harmony and good works will follow their efforts for good.

There is no denial of the statement that in the main such has been the prevailing sentiment in our community, and such should still be our aim to maintain. The early settlers, who were Christian men, made haste to plant and cultivate seeds of religious truth, which have been bearing fruit in our town during these 181 years of the town's history. Others have followed them in their good work, so that our town, our parish and church have had a character one and the same. By the recent transactions of our two societies, the name of one has been dropped, but its character still remains. The two organizations were identical in desired results, viz.: The upbuilding of Christ's kingdom. Let us remember that the character of our town, parish and church was left us as a heritage by those who preceded us, but that it is ours to maintain. As an eminent jurist has recently said, "It will not do to point with pride to the heroism and self-sacrifice of those who preceded us, and then fold our hands to enjoy the ease and luxuries of the present time."

FIELD MEETING—1898.

FIELD MEETING.

OF THE

POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,

TO BE HELD AT

GRAND ARMY HALL, COLRAIN, MASS., THURSDAY, SEPT 8, 1898.

On this occasion the Society meets upon the invitation of the inhabitants of the town, to assist in the dedication of memorial stones which the town has erected upon the sites of the first meetinghouse and Forts Morrison, Morris and Lucas.

All members of the Society and the public in general are cordially invited to attend.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

COMMENCING AT 10 O'CLOCK, A. M.

1. Singing.
2. Prayer, By Rev. Charles M. Crookes.
3. Report of Committee of the Town upon the Erection of Monuments, By H. A. Howard.
4. Address of Welcome to the Association, By Lorenzo Griswold.
5. Response, By Francis M. Thompson, Vice-President of the Association.
6. Singing.
7. Poem, By Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham.
8. Historical Address, By Charles H. McClellan, of Troy, N. Y.
9. Social Hour — Collation.
10. Address, By Herbert C. Parsons, Corresponding Secretary of the Association.

11. Short Addresses, By Citizens of Colrain and Guests of the Association.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

For the Town.—Henry A. Howard, Robert Coombs and Clark Avery.

For the Society.—Eugene A. Newcomb, Jonathan Johnson, Nahum S. Cutler, Joseph Griswold and John H. Stebbins.

PRELIMINARY.

FOR FORT MONUMENTS AT COLRAIN.

Vice-President Francis M. Thompson of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, after consultation with Arthur A. Smith, chairman of the Colrain selectmen, and in accord with the expressed wish of the annual meeting of the Association that the next annual field day be held at Colrain, drew up articles which were inserted in the Colrain town warrant. They were to see if the town would vote to mark the sites of the three ancient forts, to appropriate money for the same, to invite the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association to help dedicate the monuments and to hold their annual field day then and there. All these articles met with favor at the town's meeting, last week, and $100 was appropriated. This is in line with the marking of notable sites which was made last fall, in Northfield, where the Association held its field day. The fort sites to be thus marked at Colrain are those of Fort Morrison, which was the north fort; Lucas, the east fort, and Morris, the south. The committee appointed by the town to have charge of providing and placing the monuments is Henry A. Howard, who lives near Fort Lucas; Robert Coombs, who lives near Morris, and Clark Avery, whose house is near Fort Morrison.

REPORT.

The Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association has well entered upon a new era in its career. It no longer seeks places and occasions for its field days, but it has a waiting list of towns which have erected or will erect monuments to mark historic spots and will beg the coming of these priests of history to consecrate their work. Last year it was Northfield with forts and battlefields to be blessed; this year, Colrain; and Charlemont has already expressed a wish to have its fort sites defined and marked for the rest of time.

The Colrain proceedings occurred Thursday and were of great local

interest. It is useless longer to deny that the annual Pocumtuck field day is a most entertaining occasion — a fixed feast in the Franklin County calendar, which could not be removed without serious injury to the calendar's dignity and quality.

The sites which the Colrain people have caused to be honored by memorial stones are those of the first meetinghouse and forts Morrison, Morris and Lucas. The importance of these was well demonstrated in the historical addresses of Thursday. The parts were links in the chain which extended across the country from the Connecticut valley to what we now call the Berkshire Hills and they served a very real purpose in turning back the incursions of the Indians in the French and Indian wars and, more particularly, in protecting the hill settlements by offering a shelter to the people in time of special danger. The stones marking these places are plain, substantial, permanent, and nothing but vandalism can prevent their remaining for centuries to tell their story.

The principal features of Thursday's exercises were the historical address by Charles H. McClellan, who is a loyal son of Colrain, and his paper assumed the dimensions and the character of an oration. He was on familiar ground and this was not his first cultivation of the historic soil. He made prominent the Scotch-Irish origin of the town and the early settlers who were of that race were fittingly eulogized. The address of welcome was by Lorenzo Griswold of Colrain; the response by Francis M. Thompson, vice-president of the Association; the poem by Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham and the after-dinner speeches by George P. Lawrence, M. C., of North Adams; Herbert C. Parsons of Greenfield, and others. The presence of Hon. George Sheldon, the president of the Association, added much to the occasion.

It was an ideal September day, of the sort which has invariably been furnished Mr. Sheldon upon his annual request. The local committee had made every preparation and the day was one of great pleasure.

The proceedings began at 10 o'clock, with singing by the special chorus. Prayer was asked by Rev. Charles M. Crookes of Colrain. The report of the committee of the town upon the erection of the monuments was read by H. A. Howard.

The location of the monuments and their inscriptions are best stated in the report of the committee which consisted of H. A. Howard, R. M. Coombs and Clark Avery. Mr. Howard read the report as follows:

In considering the selection of markers, the committee decided to erect granite monuments of such dimensions as would resist the winter winds, and place them beyond the reach of frost; therefore we have put in grouted foundations at the site of Forts Morrison and Lucas, and placed the monument at Morris on a large boulder. The site of Fort Morrison is located near the home of the Avery brothers; Fort Morris on land of Zeri Smith. Fort Lucas was near the home of H. A. Howard. The site of the first meetinghouse is on top of the hill near the old cemetery on Chandler

Hill. The monuments bear the following inscriptions, as suggested by the committee of Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, viz.:

At Fort Morrison: Site of Fort Morrison, a defense against French and Indians, 1744-1763.

At Fort Morris: Here stood Fort Morris; a refuge for the inhabitants, 1744–1763.

At Fort Lucas: This stone covers the well of Fort Lucas. French and Indian Wars, 1744–1763.

At the site of first meetinghouse: Site of the first meetinghouse in Colrain, erected in 1750.

THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

BY LORENZO GRISWOLD.

He said, in part:

Our indebtedness to those who have gone before us is very great. We should be lacking in gratitude, and untrue to our descendants as well as ourselves, did we not honor and perpetuate the memory of our forefathers, and make the places which their labors and sacrifices have made well worthy of remembrance. We are not always fully conscious of our obligations in this respect. And on that account the importance and need of an organization like that under whose auspices we meet to-day, which prompts and incites to the fulfillment of those solemn duties, are plainly seen.

We welcome most warmly to Colrain the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, and the loyal and loving son of this town who, by the wish and authority of the Association, speaks chiefly for it to-day. It is a noble work — patiently, tenderly and reverently done by the Association in remembrance of those who are gone, and for the information and inspiration of the present and coming generations. We sincerely and deeply thank the members of the Association for coming and performing the kindly service that brings them here to-day. And to all who take part in these proceedings, who come only to see and to hear, we extend hearty welcome.

We turn to the past for knowledge, for inspiration, and for warning. Hence the importance of history. Think for a moment of what it would mean to the world if the great names, the great actions and events of the past, were lost in oblivion! What knowledge, what hope, and what inspiration would be lost to mankind — to this age! The world would still be in its infancy, and would continue in its infancy until such time as its past began to be preserved. It is scarcely to be wondered at that that *pioneer* in the

development of the world, and of history making — that "first man Adam" — was somewhat erratic. Great allowances should be made for Adam, seeing that he had no predecessors to imitate, and had no "History of Deerfield," nor "Early Settlers of Colrain" to read. It would be well for this generation, which is "heir of all the ages" of the past, to be very moderate in its criticism of Adam, considering that its opportunities and advantages so greatly exceed those he had. If more is accomplished now than in the time of Adam, or our late forefathers, it is because the discoveries and inventions that have been made and brought forth during the years that are gone have given to late generations a knowledge, and put into their hands a mechanism, that have enabled them to accomplish — not twice or thrice as much as earlier generations, but at least a *thousand times* — perhaps a million times as much.

And what have we that our forefathers did not help us acquire? If we pride ourselves on our better dwellings, our broader fields under cultivation, on our schools, or that we have more comforts, and are more refined and humane, we need to be reminded that but for what the noble, brave and self-denying men did here when the forts whose sites have been certified were standing, there would have been no fertile fields, no happy home, nor schools, nor civilization — but as in the days preceding the coming of the pioneers, there would be here only the trackless forest and the native savage.

But for the past, the present could not be. There must be the pioneer and the fort before there can be the schoolhouse, and the farmer with his green meadows and fields of corn. To us, almost all that is actual and real is in the past. Events, if not as great as those yet to come, still as stupendous and sublime as can be conceived of by the mind of man, are in the past. The creation, the birth of Christ, his life on earth, his death, his resurrection and ascension, are in the past. On these and other great events, and all the noble work of those who have preceded us, the world has built, is building, and will continue to build, for the future. And to man, limited as he is in knowledge and duration of life on the earth, time must be divided into past, present, and future.

Mr. Sheldon, whose presence was an unannounced but most welcome one, was ready with this felicitous reply to Mr. Griswold's word of welcome.

Mr. Chairman, Friends and Fellow Citizens: I am glad to be here. Year after year, for more than a quarter of a century I have

faced this same audience, and received the same cordial welcome, and I hope the same will be repeated for a hundred years to come. I am but a concrete representative of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, and you are the representatives of the patriotism, the filial reverence and the loyalty of the citizens of this good old Commonwealth of Massachusetts. God bless her!

One word more. The close of the war with Spain has left unsettled many questions with which our posterity will have to wrestle. Who knows to-day, who made Cevera's ironclads a submarine fleet? Was it Sampson, the strong, or was it Winfield Scott, the Schley? And again was it Miles or Shafter who captured Santiago? Men in high places are even now by the ears about it. In view of these and other like questions of old it seems best to settle it here and now and once for all, who captured the forts in Colrain. All will agree that it was not the French and Indians. My unexpected appearance on the platform to-day may give some partisan newspaper man a chance to claim that the commander-in-chief of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association is entitled to the credit of bringing this campaign to a successful close; that Gen. Thompson, being only second in command, will be nowhere in the final record. The rival paper across the street may insist that the burden of the heat of the conquest was borne by Thompson and the glory should be his, and so a great deal of space writing may be inflicted on the suffering public — provided always that no bigger game is in sight.

Now to settle all questions which might hap to arise in this case, I hereby issue this verbal proclamation: Whereas, the unmasking and subjugation of the fortifications in Colrain is a great and glorious achievement which reflects high honor on all concerned; and whereas the real actors in this as in all important enterprises of such a character are usually ignored, and the credit given to the commander: Now, therefore, to the end that justice prevail and right be manifested, I hereby proclaim that, although the aim of the campaign was declared in general orders, all the credit, and glory and honor, amen, that might, could or should be claimed, declared, imputed or implied to belong to the generalissimo by virtue of his office, must and by right ought to be turned over to Generals Pando Thompson, Gomez Howard, Garcia Coombs and other native chieftains of Colrain. It is another case of the Dutch taking Holland, and it becomes the duty of these men to hold the forts forever.

General Thompson will command during the remainder of the campaign, and ladies and gentlemen, this is General Thompson.

REPLY TO ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

BY FRANCIS M. THOMPSON.

Mr. Chairman: This is a day for thanksgiving: and I wish to render you, Mr. Chairman, personally, thanks for the great service you have done, not only to your fellow townsmen, but also to the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, in so presenting to your people the matter of permanently marking the historic places located in this town, that they cheerfully authorized the work to be done, and willingly appropriated the necessary funds for the erection of the monuments, which we this day meet to dedicate.

In the name of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, which I happen to officially represent, I tender the thanks of that Association to the inhabitants of Colrain, for the kind invitation extended to its members to meet with the people of the town, and assist them in the proper ceremonies of this occasion; and I thank the eloquent gentleman who has in such a very happy manner voiced your generous welcome to your hearts and homes.

When our friend from Troy, the orator of the day, shall lay aside the exacting cares of an active business life, and in quilted gown and slippered feet, lie back in his easy chair, and dictate to his stenographer, matter for his history of this good old town of Colrain, it will take a long page to contain the story of the life, the struggles and the success, of Joseph Griswold and his sons.

I thank the very efficient gentlemen, the committee who have served upon the part of the town, in the prosecution of this work, for the very excellent manner in which they have carried the instructions of the town to success, in permanently marking a portion of the historical places within its limits. They have cheerfully co-operated with the committee upon the part of our Association, and I feel assured that the people of the town now and in after years will take pride in the work which they have done.

I am thankful that those old Scots who left those barren hills and rocks of their native land, and took up their homes in the north of Ireland, on the lands from which King James the First had driven his rebellious Catholic subjects, during the religious wars of the 17th century, — those old Scots who made their name and race illustrious by their valor at the siege of Londonderry, — transmitted to their descendants who settled here, enough of their grit and

courage, so that when England by her "Laws of Trade," forbade the manufacture of linen and woolen goods in Ireland, and the sale of textile raw material to any but English buyers, they sought new homes in these western wilds, by the shipload.

These people had in those lands only the rights of tenants; they could obtain no fee to their homes, and as their leases expired they were charged great advances for their renewal; they were obliged to pay ten per cent of their income for the support of the English church which they hated in the extreme; they had suffered under the "Test Acts" of Queen Anne, of 1704; they well knew the horrors of religious persecution, and came not to make these new homes wholly for worldly gain. They came that they might own in fee the homes which they should make in this western world, and that they might worship that terrible and wrathful Being whom they thought God, in peace and comfort.

Carved upon the Deerfield monument are these words:

> Aye; call it holy ground —
> The spot where first they trod;
> They left unstained what here they found,—
> Freedom to worship GOD.

Those Scotch-Irish were the first settlers of Colrain.

I do not intend to trench upon the ground which rightly belongs to the orator of the day. How they came to be here, he will tell you. Samuel Swett Green, the antiquarian, says of them: "They were, generally speaking, men of splendid bodies and perfect digestion. They were men too, of marked mental characteristics, which have impressed themselves upon their posterity. They were plain, industrious and frugal in their lives; and such was their thrift, that poor Richard himself, could have given them no new lessons against wastefulness and prodigality."

"Religion, virtue and knowledge were three passions of the Scotch-Irish; with them piety was never divorced from education, and religion was based upon an intellectual foundation and what they believed to be a basis of knowledge. They were a devout and religious people, and constant and earnest Bible readers. In many a home in this land, they reproduced the beautiful picture of domestic piety, which has been painted by the genius of the immortal Scottish poet, Burns, in the Cotter's Saturday Night."

Such were the people who builded the log houses upon the places which we to-day have marked with enduring granite, as a token of our devotion to the memory of the virtues of our ancestors.

When the Indian wars arose, and every rock and tree and fence corner, became to anxious eyes the lurking place of the treacherous savage, by necessity and common consent, some central house in each settlement, was, by the joint efforts of the settlers, made into a "fort," that is, was surrounded by a "palisade," or "stockade," which in reality was a tight fence, built ten or twelve feet high, constructed of logs from six to ten inches in diameter, set upright in a trench which was dug to receive them, the tops of the pickets being pinned to a timber running around inside the palisade.

The more important of these places of refuge, like that at Morrison's were strengthened by "Mounts," which were, in fact sentry boxes, generally built of plank — to make them bullet proof, — at two diagonal corners of the stockade, and pierced with loopholes, and as they sometimes ran up twenty or thirty feet above the walls of the fort, they commanded a wide view of the surrounding neighborhood. During a large part of the time of the French and Indian wars, these forts were garrisoned by soldiers who were under the command and in the pay of the Province; their duties being to protect the settlers while working their fields, and scout the forests for signs of the enemy.

For more than twenty years an almost constant state of warfare and alarm existed, and in this school were educated the men who died with Col. Ephraim Williams at the time of the "Bloody Morning Scout," one hundred and forty-three years ago this day, and the boys reared amidst this peril and alarm afterward became the soldiers of the Revolution.

No one will doubt but that Dr. Johnson voiced the general sentiment of humanity, when he said, "Far be it from me or my friends, — such frigid philosophy, — as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved, over ground that has been dignified by wisdom, bravery and virtue."

Scattered about upon these hillsides can be found old cellar holes and displaced hearth stones, silent reminders of the lowly homes of the pioneers of this beloved old town. Here were born and reared strong men and brave women, and I am thankful for one, that I can say, with pride, "I am to the manor born."

We mark to-day places made sacred to us by the lives and struggles of our forefathers, that future generations may say, "These stones are reminders of the beginnings of a great people." Supposing that a hundred years before the settlement of our fathers in

these parts, the people who roamed over these hills, hunted in these woods, fished in these streams, and fought their battles about these fishing places, had held a council, and some wise old warrior had risen in state and dignity, and suggested that the history of their tribe should be pictured upon some great rock, so that their children might not forget the prowess of their fathers; and by some means they had inscribed with figures of men, and birds and beasts, things animate and things inanimate, the story of their lives; intelligible to them, but not so to us, with what awe and wonder and intense curiosity should we view the inscription to-day; and the totem of the "Grand Mud Turtle," or the "Talking Bear," would be the subject of study for our sages and scientists for weeks and months and years.

But this was not to be. All that we know of the people who inhabited these hills and valleys three hundred years ago is recorded in a few traditions handed down from father to son, for a few generations. All else has vanished. The Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association was planned and exists that the doings of our fathers who succeeded these children of the forest, may not be swept into the same oblivion.

We meet to-day to place these momumental stones and rehearse to willing ears the valor of our forefathers; and our Association gathers in the story of their lives, and preserves to coming generations the record of their struggles and their success.

It is a work well worthy of all the expenditure of time and money given to it, and its efforts should meet the approbation and the active aid and assistance of all the good people who have any love or respect for the memory of the brave and courageous men and women, who under such great difficulties and dangers helped to lay the foundations of our civil institutions.

Again in the name of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, I thank the good people of Colrain most heartily for their kindly welcome to the members of our Association, and for the interest in its work which you have shown by your attendance at this meeting.

COLRAIN'S EARLY DAYS.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS BY CHARLES H. MC'CLELLAN OF TROY, N. Y.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: We live in a remarkable era. Events of gravest import march in ceaseless procession of ever-varying aspect day by day.

A half-century ago an English poet wrote: "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay;" but recent events, the remarkable sunburst of American valor in that far-off vicinity, bring into prominence that it is Americans who are writing the history of epochs day by day. Events from the consequences of which our own true patriots hesitate and recoil, and upon which the older world of Europe gazes with profound astonishment and ill-concealed anxiety. The spirit of liberty, first voiced except in supplication in this fair land, seems now at the end of nearly a century and a quarter to be most intensely and vividly alive. How fortunate are we who have been permitted to witness and participate in the remarkable events in our national history which have occurred in the closing half of the century; and how particularly fortunate to-day, do we esteem the privilege of saying, "I am an American," as we watch with keenest interest the steady, unfaltering, onward march of events, which in their culmination mean the end of oppression and cruelty of the old-world methods, and so much of hope and aspiration for those who have felt the terrors of slavery and the vindictive malignity of their oppressors.

The wave of complacency which rises within us is natural and pardonable. It is rather a complacent sense of gratitude and thanksgiving that the faith and wisdom of the fathers has been and is being vindicated. With one grand, unanimous voice we endorse and applaud a recent utterance of your venerable Puritan Senator; words which cannot be placed too high nor too conspicuously before the youth of the land: "There never was a people on earth, who as to the great subject of public conduct, were actuated by a finer, by a profounder sense of duty, and a cleaner sense of justice, than the people of the United States in this generation and at this hour." Noble words. They truly voice the nation's faith to-day and are a deserved protest against political degeneracy wherever found. What, then, can be more natural than that we

who have here met, possessed of a reflective tendency, an inheritance which follows us like a fate we cannot escape, should briefly seek out and consider some of the causes which may have contributed to this result; the underlying forces which from weakness and insignificance have multiplied and expanded to their present virility and potency, and which have been instrumental in attaining the high moral and invincible attitude, we as a nation occupy, relative to the great national and humanitarian questions which have become causes of serious dispute and conflict.

We are met to pay a tardy tribute to the noble men and equally meritorious women, who, amid dangers and discouragements that would have appalled hearts less strong, founded and during a trying period valorously maintained the homes and institutions of established order which their children have here inherited; to trace as best we may their footprints through a past of ever increasing dimness, and mark with some degree of permanance the sacred spots whereon they built a house for the worship of God, and places of safety and security in times of especial danger, for their wives and little ones.

We do well to thus recall their virtues and briefly review their history. It is profitable to us all; to the older ones that the story of these times may be freshly recalled, and to the younger that they may learn it thoroughly and know how much of toil, pain and heartache, these homes have cost.

Their place in history is among "the immortals," for they were founders of States, and the record they have left, their piety and integrity as well as their matchless heroism, is a priceless heritage to us and will ever mark them as a remarkable people whose like will not soon be seen again.

It has well been said of the people who settled this town, that they were of a peculiar race; and this fact cannot fail to impress itself upon any one who endeavors to investigate their past and trace with ever increasing love and veneration the motives which impelled them, and the strong, high purpose that spurred them on to full accomplishment.

With reference to them, three important queries arise: Who were they? Whence came they? and Why? and were it not that they open up an almost limitless theme, and that your personal comfort and the limit of my space conspire to prevent, it would seem to be profitable to endeavor to search out the answers. We cannot, however, with propriety, in view of the relation they bear

to the events we are to consider, entirely ignore some reference to their history, though from necessity it must be brief.

In doing this we may properly revert to a time nearly three centuries and a half ago, when Elizabeth was upon the throne of England. Protestantism had been declared the religion of the State by her father, King Henry VIII., several years before, though he had previously written against Luther and the Reformation; thereby gaining the commendation of the Pope and the title of defender of the faith. Being foiled, however, by the Pope in his endeavor to procure a divorce from his queen, Katherine of Arragon, he renounced his fealty and turned to his bishops for relief, and it has well been claimed that the church of England then and there came into existence. Henry VIII. was succeeded by his son, Edward VI., and he by his half-sister, Mary, daughter of Henry and Katherine, — in whose short reign the reaction from adherence to the reformed religion and in support of the unreformed, had full sway. The fires of Smithfield were lighted, and the Tower, the block and the burning, claimed victims almost beyond count. Even her half-sister, the princess Elizabeth, who was to be her successor, was arrested and imprisoned, and it is said only saved herself from the block by feigning to recant from her adherence to the reformed religion. The reign of Mary was of only five years' duration; its length, however, in no way indicated the depth of infamy which characterized it.

She well earned the title of Bloody Queen Mary, which has ever adhered to her. At her death in 1558, Elizabeth, the "maiden queen," succeeded to the throne, for a long and remarkable reign of forty-five years. A great deal has been written for and against this remarkable woman, of whom it must be said that England's growth and prosperity owes her much. She encouraged literature and art; was firm in her support of Protestantism, and while endeavoring to be at peace with neighboring powers, was yet jealous of England's honor and active in its defense. She suppressed a rebellion in Ireland with terrible slaughter, aided the Huguenots in France in their struggle for liberty, defeated Mary Queen of Scots in her attempt to mount the throne of Scotland, and later sent her to the block; humbled the power of Spain, totally destroying her "Invincible Armada" in 1588, from which dates the decline and decay of Spanish greatness, and notwithstanding her many unfortunate and contradictory traits, she claims high place in England's history.

On her deathbed she signified her wish to be succeeded by "our cousin of Scotland," and accordingly James I. of England and VI. of Scotland, the son of Mary Queen of Scots and Henry Stuart, came to the throne in 1603.

James was the first of the Stuart dynasty, a lineage that for nearly a century, barring the short interruption of the Commonwealth, remained in royal power. A reign far too long for England's well-being or for the comfort or enjoyment of our Scotch-Irish predecessors, who came to know by intimate and unfortunate acquaintance, the utter blackness and cruelty of this most infamous family.

We have spoken of a rebellion in Ireland which Elizabeth had subdued; to James, however, was left the task of repairing the ruin which had been wrought, of restoring order and re-peopling the country. Now occurs what has been known as the confiscation of Ulster, by which more than eight hundred thousand acres of that province reverted to the Crown. A critical situation was thus created; a strong influence is essential to stay the threatening disorder, and the King, though a Catholic himself, mindful of the situation and its requirements, instinctively turns to the fair-haired, ruddy-faced, stout-hearted, stalwart and daring Lowlanders, of his native Scotland. Whether the right or justice of this movement was wholly defensible we are not called upon to judge. It was inaugurated as a great national movement, and resulted fortunately in a great many ways: to Ireland in returning fertility and prosperity; to the emigrant in that it relieved the overcrowding of the old home nest in Scotland, enlarged his views and gave him his first experience as a pioneer, a pursuit so much to his taste that he has followed it ever since and is following it yet; and particularly was it fortunate for this land where he ultimately made his home, where his qualities have had fullest development, and where has been accorded him the fullest meed of honor and respect.

We know him as the Scotch-Irishman, but he was not thus known there, not even in Ulster. Britain knew him as the Ulsterman and in Ireland he is called the "sturdy Northern," possibly as a term of reproach, but if so the retort of "far-downer" was a sufficient revenge.

The charter for the great undertaking, as it is called, is dated in April, 1605, and the emigration went vigorously forward. The Great London Company was the first to engage in this new enterprise, establishing themselves at Derry, which afterward took the

name of the company and became Londonderry. The first Presbyterian church in Ireland was established at Ballycarry in 1613.

The motives which took our Scotch forbears to Ulster were various, mainly the desire and hope of bettering themselves; for it is proverbial that the Scotch have a "painful thrift," so that with the laudable design of doing good went the equally commendable purpose of finding good. It is difficult to ascertain the exact tenure by which they held the lands secured to them. It was feudal in its nature; large estates being leased to heads of families or clans, who were required to furnish a stipulated number of retainers, who in turn became leaseholders under them. The promises made to them were fair and assuring, and the emigrants had every reason to believe that days of prosperity would follow. Such would have been the case had the authorities kept their pledges with a tithe of the fidelity and probity the settlers displayed, or had regarded at any time their interests or rights.

It has been said that during their stay in Ulster the Scotch mingled and intermarried with the native Irish, but such was not the case; and even had they been inclined to, the regulations under which they settled there prevented. They mingled freely with the English Puritans and Huguenot refugees, who had joined them there, and intermarriages were frequent between them, but with the Celtic Irish, except in very isolated cases, this did not occur. The Ulsterman designed that his pure Scotch blood should not mix with an alien race; especially when that race professed a religion obnoxious to him, and not only that but dangerous.

The Huguenots, who came to this "shelter of the hunted," as Ulster was called, were a most valuable accession. They founded some of the finest industries, a large trade sprang up with England, and Ulster products and merchants were known in the markets of the world.

But trouble came. The push and energy which had brought prosperity to this ruined and wasted land, excited jealousy and animosity, and to use the words of a recent writer of their own blood, "The dark and wicked forces change the Ulsterman from the contented colonist to the exasperated emigrant." It began when the seventeenth century was one third gone, it continued with varied fortune and violence till its close and after; through the reign of Charles I., who followed his father upon the throne, through the Commonwealth, the reign of Charles II. and his brother James II., all Stuarts and Scotch like themselves, and to whom as subjects

they were bound by national prejudice and sincere affection; but the wrongs they suffered were unbearable. To quote again from the same writer, speaking of the Ulsterman: "He was wronged by the State, he was wronged by the Church, he was wronged in his home, he was wronged in his trade, he was wronged in his very grave." "Of all parts of Ireland, Ulster for a half-century has the longest tale of lies and deceptions to present. The promises made when England was afraid, or her plotting parties had something to gain, and the falsification with scoffing laugh and galling sneer when the fright was gone or the greed was glutted."

"In the early days of the last century there were living here Scotch Presbyterians whose ears had been cut off, whose fathers had been hanged before their eyes, who had been driven from their livings, fined, imprisoned, their ministerial office derided and the children of the marriages which they had celebrated pronounced bastards."

"Landlords and bishops made common cause to spoil the Ulster yeomanry." "As the thrifty, toiling farmer improved his land, he was taxed on his invested capital by the ever-swelling rent till he was rack-rented, and then if he would not pay the legalized robbery he was mercilessly evicted." "His father and he had made a waste a garden while the proprietor idled, then by law the idler claimed the fruit of hard toil." "The baptism of children was made a laughing stock and the legality of marriage by non-Episcopal clergy officially denied." "One reads with wonder of the rapid growth of Ulster industries and trade inside some thirty years; yet, act after act was passed forbidding the exportation of wool, of horses, cattle, butter and cheese, and dead meats. Ireland was excluded from the navigation act. Shipping was ruined and business failed."

"But, as if all these wrongs in life were not enough to heap on a man singularly high minded, brave, loving right and hating a lie, he was wronged in death." "For him no sacred 'God's-Acre,' if his own beloved minister was to read simple words of Holy Writ and utter from the heart the spirit born free prayer." "Why even in my own late hours, I have seen the passage of a coffin through the gates of a churchyard that belonged to a common parish, and that had been originally donated by a Presbyterian owner, barred in the name of God and true religion against a Presbyterian minister by a self-styled guardian of hallowed ground."

"And the Ulsterman who endured all this shame and wrong and

open robbery, was the very man who had made and who had kept the land." "He had made it; when he came 't was a war wasted desert; when he was driven to our shores from it, he left behind him homesteads and fertile fields."

It would be profitable did time permit to follow this subject farther; through the reign of James II. the last, if not the worst of the Stuart Kings, in whose deposing from power and final overthrow, the Ulstermen were largely instrumental. James was an ardent Catholic and intensely active in opposing everything looking to the advancement of Protestantism; employing much the same means as did his father Charles I., corrupting men of influence who stood in his way if possible; not hesitating at resorting to violence where necessary. His own daughters favored his opponents and fled from home. The birth of a son and heir which if he lived would secure Catholic succession to the throne, bore perhaps quite an important part in deciding our ancestors to espouse the cause of William of Orange, who with an imposing following had landed in England. James fled to France but soon hastened to Ireland hoping that his Scotch Colonists and kinsmen would flock to his standard and assist him in regaining his throne. In this, however, he was disappointed. The pent-up memories of fifty years of wrong, of hateful opposition and deepest, darkest infamy, readily decided for them the stand they should take. Strongly attached to him by the ties of nationality and kinship, yet there were among them those who years ago, under the inspiration of John Knox, with drawn sword and on bended knee, had signed the solemn League and Covenant and swore to battle to the death in its defense; and to have done this, would have been to assist what they had all their lives abhorred and opposed. In making this decision they were in a moment writing whole volumes of history; for who can compute the results that hinged upon this determination; to the world for all time; to England and English Colonies, including this great and glorious land we all love so devotedly.

Here in order of events occurs the memorable siege of Londonderry, the pathetic story of which seems almost incredible. It is a tale of surpassing courage and heroism, not only against foes without but against starvation within, and its counterpart can hardly be found in the annals of history. We cannot enter further into a description of it as it would take too long; it is a story, however, which every child of Scotch-Irish descent should know thoroughly and well.

After enduring dangers and privations almost beyond belief, the ships of William appeared; relief was at hand, the siege was raised, William was victorious, and James fled again to France where he soon after died.

Ulstermen had rendered William vitally effectual assistance, and made his success possible; and though he was a grandson of Charles I. and his Queen his own cousin, yet both were Protestants, and the expectation was reasonable that he would be favorable to them, and in the exercise of royal power would endeavor to ameliorate the conditions in which they were placed. The results, however, were disappointing in the extreme. The existing order of the previous reign, or what in these modern days we call the "machine" prevailed, and they found themselves deprived of many rights and privileges they could gain only by submitting to tests and conditions which they spurned and abhorred. Prelacy was all potent, and the exercise on their part of freedom of conscience was impossible. It was the old story of "man's inhumanity to man." Like some politicians of a later day, raised to some desirable and remunerative office by the efforts of friends, William never acknowledged his obligation or displayed reciprocal attachment. Their situation, though safer from violence, was hardly less straitened than in previous reigns, and while their respect for law and hopes of future amendment still kept them in a measure content, yet it was plain that a change must come.

They remained in Ulster, however, through the reign of William, the reign of Queen Anne which succeeded, and into the reign of George I., and then they sailed away.

Lovers of home and strongly attached to the land where they were born, there is every evidence that they left Ulster with heartfelt regret, notwithstanding the repression and deprivation to which they had so long submitted. Loyal and law-abiding, they had always been, and loyal and law-abiding they sailed away; though with other races of people the same oppressive experience they had encountered has sent anarchists and dynamiters to our shores instead of the true-hearted emigrants we are considering. They looked beyon ! their present conditions; their faith took hold upon the eternal promises; they believed that somewhere there was a home for them, where liberty and equality under law were possible; where Church and State should be separated, and the power of priest and prelate abated. Such a land they hoped for, and such a land under the guidance of Providence they found, though it in-

volved the subjugation of a foe whose barbarity was incited by the same priestly malignity and devilishness, and the final wresting of the land from the control of royal power. Such was the task set for them to do and to which they have so gallantly contributed, and while poets have not sung of their landing, or history but scantily noticed them, yet when their feet touched these shores, no race or company of emigrants of equal size has possessed more of the spirit of "ultimate destiny," the spirit which has swept over and possessed this great land, and which stands for right, for truth, for liberty and the rights of man everywhere, than did this little company of emigrants from Ulster.

The first considerable emigration of these people which has interest local to this occasion, is known as that of the Gov. Shute Company and occurred in 1718. In the spring of that year, with true Scotch prudence and foresight, they sent over the Rev. Mr. Boyd as their agent, with a paper duly executed and subscribed, setting forth their disposition and intention to emigrate, provided suitable "encouragement" could be obtained. This memorial was engrossed upon parchment twenty-eight inches square, and subscribed to by the heads of the families proposing to emigrate.

A copy of this venerable paper lies before me, containing the memorial and the names of three hundred and nineteen Ulstermen, all but thirteen of whom have affixed their autographs; thirteen, or only four per cent of them making their mark. In an admirable paper by Prof. A. L. Perry of Williams College, read before the Second Scotch-Irish Congress in 1890, speaking of this, he says: "It may well be questioned, whether in any other part of the United Kingdom at that time, one hundred and seventy-two years ago in England or Wales, or Scotland or Ireland, so large a proportion as ninety-six per cent of promiscuous householders in the common walks of life could have written their own names. And it was proven in the sequel that those who could write as well as those who could not were also able upon occasion to make their mark." Consider this too in connection with the people of another and far different race, with whom we are or have recently been at war, over seventy-five per cent of whom are illiterates, and that nearly two centuries later. Why this was so may not be entirely obscure. With very rare exceptions (and I would have you mark the expression), with very rare exceptions, no better women have ever existed for mothers of a race than were the women of Ulster and their descendants. As parents their ambition and pride of offspring in-

duced the most strenuous endeavor to embrace every opportunity looking to the advancement of the lot of their children beyond that enjoyed by themselves; and this has been true in all the succeeding generations. The signers of this immortal document were "mother-taught," by the light of the stars perhaps, or when the day's cares were ended, by the evening firelight at the ingle-side.

On August 4, 1718, five small ships anchored at the foot of State Street, Boston, then a city containing perhaps twelve thousand inhabitants, having on board one hundred and twenty families of Scotch-Irish people, or as has been estimated seven hundred and fifty persons, though I am prepared to believe that to be an under estimate. This company mainly settled in Londonderry, N. H., and the adjacent towns of Antrim, Chester and Windham, becoming the largest and most important Scotch-Irish settlement in New England, and with them the people of this town were intimately associated during all the subsequent years, others of them settling for a time at least in Worcester.

They had emigrated largely from Colrain, Ballymoney and the adjacent towns of the Bann water valley, and were descendants of the Covenanters; though others came from Antrim and descended from those who came there at the first colonization of Ulster in 1610.

Of the names on this memorial, five have especial local interest. There may perhaps have been others, but these five are recognized as having been later settlers here and many of their descendants still reside here. The names are John Anderson, James Wilson, John Clark, James Stewart and Wm. Caldwell.

In the autumn following their arrival some fifty families moved up to Worcester with a view to settling there. The third attempt to effect a permanent settlement there was at this time about five years old, and the Indians who in the two previous attempts had proved a serious hindrance were again becoming troublesome, so that the brave and stalwart emigrants who had "kept the pass" in Ulster, were made welcome, though not long after they are referred to even by a formal act of the General Court of Massachusetts as "poor Irish people," and subsequent deeds of intolerance toward them have left a deep stain upon the boasted charity of this venerable Commonwealth. It was Puritan versus Covenanter, a case of religious intolerance exercised against a people religiously their equal in all essential respects, though presumably lacking in social status and worldly possessions.

The year before the arrival of the emigrants in Worcester the English people had erected a log meetinghouse where services were held. The Presbyterians who preferred to worship in their own way held service sometimes in the open air and at other times in one of the garrison houses. Having formed a religious society they enjoyed at different times the ministrations of their own religious teachers, though they never abandoned the Puritan Church which they were taxed to support. Owing to their poverty this double tax became irksome, and being unable to support both, their own minister, Rev. Mr. Fitzgerald, failing of suitable maintenance, removed from town.

In 1725 the English settled a new minister and the understanding was reached that if the Presbyterians would aid them pecuniarily and otherwise they would be permitted from time to time to place in the pulpit ministers of their own faith. In this, however, they were disappointed and again withdrew and hired a minister of their own. In 1733 the meetinghouse was repaired and a committee appointed to seat the congregation gave the Presbyterians quite a respectable representation. John Clark is seated "in ye second section of ye body," with three English families and four Scotch, and Matthew Clark is seated "in ye second section of ye foremost gallery" with five English families and three Scotch.

Three years later, after having been taxed eleven years for the support of the "standing order," a petition headed with the name of John Clark is made to the town and an appeal is made in town meeting for relief, but without avail; the reasons given for the denial of the petition being more ingenious than logical. This was in 1736 and within two years much real estate in Worcester changed hands and the names of the former proprietors appear as owners of lots in the new settlement at Colrain.

Within that time too, a company of thirty-four families was formed and a committee appointed looking to the purchase and settlement of the town of Pelham; an express agreement in their compact being that none but Scotch-Irish be admitted to the settlement. Weakened by the withdrawing of so many to the new towns, yet not disheartened, those who remained in 1740 decided to build a meetinghouse. A site was accordingly chosen, the money raised, which in their weakness and poverty was a grievous burden; the timber brought to the site, framed and raised and the building well started toward completion, when in the night-time the Puritans of Worcester, people of professed piety and respecta-

bility, gathered as a tumultuous mob and leveled that structure with the ground; chopped, sawed and burned it, totally leveling and erasing until it became one thorough desolation, and to this day, so far as history states, not one word of excuse or extenuation, nor one dollar indemnity or compensation, has ever been tendered as an offset to this damning infamy.

An account of the early settlement of Colrain, the grant of the township to the town of Boston in 1735, the sale of their rights to Messrs. Heath, Winslow and Keyes who became thereafter proprietors, the survey and laying out of the settlers' lots, has been given in a paper prepared and published in 1885 and so is familiar to you. The terms of the grant required that settlement be made of sixty families, dwelling houses of specified dimensions erected, a meetinghouse built, etc., previous to October 9, 1740. The first recorded sale of land in the township is dated January 10, 1738, and is to Andrew Smith, his brothers James and John being also purchasers a month later. This need not be surprising, as the Smith family, being everywhere, of course they were here and on hand early.

John Clark with his numerous sons was here also in the spring of 1738 and he served as treasurer and collector temporarily from 1738 till 1740. John Pennill reached here early in 1738 and no doubt commenced to build what later became the Pennill tavern and kept as such for a century or more.

Hugh and David Morrison came in July, 1739, buying 250 acres, which embraced the site where Fort Morrison was later situated. Hugh Henry and his brother John came about this time, the former settling on what is known as the Sprague place in the south district, and the latter on the McCulloch farm, now the home of Col. E. C. Harris, and which was then the extreme northern settlement of the town next to the six-thousand-acre tract reserved for second division lots. John Anderson was here early, though there is no positive evidence of his presence till 1742, the same year in which arrived James Stewart and son-in-law, Thomas McGee. With the clearing up of the land and building of their log houses it is not probable that the building of the meetinghouse was started much before 1739 or possibly the year after, and it was not completed for occupancy till the summer of 1742, a town meeting held July 1st of that year, at 8 o'clock in the morning, being recorded as held there; but it was not till thirty years after that a pulpit or pews were built.

For the first four years of its existence the settlement seems to have got along upon a sort of mutual liability basis, having no officers except voluntary ones; a situation hardly conceivable except from a knowledge of the strong mutual interest which existed and the implicit confidence each had in his associates. These people had what Emerson has called "a respect for the constable," meaning regard for law, and having that, they had no need of a constable.

Another incentive they had for right action and reliability, — was, to use a Scotch-Irish phrase, "the speech of people," an expression very common among them. They were poor, with large families and many cares, and with danger threatening their homes; and yet had you lived among them you would have found their relations in many respects ideal. So much of sympathy and mutual interest and of a desire to make the cares and troubles of the less fortunate a burden that others should help them in bearing. You would have noted a strictness of observance quite remarkable. The Sabbath commenced at sundown on Saturday and the afternoon of that day was a season of mildly graduated soberness. It ended as the sun went down on Sunday, yet the evening which followed was a time of gently repressed secularity. No calls or visiting during this time even among the young people. Every one whose health admitted must attend church, the children must be instructed in their duties and the Catechism, and no labor performed, even cooking or sweeping, except it could be considered an absolute necessity. You would also have noted a tendency to regard certain harmless superstitions, and may have found a few who feared the "evil eye," or even "bewitchment." Friday was with them a day on which to avoid the beginning of important undertakings. Much respect and attention was paid to the new moon and its appearance upon the horizon, and especially whether the first glimpse of it was over the right or left shoulder as bringing good or bad luck. No one of them would cross a street or road in a way to divide a funeral procession. Especially they would not pass between the chief mourners and the hearse. Upon a death in a family if a looking-glass was hanging in the room with the dead, it was covered or reversed; particular attention was paid to the preparation of the funeral baked meats, of which the friends and neighbors had public invitation to return after the burial, and partake. Some of them were particular regarding their manner of dressing, and would invariably put on the shoe and stocking of the right foot first, deeming it a bad omen

that the left foot should have first attention. This tendency I have indicated was an inheritance of the race, reaching back to the far time that their home was in Ulster; and it may be true that the inheritance of it has extended to their descendants of the present day.

At the first town meeting, held at the house of Hugh Henry in February, 1742, committees were appointed by the town to provide preaching and also to "treat with" the proprietors for the minister's lot; but no permanent pulpit supply was had till after the close of the first Indian War.

Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, who had come to this country from Scotland in 1740, supplied occasionally previous to his settlement in Pelham in 1744, and boarded when in town with Hugh Henry. He was followed by Rev. Mr. Morrison, who preached here in 1743 and 1744, and perhaps longer, though during the years of 1746, 1747 and 1748 there is evidence that no regular preaching was had.

Rev. Daniel Mitchel, from Ireland, supplied in 1749, 1750 and 1751, to whom the people gave a call to settle, but the Presbytery refused to ratify it. Rev. Alexander McDowell was settled in 1753.

Blaikie's "Presbyterianism in New England" says of him: "He was a native of Ireland, and probably the first graduate of Harvard College who entered the Presbyterian ministry. His pastorate began with promise, but the influence of artificial appetite in a few years blighted his prospects of usefulness and he was dismissed for intemperance in 1761."

An interim of transient supply was followed in June, 1769, by the pastorate of Rev. Daniel McClelland of Philadelphia, Pa., which continued till his death, April 21, 1773, and was succeeded February 19, 1777, by Rev. Samuel Taggart, who was dismissed October 28, 1818, a pastorate of forty-one and a half years, and the last pastorate of the Presbyterian Church in Colrain as such.

Following close upon the settlement of the town came the terrifying and exhausting Indian Wars, which within the two decades well nigh destroyed and exterminated the settlement. The first, known as King George's War, commenced in 1744 and continued till 1748. The causes were entirely European and grew out of the succession to the Austrian throne and attendant jealousies. Its advent made imminent the direful effect of that same religious influence they had known in Ulster, and which, operating through Indian allies of the French, was a source of untold horror and dis-

may. It was not the native Indians, by which we mean those living in English territory, which caused them trouble. These, under the influence of Gov. Clinton and Sir William Johnson of New York State, had remained neutral, if not loyal. It was the Canada Indians, less than six hundred in number at this time, yet so completely swayed were they by Jesuit influence that they made existence here and throughout all this vicinity terrible in the extreme. They had been taught by the French that the English had wronged them and were their natural enemies; that the Saviour was a Frenchman whom the English had been guilty of killing; added to which was a bounty for scalps and full license to their fiendish passion and outrage. Says a writer upon the subject: "The French fitted out hundreds of parties of savages for the express purpose of proceeding to the frontiers of the English settlements, shooting down poor men while tilling their fields to raise crops to support their families, seizing their wives and children, loading them with heavy packs plundered from their own homes, then driving them before them into the wilderness. Those faint with hunger and unable longer to stagger under their burdens were murdered, their scalps torn off and exhibited to their civilized masters on their arrival at French headquarters; and for such trophies bounties were paid. Many read the history of these wars as they read a romance. It is no romance. It is an awful reality to thousands. It should be so far realized by everyone that all who read may have a true sense of what their homes, now so pleasant, have cost." This settlement, being on the northern frontier, readily accessible through its river valleys, made its situation extremely critical. It was but just started, and by a people little known or understood, and whose principal wealth was in their strong hands and stout hearts, their indomitable will and invincible courage. Against them, aside from the hovering and ever menacing danger of savage foes, was the vacillating, dilatory and pusillanimous conduct of the Colonial authorities, which made the maintenance and protection of their homes and dear ones, a matter very largely of their own unaided efforts. During this period there were three forts in the settlement. The first one to be built was, I am confident, Fort Lucas, or, as it was known at first, John Clark's Fort, that enterprising veteran who had passed through stirring experiences in Ulster and fought Indians and Puritans as well at Worcester, being largely [illegible] With them the building of the [illegible] accompanied, even if it did not precede, the building of the meet-

inghouse; not having in view their own personal safety, but that of the women and children. Fort Morris or South Fort was built at about the same time. Both were neighborhood affairs, and as there is no record of assistance by the government, no doubt a "bee" or "bees" of the settlers was the method employed in the erection of them. So meager is the recorded allusion to them and so changed at the present time the sites where they stood that a description of them is difficult. They were stockades enclosing the dwellings of Deacon Andrew Lucas and Deacon Thomas Morris, hence the names. The term South Fort referring to its situation farthest south.* South Fort was enlarged by an addition of fifty feet square ten years after it was built, and as a garrison of ten to fifteen men was maintained at times in each of them, with accommodation for the large families of the respective neighborhoods in times of alarm, the enclosure must have been considerable and included several buildings; there is also considerable evidence that at times the forts were crowded and the accommodations insufficient. The custom was, on the discovery of signs of Indians being about, to hurry the women and children to the fort, the men perhaps remaining there at night, and caring for their farms and stock during the day. While this was the custom there were exceptions; one in particular was William McCrellis, an ancestor of Robert M. and Edwin W. Coombs, who lived on the place now owned by the former, and whose log house is well remembered. He is said never to have gone to the fort, or ever to have had about him a weapon more formidable than a pitchfork, armed with which he considered himself a match for any Indians who might come; and from what is known of his individual prowess, as well as that of his race, it may well be considered that the probabilities were very largely in his favor.

Fort Morrison was built as one of a cordon of forts across the northern frontier, to erect which a grant of money was made by the General Court, November 11, 1743. It was built by Capt. Hugh Morrison between that date and June 11, 1746, at which time he reported to the General Court that he "had built a good defensible block-house at his own charge and also a garri-

* Note. A portion of the timber from the walls of Fort Lucas, through the efforts of Amos Stewart, Esq., has been recovered and was on exhibition. Its resting place during the nearly a century and a half since the demolishment of the fort has been at the barn of Mr. Obed Nelson, and later that of his son, Albert Nelson, where it formed the floor supporting the haymow.

son round his house." He requested to be reimbursed because these works were a public benefit. The court thought so too and ordered the committee which had been appointed to erect block-houses in the County of Hampshire to adjust the matter. Fort Morrison, if the stipulations of the General Court were complied with, had an armament of two swivel guns. The situation of this and also south forts does not seem to have been the best possible, owing to the high elevation which rose at the west of each and which the Indians improved as a lookout to spy upon the operations inside the fort. These various sites, at the suggestion of this society, and aided by the generosity of the town and the faithfulness of members of the committees having it in charge, have been permanently and appropriately marked. It is a duty well performed and reflects credit upon your committees and all who have been connected with it. These memorials are an earnest of the regard and veneration the generation now in active life entertains for the fathers and founders of this community, that their brave and ardent struggles are not lost sight of or forgotten. They are also object lessons, teaching patriotism to the youth, and pointing them backward to a time when danger, privation and even want and suffering prevailed in homes now filled with brightest comfort and enjoyment.

In the spring of 1744 war was declared between England and France and a season of serious calamity commenced. From old letters by various writers much light is shed upon the existing conditions. One to Gov. Shirley of June 17, 1744, speaks of alarm at the discovery of Indian signs on West Branch of North River and between North and Green Rivers, also of the fear of the inhabitants through lack of forts, "though some are building in some of the towns," and that many lack arms and ammunition. Government, however, does not seem to have moved in the defence of the settlement during this or the two years following, though the latter year (1746) was particularly calamitous. Another old letter, this time from Col. John Stoddard, dated March 1, 1747, complains of lack of protection and that Deerfield and Northfield were almost entirely so, owing largely to small pay from government. Settlers were unable to sow and of course unable to reap, and so have to bring provisions from as far as Westfield. Another in 1748, from Fort Dummer, complains that "Indians are present in numbers and seem to almost live upon them," and that "though the authorities have been informed of their miserable,

distressed circumstances, they are almost in despair through neglect to provide for their protection." Another of the same date complains "that seven towns which the writer mentions, will be unable to get their hay or harvest owing to exposure through lack of soldiers;" and still another "advising that twenty or thirty of the Six Nations Indians be brought out to reside at Fort Massachusetts, and as many more at number four, as he was sure the effect upon the hostile Indians would be to terrorize them, as they had inquired of their captives if there were any Indians at the fort." During this time the violence and depredations upon this weak settlement were severe; one of the most serious on May 10, 1746, as has been intimated, and resulting in the death of Matthew Clark. I have three circumstantial accounts of this sad occurrence, all differing considerably. Dr. Holland in his history of western Massachusetts, says "that signs of Indians having been discovered on the hill to the east of his house, he with his wife and daughter was attempting to reach Fort Lucas." Drake and Taylor, who more nearly agree, say that he with his wife and daughter and two or more soldiers were going from the garrison to Clark's house. Matthew Clark lived about a quarter of a mile south of the brick schoolhouse, on the fifty-acre lot next north of Mr. Copeland's. He was a man at this time, forty to forty-five years old. He was married during the time of his residence in Worcester and four of his children were born there, the oldest child, a daughter, Jane, who was severely wounded in this affair, being born February 7, 1727, and was therefore nineteen years old. On May 6th, four days previous to this, a party of Indians had attacked Major Burke's Fort in Falltown, and were severely punished and driven off, and it was five of that party who committed this violence. Such being the case it would be natural that they should make their appearance from the east of Clark's house and that Holland's account is in the main correct;— that Clark was at his home and putting his wife and daughter on a horse, he with his trusty rifle, endeavored to protect the rear while they escaped to Fort Lucas, a distance of about a mile. He was overtaken, shot and scalped, as old inhabitants have told me, at the run near the Haynes place about a half a mile from the fort, one account being, that being pressed he had secreted himself under a log bridge and was discovered by his pursuers; also that the soldiers heard the firing and sallied out from the fort, and as Taylor's account says, "returned the fire killing one of the enemy, which gave them a check and he brought the

wounded into the fort." The women, who were severely wounded, were attended by Drs. Hugh Bolton of this town, and Williams of Deerfield, whose bill for services I have noticed in a previous writing as confirming the occurrence. Matthew Clark was the oldest son of John Clark and the progenitor of most of that name in town and vicinity; also many of the Donelsons and Stewarts, his second daughter, Agnes, having married Daniel Donelson and another, Elizabeth, becoming the wife of William Stewart. His grandfather was undoubtedly the Rev. Matthew Clark, who was born in Ulster (or possibly Scotland) in 1658 or 1659, and who succeeded Rev. James McGregor, as pastor of the church at Londonderry, N. H., married his widow for his third wife, and died there January 25, 1735, aged seventy-six. He was a very remarkable man;—in early life a soldier and in the siege of Londonderry, Ireland, where he received a wound on his temple which never healed. Many good stories are told of him; one is that having preached a sermon it was voted to print, a question arose how many copies should be voted; when the mover of the motion said "he would double the quantity if the printer would agree to preserve the brogue." He surely was an ancestor to be proud of. May 18th, 1748, Jane Clark (or Jean as the record has it) was married to Andrew Smith, removed to Holden, Mass., and became the mother of nine children. Andrew Smith was a soldier at Fort William Henry in 1758, and his will, drawn by himself, in the same handwriting in which as settler's clerk he had commenced the old record book of this town, is on file in the probate office in Worcester. He died in 1782. July 28, 1746, David, son of Capt. Hugh Morrison, seeing a hawk light on a tree a little distance from his father's fort went out to shoot it. As he was intent on his object about a dozen Indians sprang from their hiding places, seized and carried him away captive. Nothing was ever heard of him after.

In a previous writing I have in relating this incident, given the age of David Morrison as twenty-five years or more. In this I was probably mistaken as I am now satisfied that he was much younger, in fact a young lad.

June 22, 1748, John Mills, whose home was where M. M. Johnson now lives, was shot while passing between his house and South Fort. He was one of the garrison and had only enlisted ten days before. Mrs. Jane Mowry of Leyden, a great-great-granddaughter of John Mills, has recently told me that her grandmother whom

she well remembered, was present when the body of her father was brought into the fort, and that she remembered exclaiming, "Oh, they have shot father." Many other deeds of equal atrocity, some of which we have noticed in a previous writing, must fail of further mention here for lack of time.

A garrison of forty-three men was posted here December 10, 1747, divided among the three forts. Twenty-five men were at Morrison's Fort June 11th, to October 31, 1748, and sixteen men at South Fort at the same time, many of whom were Colrain men; also in the roll of Israel Williams' Company, April 4, to June 5, 1749, appear the names of ten from Colrain; and the names of John Pennill and Daniel Donelson appear among others in the role of Lieut. Lyman's Company.

The war closed with the signing of the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in October, 1748, but the peace was of short continuance. Disputes soon arose regarding boundaries between the powers and it was not long before preparations for war between them was plainly visible. France seemed disposed to claim the Continent; not only Canada, which at this time was indisputably hers, but also a strip of territory commencing at Niagara and reaching by way of Pittsburg and valley of the Ohio River to New Orleans. This, together with the valley of the Mississippi she claimed, and began vigorous preparation to enforce her demands, precipitating another long, exhausting war in addition to the calamitous experience from which they had so recently emerged. Many removed from the settlement which as we shall see, became in imminent danger of being depopulated.

As showing the preparations being made for defense I will introduce here a letter from Capt. Hugh Morrison, to Col. Partridge, under date of October 23, 1754. "Hon. Sir: I have picketed well around my house and have set up a good watch-box, the pickets, about 400 in number, and the watch-box is set on a post 23 feet high, ye box nine feet square. The charge of what I have done is about 50 pounds old tennor. Should be much obliged to yr. Honor if you would put in a petition for me that I may be reimbursed my charge if you think it reasonable and it is likely the Province will allow it me; which will very much oblige your most obedient and humble servant, Hugh Morrison."

On just about the same date as above, a petition was sent to the Governor and Council setting forth some of the evils that threatened them, and which I will give entire.

To his Excellency William Shirley, Esq., Capt. General and Governor-in-Chief in and over his Majesty's Province of the Massachusetts Bay. To the Honorable his Majesty's Council and the Honorable House of Representatives in General Court assembled, October, 1754. The memorial of the inhabitants of a place called Colrain, in the county of Hampshire, humbly showeth. That your memorialists since the enemy began to do mischief around us we have been thrown into the utmost confusion and distress, not having garrisons enough to contain above half the people in town, we were obliged to throw by our husbandry affairs and fortify ourselves and have made an addition of 50 feet square to the South Fort; so that we have been entirely disappointed of sowing wheat this year, and we being all penned up in fort have lost the most of our crops this year; so that our difficulty is so great we are afraid, "We cannot neither" support ourselves nor the Gospel for this frontier settlement, and our young men all as one and many more of the inhabitants must be obliged to draw off unless supported. Wherefore your memorialists humbly request your Excellency, and "Honours," to consider our distressed condition that we may be supported by putting us under the pay of the government. We are 38 families in number in this town and as in duty bound will ever pray.

THOMAS MCGEE.
GEORGE CLARK.
JAMES STEWART.
Committee.

This petition seems to have provoked no response from the authorities, and accordingly in the spring another is prepared which I give you, as it is a most remarkable production, disclosing as it does the manner of people they were and how intensely alive they were to the situation.

To His Excellency William Shirley, Esq., Capt. General and the Honorable Council and House of Representatives assembled at Boston, March 25th, 1755. The petition of your memorialist committee for the town of Colrain so-called, in the name and behalf of the inhabitants of said place, are for the most part those who underwent the distress of the last desolating war and have hereby been very much reduced so that we cannot but just live to support our families. Nevertheless, by the blessing of God, we hoped to have been able in a little time to support ourselves, families, and the Gospel ministry settled amongst us, if we had been favored with peace in our borders. But our hopes are now very much dashed, the sudden alarm of our Indian enemy last summer has considerably injured us, for hereby we lost most of our crops and were very much hindered, — the most of us (and some of us totally frustrated) in preparing our land for wheat by reason of fortifying and putting ourselves into the best posture we are able for safety and defense. In consequence of these things and the rational fears we are possessed with of being obliged this ensuing spring and summer not only to eat our bread at the peril of our lives because of the sword of the wilderness, but also (if God prevent not) totally routed and broken up so as to leave this place in a great measure depopulated, if we may do this instead of being killed or "captivated" or both. Then our minister must leave us in order to find bread somewhere else. Then the Church of Christ planted in this howling wilderness where Satan's seat was, must be as it were unchurched, as in the melancholy case of Falltown at this day, pursuant to their being forced to retreat the last war, etc. These consequences, by all the imaginable ways of judging, will inevitably follow if we are not supported by the Government. But least we should be looked upon as preaching instead of practicing, dictating instead of informing, our humble petition and request is that your Excellency and Honors would please to condescend to take our poor dis-

tressed case and circumstances under serious, wise and mature consideration, and deliberate upon them, and afford us freely relief and support as is possible, by granting us some larger protection, our present being very scant, by a supply of more soldiers in order better to man out our forts; and if the inhabitants may carry on any secular business, to strengthen our guards and also put the inhabitants under Province pay (at least part of them) that they may hereby be able in some poor measure to support their families which otherwise must and will suffer. These things we speak by permission and not of commandment. But if your Excellency and Honors are not pleased to grant us these requests, be pleased as expeditiously as possible to inform us of it, that we may endeavor to fortify ourselves as well as we can by drawing off or otherwise as wisdom and prudence may direct. Your Excellency and Honors are great and wise and we trust also good, and if you are pleased to think of and consider our helpless, naked and defenseless state and condition, be pleased also to remember poor Falltown and Charlymount under the same difficulties. We are willing both ministers and people to make good and keep our ground, and endeavor to stand in defence of our lives, liberties and properties, our King and country, and as far as enabled play the man for the cities of our God, the Captain of our Lord Jesus Christ, in this land; yet so the wild boar of the forest may not break in upon and waste God's heritage at pleasure. If we can be supported which must be done by a miracle if your Excellency and Honors under God do not help us. So hoping God will incline and dispose the hearts of your Excellency and Honors to a ready, cheerful, and willing compliance with our petition, and request of your petitioners, as in duty bound shall ever pray.

JOHN PENNILL.
THOMAS MORRIS.
JAMES STEWART.
Committee.

These venerable documents cannot be considered as other than remarkable productions and should be indeed a source of pride to the descendants of those whose names are subscribed to them and who are numerously represented here to-day; serving as they do a directly connecting link between the present and a long past time of most pathetic interest in the history of this community. This last petition resulted in gaining the attention of the authorities and the placing of more of the inhabitants under Province pay in addition to those who had enlisted for service in other directions.

A garrison of thirty-three men was maintained here from August 31, 1754, to March 14th following, the only names of residents on the roll being John Harroun and John Morrison.

In the summer of 1755 there was fitted out in New England the disastrous expedition to Crown Point; the troops from this vicinity being under command of Col. Ephraim Williams of Deerfield, who was killed in a battle near Lake George. Those who went from this town were Abraham Peck, Daniel Donelson, William Stewart, Joseph Thompson, John Morrison, Robert Pennill, John Workman, George Clark, Thomas Wilson, David Harroun, John Clark, John Thompson, Alexander Thompson and Samuel Stewart. Besides

these the names of John Stewart and William Clark appear in a return of the sick at Lake George, November 25, 1755.

From December 11, 1755, to October 18, 1756, about the same names appear with the addition of John Hulbert, James Stewart and Elliot Harroun. In August, 1757, John Anderson and William Stewart were in John Burke's company which was captured in part at the surrender of Fort William Henry; Samuel Ayers was also a member, but fortunately with another part of the company which was not captured, or as the record has it, "captivated."

February 7, 1756, Rev. Mr. McDowell petitions Gov. Shirley as follows:

> The petition of Alexander McDowell of Colrain in the county of Hampshire, humbly showeth: That your petitioner with the flock committed to his charge, lay much exposed to the cruelty and barbarity of the inhuman and savage Indian enemy. Your petitioner having with the assistance of some of his hearers, got his house somewhat fortified, therefore humbly prays your Excellency and Honors to grant such a number of men to defend the same and annoy the enemy, as your Excellency in your wisdom shall see meet; otherwise your petitioner with his family will be obliged to move his habitation and people to some other place where he may dwell in safety, and as in duty bound will ever pray.
>
> ALEXANDER McDOWELL.
>
> Colrain, Feb. 7th, 1756.

This petition was referred by the Governor to Capt. Israel Williams, with a request that protection be afforded Mr. McDowell.

A garrison of thirty-one men were posted here in 1757, under Capt. Williams, and of seventeen men from December 1st, of that year to April, 1758; the most of it being composed of men from this town, among them John Henry, Alexander and John Thompson, who each received twelve shillings extra for enlisting and finding their own guns. April 15th, to November 30, 1758, the garrison of forty-six men is commanded by Capt. John Burke of Falltown, divided among the several forts, and is mostly Colrain men.

In March, 1759, Hugh Morrison renders a bill to the Province authorities for various supplies and so forth, including 125 meals of victuals and two and three fourths gallons of rum, also the services of three men "which I had by Col. Williams' order at the beginning of the war before any soldiers were sent up to us; which I boarded and paid them their wages, viz.: William Stewart and John Harroun, 11 days and Elliot Harroun, seven days." The whole bill is six pounds four shillings and four pence and is in the handwriting of the veteran Hugh Morrison and sworn to by him.

It seemed to take considerable rum to fight Indians, as I note among the traveling expenses of John Catlin's company there is

charged thirty-three gallons of rum "expended on the said company in their scouts."

The depredations of the Indians during this war were serious and annoying though the people, profiting by the experience of their bloody work in the previous one, kept the defenceless ones as much as possible within the protection of the forts.

On March 21, 1758, about fifty Indians made their appearance on North River in the vicinity of Morrison's Fort. John Henry and John Morrison started out to warn the people at the other forts. They were pursued, fired upon and Morrison's arm broken; but capturing an unbroken colt in the fields, they both escaped on its back and reached Fort Lucas in safety. The Indians then burned the buildings of Morrison, killed some of his stock, feasted upon their plunder and retired. An old letter relating to the capture of the McCowen family refers to this occurrence and is quoted in the "History of Deerfield." By some it has been supposed to mean that the fort was at this time destroyed, which is an error, as John Morrison's house which was burned stood several rods south of the fort.

Early in the year 1759, a determined attack was made upon Fort Morrison which threatened serious results. The Indians from their position on the hill at the west, were able to spy upon the movements of the garrison and so had them at a disadvantage. Seeing several men leaving the fort they decided to attack it. At the time only three men, Maj. Willards (probably Williams) of Deerfield, Dea. John Hulbert and Joseph McCowen were in the fort, and the former was severely wounded and disabled early in the attack. The women in the fort melted their teapots and made bullets while others of them loaded the guns, and the two men fired so fast that the savages were led to believe that a large force was opposing them; to confirm which belief Dea. Hulbert who possessed a voice of thunder would cry out to them to "Come on" as they were "ready for them." Not succeeding in their object, the Indians then went to a nearby barn, loaded a cart with swingled tow, intending to push it before them to the fort then set it on fire and thus burn the fort and capture all who were in it. Daylight coming on, however, defeated their design and they reluctantly retired. It is said that early in the attack, Maj. Willard caused the children to be warmly dressed, believing that their capture was imminent and that before morning they would be in the hands of the savages and on the road to Canada. [See note p. 547.]

The capture of Joseph McCowen and his family occurred March 20, 1759, the facts relating to which being about as follows: He belonged to the garrison at Fort Morrison and had gone with his wife and child to visit his brother-in-law Daniel Donelson (their wives being sisters and daughters of Matthew Clark, deceased) who lived at the Dennison place, where Mr. Noyes now lives. Returning about sundown he had reached a point near where John Morrison's house had been burned a year before; he was attacked and captured. Perhaps I can as well tell the remainder of the story in the words of a petition he made to the authorities after his return, as follows:

> Whereas your petitioner being in the service of the Province on the 20th of March last, was together with his wife and young child captivated by the enemy Indian near Capt. Morrison's garrison. His wife not being able to travel far was killed; he with his child went into Canada where the child remains still, but your petitioner was the last fall redeemed by an exchange of prisoners and is returned home, but in a poor state of health. Your petitioner therefore humbly prays that whereas he has endured great hardships while in the hands of the Indians, and sustained much damage in his temporal interest, that your Excellency and Honors would commiserate his circumstances and grant that his wages may be continued whilst your petitioner was in captivity, or any other way as in your great wisdom you shall think best; and your petitioner shall in duty bound ever pray.
>
> Colrain, Dec. 26th, 1759. JOSEPH MCCOWEN.

In response to this petition it was voted to allow the petitioner four pounds out of the public treasury "in full consideration of his services and sufferings within mentioned."

The fall of Quebec September 18, 1759, was substantially the end of the war, though it was not till the following year that witnessed the completion of England's conquests and the end of New France. It had been of value to our fathers in that it had brought several things to their notice; one of which was that the valleys of the Hoosac and the Walloomsac contained better land for agriculture than where they were living, and as a consequence not long after an exodus occurred in that direction. A further teaching was that the Government under which they were living was not adapted to their needs. They admired and honored the English statesman, Pitt, but the dream of their ambition was and had ever been, to be free; and during these and succeeding occurrences, which they believed and foresaw to be the prelude to that freedom, they aided and assisted in every way toward that result. Few indeed understand and appreciate the important parts enacted by Scotch-Irishmen during the struggle for independence. Says the historian Bancroft,

"The first public voice in America for destroying all connection with Great Britain was not from the Puritans of New England, the Dutch of New York, nor the planters of Virginia, but from the Scottish-Irish Presbyterians."

Of the early Governors of the thirteen original States a majority are said to have been Scotch-Irish.

Of the two men closest in confidence to the heart of Washington, Alexander Hamilton and Henry Knox, one was Scotch and Huguenot and the other Scotch-Irish.

Attached to the Declaration of Independence as it was first promulgated to the Governors of the States and the Generals of the army were two names, one that of John Hancock, the Puritan, the other that of "the man of truth," Charles Thompson; the first and for many years the only Secretary of the Continental Congress, who "swore by the blue banner of Scotch Presbyterianism," and whose birthplace was Maghera in Ulster. From this place came Joseph Thompson of this town, and there is little doubt but that they were related. Of those who have reached the exalted station of President of this great nation, the proportion of Scotch-Irish is generous. A descendant of that race adorns that great office to-day; implicitly trusted by his countrymen, honored and admired by rulers of rival powers; patient, forbearing, tireless, intrepid, — the fearless patriot, William McKinley — descendant of Ulster.

Friends, if in the endeavor to answer the requirements of this occasion, particular prominence has been given to the people who were our predecessors, it arises from a strong desire that in the homes of their descendants may prevail a deep and loving veneration of their virtues, and a full appreciation of the rich legacy that is an inheritance by birthright. Cherish their memories. Teach the children and youth the legends and traditions of the race, and in the quiet God's acre where our fathers slumber, respect and honor their silent dust.

O small beginnings, ye are great and strong,
Based on a faithful heart and tireless brain;
Ye build the future fair, ye conquer wrong,
Ye earn the crown, and wear it not in vain.

The social hour followed. Some of the people brought lunch baskets and opened them on the grass, but more found the chicken-pie dinner served by the Women's Relief Corps — an organization which deserves its name — a very convenient and satisfying resort. The dinner was

served in the banquet hall of the Grand Army building in which the exercises were all held. The special guests of the day were presented the freedom of a generous dining table. There was time for visiting and strolling about the pleasant suburbs of Colrain "City" before the formal exercises were resumed.

The hall was filled for the afternoon meeting and the audience was subsequently praised by the speakers as one of remarkable intelligence, a compliment it earned by most attentive listening and demonstrations of approval of their speeches. The hall is a most agreeable gathering place and speaking place and everything conspired to produce a pleasant after-dinner session.

Mr. Thompson again presided and his tactful, humorous introductory speeches were a great contribution to the life of the session. Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham delivered one of her remarkable improvised poems on themes suggested from the audience. Then George P. Lawrence of North Adams was introduced as a man deserving to stay in congress as long as did Priest Taggart of Colrain fame, provided he would then give way to a Colrain successor.

Congressman Lawrence made an impressive speech. He touchingly referred to the returning soldiers of the Cuban war as men who had shown the same sort of courage as that of the early pioneers, and he vigorously demanded searching investigation into the mismanagement of the war department. Our soldiers, he said, pressed on to victory as Western Massachusetts men have done before in the French and Indian wars, at Bennington, and at Gettysburg. They did not fight in vain. Santiago fell before the courage of men who would never turn back. Our triumphs on land and sea have added to the glory of our country. The war has ended, and we believe that the world will be better and happier because of that war. The triumph has been so complete that the present should be a time for cheering and song. How the people of the old Bay State would have rejoiced to welcome their soldiers with loud huzzas and ringing cheers; but when the men appeared, broken in health, their faces showing the terrible suffering which had been theirs, the people could not cheer because their eyes were filled with tears. The welcome was a genuine one, but it had to be silent. Those who had done so much for the government, were entitled to receive from that government most tender and most anxious care. Hundreds of millions had been appropriated to carry on this war; the nation's resources were practically unlimited and the people of this land wanted, above all things, that the men who had fought their battles should be supplied with everything necessary for their comfort and their health. The condition in which they have been returned to us shows that someone has blundered. The people of Massachusetts (and all the American people with them) ask that the responsibility be placed, let the blow fall where it will. It is their right. Investigation cannot bring the dead back to life; it can-

not restore brightness to the eye or the flush of health to the cheek, but it can disclose the incompetent and punish the guilty. More than that, it can perhaps make so terrible a calamity impossible in the future.

Herbert C. Parsons of Greenfield was the next speaker. He had for his topic "The American citizen soldier, old and new."

Samuel O. Lamb of Greenfield made a pleasing reminiscent speech, telling of Charles Sumner's visit to Colrain in 1839. He based his claim to a share in the proceedings, not on a Scotch-Irish ancestry, which he could not boast, nor upon residence near the ancient forts, but upon having a wife with Colrain antecedents.

Rev. P. V. Finch kept the audience greatly entertained for fifteen minutes in a characteristic speech. He had stories to tell and shafts of wit to let fly and he put all the other boastful speakers to shame by declaring that all human progress did not date from Colrain in the seventeenth century but went back to the end of the fifteenth when Columbus sailed, and printing was discovered and Europe burst its bonds of ignorance and servitude.

Rev. Wm. Joyslin of Charlemont was called upon and in turn summoned Kate Upson Clark from the audience. She gave a spirited closing to the day. She sounded a true democratic note and warned the Daughters of the Revolution against setting themselves up as a superior class. The man who came here yesterday with an honest intent to make a living and a home and be a good citizen has just as much right here and is just as good as we are who have had generations of American ancestry.

The exercises closed and shortly after four o'clock, the electric cars waited at the door for the hundred or more people who were to enjoy one of the most delightful valley rides on an ideal afternoon, down to Shelburne Falls.

The singing of the day was furnished by Ross Purrington of Colrain and by R. M. Snow, now of Northfield, who stirred up patriotic enthusiasm by singing "The breaking waves dashed high."

Among those present from outside Colrain were, aside from the speakers: Wm. Washburn of Barre, Miss C. Alice Baker and Miss Coleman of Deerfield, County Treasurer E. A. Newcomb, Mr. and Mrs. John Sheldon, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Peabody of Greenfield; Lester L. Luey of Athol; Mrs. A. M. D. Alexander of Northfield, who gave the memorial stones placed on historic spots in that town last year; Hon. Edwin Baker and Mrs. Baker of Shelburne Falls, Hon. John M. Smith of Sunderland, and many other of the more or less regular followers of historical occasions.

Letters of regret were received from Dr. H. D. Holton of Brattleboro and Hon. J. B. Farley of Erving. Senator Farley in his letter stated that his great-grandfather, Benjamin Farley, came to Colrain

about the close of the Revolutionary War, having taken part in that war from Marblehead. He weighed nearly four hundred pounds. His letter did not state his own weight, but his great-grandfather would not disown him. He was sorry not to attend the meeting.

THE AMERICAN CITIZEN SOLDIER, OLD AND NEW.

HERBERT C. PARSONS.

I am aware that one called upon to contribute to the literature of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, or honored with the opportunity to share in the proceedings of its annual field day, is expected to confine himself to the dim and distant past. I hardly know what fate awaits him who dares at such time to find something in the present and produce it in the midst of time-honored topics. But there is something in this place and time so obvious in a connection which spans two centuries, that I dare violate the traditions of these meetings and suffer whatever penalty may be passed upon me by our venerable President.

The mind of the American people is occupied at this moment with the thought of those who, suddenly called into the armed service of their country, have gone through sufferings and perils such as seldom before surrounded civilized combatants, and have now returned — those of them who are spared by bullet and disease — to stir, to the depths of our hearts, our sympathy and our admiration. This is nowhere truer than in Western Massachusetts, which, because of the readiness of its men for such service, is witnessing now the most sorrowful consequences. As, at every crisis in the nation's history, these hills and valleys have answered most promptly and efficiently for the nation's defence in one of its most serious undertakings.

We are met to-day near the sites of fortifications which vanished nearly a century and a half ago, but which for a half century before that time had marked the line of the New England frontier. To-day, we rebuild in fancy the crude fortifications of post and plank which would be of little service to withstand the assault of a modern foe, but which resisted effectually the attack of the savages in the French and Indian wars. We recall that the valiant Lieut. Hawks, with thirty-nine men, half of them sick, held Fort

Massachusetts on one memorable occasion for days against a force of fully three hundred, and then yielded only because of the failure of his supply of bullets and of the lead from which bullets were to be moulded. As we call back these ancient forts to grassy slopes which show no trace of their existence, may we not also undertake to regarrison them with the men, few in number but mighty in strength, who made them next to invincible? If we do so, we shall have in our minds a picture of the earliest citizen soldiers of New England; and I fancy we shall be struck with the resemblance to the men whom we are now trying to nurse back to health and strength after the first American war on foreign soil.

Military science has already paid its tribute to the men who fought the fearful battles with the wily savages. They taught the world a new method of warfare, and it survives to-day in the open infantry practice which has supplanted, in a degree, the tactics of closely massed forces which had fought the fights of centuries of European combat. Their equipment would now be of as little use as the bows and arrows with which hoards of Chinese came down from the interior of the flowery empire to fight the well-armed Japanese in the recent war between these nations. We cherish in Memorial Hall the old flint-lock musket. What contrast it gives us to the magazine rifle which has but just now replaced the discarded arms of even our own Civil War!

We learn that in the bloody battle between Capt. Beers and the Indians at Northfield at least one of the men was armed with a blunderbuss loaded with slugs; and being closely pursued by a horde of savages, turned this weapon upon them and letting down the rest which was necessary to support the gun, dropped upon his knees, exclaiming, "Now hell, open your gates," fired, mowing a swath through the enemy and then sped on his way. The blunderbuss was a short gun with a muzzle flaring in a degree like the mouth of a modern brass horn. Its execution was nearly as much in noise as in metal, and the danger was, approximately, as great at one end as at the other. But from this incident we learn that it served a mighty purpose.

Sergeant, later Colonel, John Hawks brought from Canada on his return from the captivity into which he was marched from Fort Massachusetts, another type of gun. It was six feet one and a half inches in length, the barrel four feet and nine inches long, and "the farther end ribbed." Whether this was the prototype of the

modern rifled gun barrel, or whether the "farther end ribbed" meant that it was placed against the ribs of a staunch frontiersman, I will leave for more expert judgment.

We get another glimpse at the ancient weapon in the description of the gun carried by that old hero, Benjamin Waite. It is preserved with its old-time flint and lock gone and its muzzle battered and jammed. But of its woodwork over five feet in length remains. These weapons carry the proof of a muscular development beside which that of the modern soldier could hardly stand.

The cannon is seldom mentioned in the stories of these early days. It is told in one of the fanciful accounts of the appearance of the fabulous regicide Goffe at Hadley that a piece of ordnance was trained upon a house, in which the Indians had conveniently gathered, with such effect that the top of the stone chimney was thrown down about the heads of the Indians who took fright and fled with great terror and dismay. The ancient cannon of Deerfield, which has been the subject of interesting study by our President, comes down from a misty past. We can believe that it served with great effect in these early combats. But as a rule, I take it, the forts of Colrain and their companion defences in other frontier towns were rarely equipped with even a single piece of ordnance. The reliance was upon the ancient, unwieldy arms of which we have tried to get some idea; and greater yet upon the courage and endurance of the men who risked their lives in handling them.

The inducements to engage in the defence of the settlements were not such as are now offered to even our most patriotic volunteers. From one of these very forts John Hawks wrote so late as March ye 7, 1757:

> These are to desire you to try to enlist one or more men for ye entire Expedition this year. The encouragement is a new Coat and a hat and 10 dollars for any man that has been employed in His Majesty's service, and six dollars pr month, if but for one year.

There was no inducement of a possible pension. The truth is that the men who made these days historic fought not for the gain of pay from his Majesty's treasury but for the defence of their own firesides which they had dared to build in the face of awful and well understood dangers. One of the repeated wonders in the story of this period is the small number of men in the scattered garrison; and yet more in the smallness of the detachments which were sent out in almost untrodden wilderness, in constant danger of ambush, over long distances, to recruit the scattered forts or to

pursue the enemy whenever he appeared in some murderous attack upon the poorly defended settlements.

Not to tarry in longer study of the century of Indian War which ended less than a score of years before the Revolution, it is a satisfaction to find the survivors of these earliest wars taking up arms as valiantly against the King as they had borne them under his banners. I have often wondered, as I have read of the uprising of New England in 1775, whether the fact that the guns at Lexington were heard in the Connecticut Valley and still farther west, whether this wonderful phenomenon was due to remarkable detonations of the powder used on the 19th of April, or to atmospheric conditions which have ceased to exist, or to a sensitiveness of our fathers' eardrums which we have not inherited. But at all events the war spirit of the frontier warriors was quickly kindled. When Maj. Montague of Leverett left home to join the army of Washington, he said to his wife, "if the Lord would forgive him for having fought seven years for the King and would prosper him, he would fight the rest of his days against him, or until he was conquered and forced to do right." Like him, many another true patriot rallied about Gen. Washington at Boston, armed with weapons which had done service in the preparatory Indian fight. It was still the flintlock. The bullets were the same moulded lumps of lead which every soldier of the day was prepared to make for himself. Indispensable in the equipment was the powderhorn upon which they were wont to bestow wonderful decoration, worked out with their own crude engraving tools, in main the original Yankee jackknife.

I have used the word preparatory, to describe the school of warfare in which the citizen soldiers of New England had graduated ready for the Revolution. It is well chosen. What a school it was! Full a century long, it had given these men the sternest discipline in self-reliance, in keenness of sight, in readiness to meet the foe at a moment's warning. The severe athletics of our most cultured modern university cannot compare in the development of muscle, quickness of motion, alertness of every fibre, with that college of hard knocks through which three generations of these men had passed. Nor was its course of instruction limited to a few years of young manhood. It began with the toddling infant in that kindergarten of suffering, the toilsome march under savage guidance, through wintry snows, over rocky paths, to far away Canada. It put the musket in the hands of the stripling; it kept the gun ever at the side of the man toiling in the field. And not un-

til old age had closed the sight or palsied the strong right arm was there any retirement. So these men gathered about Washington under the famous Cambridge tree, not amateurs, not raw recruits, but soldiers, drilled to all the hardships and in all the virtues of the ideal warrior.

In Washington, they found a commander who owed his preparation to no professional military school. No! Washington had learned the art of war in the same school in which these men were taught. He had gone a stripling into the Indian Wars and proved his fitness to command in each of the commissions which rapidly came to him—at nineteen a commissioned officer, soon a major, and in the very flush of his youth, a colonel. He faced the deadly perils of the frontier fight just as our heroes of Deerfield and Northampton and Northfield and Colrain had faced them. He was, in short, the perfect type of the graduate from the military school of Indian warfare, the perfect type of the American citizen soldier. We can well understand the enthusiasm of our New Englanders for him, and his ready sympathy and close comradeship with everyone of his true men. He was master of the new tactics the wars of the forest had taught, nor was there any need of his instruction of the Massachusetts volunteer in the manual he had already learned in the Connecticut Valley.

Well might we occupy ourselves this afternoon in following the warriors who had faced French hatred, acting through Indian treachery, as they displayed their firm-grounded valor in the battles of the Revolution. It would be a glorious sunset for their day; but we have one other view to take of them before they pass from the stage. It is less happy. Some of our brave old fighters survived the Revolution by a little too long. They reappear in the hapless rebellion against authority, led by the misguided Daniel Shays. It does not inspire us with enthusiam for these veterans to see them taking down their old muskets to march in something like frenzy against the troops of the Commonwealth they had helped to make. They came face to face with some of their old comrades enlisted on the better side of law and order. It all came to an inglorious end. The single real battle of this little war saw Shays and his followers brought face to face with cannon on the heights near Springfield; almost a single volley answered to send them flying a disordered and impoverished mob across the Hampshire fields and hills, then to be dispersed in dishonor. But even to this incident in the evolution of the citizen soldier there is a brighter side.

We cannot escape a certain feeling of sympathy for the followers of Shays. It was a time of awful trial, of burdensome debt, of stupendous taxes, of sheriff's sales, of imprisonment for want of money. And out of such conditions is it any wonder that men who had been trained to resist oppression, who saw injustice in what they were made to endure, should take to arms, all other means of protest having failed, to right their real and their fancied wrongs? The exception proves the rule. The citizen in arms is mighty when he is in the right. He was weak almost to cowardice as one of a mob who sought to redress grievances by violence which they had not yet learned the art of correcting by power of the ballot, of petition, and of protest.

Here we bid farewell to the generation of men who fought in the latest Indian wars. It was left to their sons and grandsons to do duty in the later wars of the republic. The old weapons were discarded and each succeeding war has been marked by the use of muskets and cannon rapidly changing in form and increasing in deadliness, down to the present. A military spirit survived in the militia days of the first half of the century, in the mock glory of trainings and a plenteous crop of military titles never to be honored by the smell or the stain of real battle. This ran out in some absurd extremes. Our citizen soldier was not a success as a play-day figure. The militia which existed more for hilarity than for service, was doomed to decay. It needed the real stress of the country's need to display the virtues of the soldier. The opportunity came when President Lincoln made his first call for troops. The story of that glorious response of the loyal Northern states peopled by the sons of New England fighters is too new to be repeated here. We stand in no danger of forgetting the vastly greater trials of the war of 1861 to 1865 because of a still newer demonstration of the citizen soldier's readiness for real and exacting service. No American youth will ever reach his manhood without being taught that the very existence of the nation is due to the men who fought and suffered through those four years of war, a war whose very fierceness was due to the fact that American met American.

Now, in 1898, the next generation of New Englanders have gone out to battle to show that the old character and quality of men of peace called into the business of war has suffered no decline.

It has commonly been said in recent years that warfare now was but a matter of machinery. With weapons of such fearful execu-

tion at long range, the element of personal courage was to disappear. The tremendous naval engines, our latest achievement in the display of brotherly love, were to work out their destruction with only a question as to the superiority of the rival weapons. But an international war of four months' duration has given us magnificent display of personal courage, of a valor in no wise inferior to that of the old hand to hand combat. We have rapidly learned that it is still "The man behind the gun," who is to determine the outcome of the most highly civilized warfare. So we turn back from the impressive new experience to the earliest ones in American history to learn that the hero of the New England frontier, of our own Connecticut Valley, was the forerunner in his valor of the hero of the end of the nineteenth century. No hireling, however highly drilled, however deadly his weapon, can stand against the citizen soldier of our country. No military education proves a substitute for the enthusiasm of men who rally from the walks of peace, from shop and farm, in answer to the call of the President of the United States for volunteers to support whatever cause we have undertaken. From 1620, when there landed in the face of awful peril men who were warriors, not by choice, but in obedience to a purpose the farthest from destructive, down to 1898, which has given us the newest exhibition of the volunteer soldiers' power to overcome, there is a continuous lesson.

It does not matter that the larger number of our new defenders do not trace a lineal descent from the frontiersmen. It is the glory of New England institutions that they impress themselves upon every newcomer to our shores. The political leaven of the Plymouth colony has permeated a nation of eighty millions. The patriotism which burned in the defenders of these little forts two hundred years ago glows undiminished in the hearts of men whose parentage runs back no more than a generation in American homes. They are, if not in blood as truly in purpose, the sons of the earliest pioneer. So, standing here, on this vantage ground of history, with closest scrutiny of the changing phases of our country's growth, witnessing through the march of centuries the unconquerable material of volunteer armies, we build the strongest arguments against any policy which would turn thousands of our sons and brothers into hired servants of a military government. And we frame a studious and determined resolution that in the history we love to review there is no ground for an argument for a vast army for the defence of the American republic.

It has never been a question of weapons, but of manhood. Our new soldiers found themselves in Cuba meeting a foe who had come across the Atlantic, carrying that most modern of muskets, the mischievous Mauser, which tells no tales of its location by the least trace of the smoke which up to this period has served to reveal the enemy. He has met him strongly entrenched, on ground familiar through years of service, in a climate to which he was well accustomed, and he has overcome him. This he has done under all these disadvantages because he is the perfected product of two centuries of citizen soldiery. His progenitor of the seventeenth century like him had no advantage in weapons. The Indian because of the craftiness of the trader was supplied with guns as good as his. And as to defences, what were even these hilltop forts compared with that devilish device, the Indian ambuscade? Let our knowledge of what Lothrop suffered at Bloody Brook, let our memory of Beers and his men at Northfield answer the query. Not guns, not forts, not numbers, but men. This is the story our hurried review has given us. So long as we have manhood, so long as we have a nation worthy of true men's defence and support, we shall have no need for that abomination of European governments, an army of idlers and of machines, which can exist only to degrade its members, burden and impress industry and invite continual conflict—the great standing army, the worst foe of civilization.

Note to *ante*, p. 535.

This story of an attack on Fort Morrison is not to be found in cotemporaneous history, and no mention of it is seen elsewhere. "Maj. Williams of Deerfield" was never "seriously wounded" at any time, and there was never any "Maj. Willard of Deerfield." The story is probably a fanciful tradition referable to the attack of March 20, 1758.—EDITOR.

OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION, 1890–1898.

President,

HON. GEORGE SHELDON, Deerfield, 1890–98.

Vice-Presidents,

Hon. ROBERT R. BISHOP, Newton, 1891.
Rev. P. VOORHEES FINCH, Greenfield, 1896.
*Hon. EBEN A. HALL, Greenfield, 1893–5.
*SILAS G. HUBBARD, Hatfield, 1890.
SAMUEL O. LAMB, Esq., Greenfield, 1890–2, 8.
JOHN SHELDON, Esq., Greenfield, 1897.
Hon. FRANCIS M. THOMPSON, Greenfield, 1892–8.

Recording Secretary and Treasurer,

*Dea. NATHANIEL HITCHCOCK, Deerfield, 1890–8.

Corresponding Secretary,

*Rev. EDGAR BUCKINGHAM, Deerfield, 1890–3.
Hon. HERBERT C. PARSONS, Greenfield, 1895–8.
*Mrs. CATHERINE B. YALE, Deerfield, 1894.

Life Councillors,

*ARMS, GEORGE A., Greenfield, 1882.
BAKER, C. ALICE, Cambridge, 1876.
*CHILDS, HENRY, Buffalo, N. Y., 1870.
*HEMENWAY, MARY, Boston, 1885.
*JOHNSON, JONATHAN, Greenfield, 1878.
SAWYER, MARY A., St. Albans, Vt., 1883.
SHELDON, GEORGE, Deerfield, 1883.
STEBBINS, LYDIA A., Deerfield, 1872.

Councillors, 1890–98.

Aiken, Hon. John A., Greenfield, 1893.
Arms, Jennie M., Greenfield, 1896.
Avery, Walter T., New York City, 1892.
Bardwell, Jarvis B., Shelburne, 1891.
Barrett, George P., Portland, Me., 1897.
Billings, Henry W., Esq., Conway, 1893.
Bishop, Hon. Robert R., Newton, 1894, 7.
Champney, James W., D'f'd, 1891–3, 8.
Chase, Lilian, Brookline, 1894, 5.
Childs, Robert, Deerfield, 1890–7.
*Hon. C. C. Conant, Greenfield, 1897.
*Crawford, Robert D. D., D'f'd, 1890–6.
Crittenden, Hon. George D., Shelburne, 1891.
Cutler, Nahum S., Greenfield, 1893–5, 7.
Delano, Jesse L., Sunderland, 1897.
Farren, Barney N., Montague, 1897.
Felton, Joseph P., Greenfield, 1896.
Fessenden, Hon. Franklin G., G'f'd, 1896.
*Field, Reuben W., Shelburne, 1890, 3.
Finch, Rev. P. Voorhees, G'f'd, 1891–4, 8.
*Grinnell, Hon. Jas. S., G'f'd, 1892, 5, 7.

Griswold, Freeman C., Greenfield, 1891.
Gunn, Hon. Levi J., Greenfield, 1897.
*Hall, Hon. Eben A., Greenfield, 1891, 7.
Hammond, George W., Boston, 1891, 3.
*Hawks, Frederick, G'f'd, 1890, 4, 6.
Hildreth, John L., M. D., Cambridge, 1895, 7.
*Hollister, Joseph H., Greenfield, 1891.
Horr, George W., Esq., Athol, 1895, 8.
Hosmer, Prof. James K., Minneapolis, 1892, 6.
Hoyt, John W., Cincinnati, 1892, 3.
Huntington, Eunice K., Cleveland, O., 1896, 8.
Jones, Charles, Deerfield, 1890–7.
Kingsley, Elbridge, Hatfield, 1896.
Lamb, Samuel O., Esq., G'f'd, 1895, 7.
Lincoln, Luther J. B., D'f'd, 1890, 1, 4.
*Marshall, Gen. J. F. B., Weston, 1892.
*Munn, Capt. Asa B., Chicago, 1890.
Newcomb, Eugene A., G'f'd, 1894, 5, 8.
Parsons, Hon. Herbert C., G'f'd, 1891, 3, 4.
Phillips, Hon. Henry M., Springf'ld, 1892.
Simeon, Greenfield, 1890.
Plimpton, Henry R., Boston, 1893, 5.
*Pratt, Frank J., Greenfield, 1896.
*Martha G., Deerfield, 1890–4.
*Reed, James S., Marion, O., 1891.
Rumrill, Anna C., Springfield, 1893, 8.
Russell, Hon. John E., Leicester, 1898.
Sheldon, Ellen L., Greenfield, 1890.
John, Greenfield, 1893, 5.
Smith, Hon. John M., Sunderland, 1894, 5, 7, 8.
Zeri, Deerfield, 1891, 5.
Stebbins, Albert, Deerfield, 1890–3.
Taft, Hon. Henry W., Pittsfield, 1892, 6.
Thompson, Hon. Francis M., G'f'd, 1890.
*Thornton, R. S., Montague, 1897.
*Tilton, Chauncey B., Deerfield, 1897, 8.
*Wells, Elisha, Deerfield, 1894–8.
Wentworth, Mary P., D'f'd, 1896–8.
Williams, Arthur, Brookline, 1892.
*Lucelia E., Deerfield, 1894.
*Yale, Catherine B., Deerfield, 1890–8.

Life Members.

*Allen, Catharine E., Deerfield, 1874.
*Arms, George A., Greenfield, 1870.
*Otis, Bellows Falls, Vt., 1882.
*Seneca, Troy, N. Y., 1871.
Avery, Walter T., New York, 1871.
Baker, C. Alice, Cambridge, 1870.
*Catherine C., Cambridge, 1872.
Barrett, Hon. George P., Portland, Me., 1893.
*Bartlett, George B., Concord, 1871.
Bishop, Hon. Robert R., Newton, 1890.
Catlin, George, Chicago, Ill., 1899.
Champney, James W., Deerfield, 1879.
Chase, Ellen, Brookline, 1890.
Childs, Alfred H., Deerfield, 1876.
Robert, Deerfied, 1870.
*Comstock, Cornelia C., New Caanan, Conn., 1886.
Corse, Charles, Esq., Lock Haven, Pa., 1887.
*Doggett, George N., Chicago, Ill., 1872.
Farren, Barney N., Montague, 1884.
Fessenden, Hon. Franklin G., G'f'd, 1895.
*Fithian, Eliza B., St. Louis, Mo., 1884.
Furbush, Caroline C., Greenfield, 1895.
*Hawks, Belle Sheldon, Deerfield, 1880.
*Frederick, Greenfield, 1879.
*William H., Greenfield, 1879.
*Hitchcock, Henry, Galesburg, Ill., 1872.
*Dea. Nathaniel, D'f'd, 1870.
Horr, George W. Esq., Athol, 1893.
Hosmer, Prof. James K., Minneapolis, Minn., 1871.
*Hoyt, Catherine W., Deerfield, 1876.
*Henry, Boston, 1870.
John W., Cincinnati, O., 1887.
*Hyde, Hon. William W., Ware, 1884.
*Kimball, Delancy C., Leverett, 1877.
Lamb, Samuel O., Esq., Greenfield, 1880.
Lincoln, Luther J. B., Deerfield, 1879.
Mary F., Deerfield, 1879.
*Marshall, Gen. J. F. B., Weston, 1888.
Phillips, Hon. Henry M., Springf'ld, 1882.
*Smith R., Springfield, 1871.
*Pratt, Frank J., Greenfield, 1880.
*Martha G., Deerfield, 1872.
*Reed, James S., Marion, O., 1882.
*Richardson, J. J., Greenfield, 1879.
Russell, Hon. John E., Leicester, 1897.
Sawyer, Mary A., St. Albans, Vt., 1879.
Sheldon, J. Edith, Greenfield. 1900.
Ellen L., Greenfield, 1880.
George, Deerfield, 1870.
George A., Greenfield, 1900.
John, Greenfield, 1880.
J. M. Arms, Deerfield, 1889.
*Susan S., Deerfield, 1870.
*Smith, Cornelia Allen, Philadelphia, Pa., 1892.
*James, Whately, 1879.
*Snow, Newell, Greenfield, 1879.
*Stone, Mary Lowell, Cambridge, 1888.
Taft, Hon. Henry W., Pittsfield, 1873.
Thompson, Hon. Francis M., G'f'd, 1882.
*Thornton, R. S., Montague, 1896.
Watson, Charles Herbert, Boston, 1900.
*Wells, Henry, Shelburne, 1880.
*White, Hon. Joseph, Williamstown, 1880.
Salome E., New York, 1880.
*Whitney, Hon. James S., Brookline, 1872.
Laurinda C., Brookline, 1872.
*Wright, Hon. William W., Geneva, N. Y., 1880.
*Yale, Catherine Brooks, Deerfield, 1888.

Yearly Members.

Abercrombie, Elizabeth, Brookline, 1900.
William Hyslop, Brookline, 1900.
Aiken, Hon. John A., Greenfield, 1891.
Allen, O. P., Palmer, 1892.
Anderson, Lafayette, Shelburne, 1872.
*Arms, Aaron, Bellows Falls, Vt., 1870.
*Avice S., Greenfield, 1871.
Frances W., Greenfield, 1871.
Lilla, Bellows Falls, Vt., 1872.
Obed S., Deerfield, 1871.
Winthrop Tyler, Deerfield, 1885.
Ball, Frances W., Deerfield, 1900.
*Barber, Hervey, Warwick, 1872.
Bardwell, Jarvis B., Shelburne, 1870.
*Barnard, Lemuel, Canandaigua, N. Y., 1874.
Barney, Edward, Deerfield, 1870.
Billings, Henry W., Esq., Conway, 1892.
Boyden, Frank D., Deerfield, 1875.
*Brooks, Hon. Silas N., Chicago, 1870.
*Brown, Lorenzo, Vernon, Vt., 1872.
Mrs. N. H., Dorchester, 1888.
Bryant, Chauncey, Greenfield, 1872.
*Buckingham, Rev. Edgar, 1870.
Buddington, Henry A., Leyden, 1872.
*Canning, Josiah D., Gill, 1870.
Carter, Samuel, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1879.
*Childs, Dexter, Deerfield, 1870.
M. Anna V., Deerfield, 1900.
Samuel, Deerfield, 1900.
Coleman, Emma L., Boston, 1881.
*Cowing, Julia A., Deerfield, 1871.
*Crafts, Cephas G., Whately, 1872.
James M., Whately, 1870.
Seth B., Whately, 1872.
*Crawford, Robert, D.D., D'f'ld, 1870.
Crittenden, Hon. George D., Buckland, 1870.
Cutler, Nahum S., Greenfield, 1892.
Delano, Elizabeth R., New Bedford, 1882.
DeWolf, Austin, Greenfield, 1870.
Dwight, William, M. D., Bernardston, 1889.
*Eastman, Samuel S., Greenfield, 1870.
Everett, Edward J., Deerfield, 1900.
Felton, Joseph P., Greenfield, 1870.
*Field, Dea. Phinehas, Charlemont, 1871.
Maj. Putnam, Greenfield, 1875.
*Reuben W., Shelburne, 1886.
Finch, Rev. P. Voorhees, G'f'd, 1870.
*Fisk, D. Orlando, Shelburne, 1870.
Fiske, Mrs. George, Boston, 1888.
George S., Boston, 1888.
Freeman, Hattie E., Boston, 1891.
Fuller, Agnes G., Deerfield, 1900.
*George, Deerfield, 1871.
Spencer, Deerfield, 1900.
Goss, Elbridge G., Melrose, 1871.
*Grimes, Hon. George, Greenfield, 1875.
Hon. James S., Greenfield, 1886.
Griswold, Freeman C., Greenfield, 1888.
*Hon. Whiting, Greenfield, 1874.
*Hager, Charles, Deerfield, 1872.
*Hall, Hon. Eben A., Greenfield, 1870.
Hammond, Ellen L., Boston, 1887.
George W., Boston, 1887.
Harding, Dr. W. F., Greenfield, 1871.
Harris, William L., Deerfield, 1899.
Hawks, Edward A., Deerfield, 1900.
Susan Belle, Deerfield, 1900.
Rev. Winfield S., So. Hadley, 1880.
*Hazen, Rev. Allen, D. D., Deerf'ld, 1885.
Hildreth, John L., M. D., Cambridge, 1891.
*Hollister, Joseph H., Greenfield, 1870.
*Hosmer, Rev. George H., Neponsett, 1871.
*Hubbard, Silas G., Hatfield, 1882.
Jones, Charles, Deerfield, 1876.
Kingsley, Elbridge, Hatfield, 1876.
*Leavitt, Hon. Roger H., Charlemont, 1871.
Leavitte, Helen A. R., 1881.
Lee, Rev. Samuel H., Greenfield, 1871.
*Lyman, Daniel, Mendota, Ill., 1878.
*Mark, George W., Greenfield, 1870.
*Marshall, Maria J., Weston, 1899.
Merriam, Edwin D., Greenfield, 1871.
Miller, Margaret, Deerfield, 1900.
Rev. Simeon, Deerfield, 1870.
*Moors, John F., D. D., Greenfield, 1871.
Munger, O. L., Chicago, 1895.
*Munn, Capt. Asa B., Chicago, 1887.
*Charles H., Greenfield, 1871.
George A., Holyoke, 1893.
*John, New York, 1871.
*Philo, Deerfield, 1870.
Newcomb, Eugene A., Greenfield, 1893.
Parsons, Hon. Albert C., Northfield, 1870.
Hon. Herbert C., Greenfield, 1890.
Phillips, Simeon, Greenfield, 1872.
*Pierce, William, Charlestown, 1872.
Plimpton, Henry R., Boston, 1891.
*Porter, Dr. Ransom N., D'f'd, 1870.
Pratt, Sarah A., Deerfield, 1900.
Putnam, Anna C., Boston, 1900.
*Rice, David, M. D., Leverett, 1872.
*Harriet C., Leverett, 1871.
*L. W., Greenfield, 1870.
Sarah C., Greenfield, 1880.
*Root, Hiram, Deerfield, 1873.
Rumrill, Anna C., Springfield, 1889.
*Russell, Edward W., Greenfield, 1871.
Ryerson, Julia N., New York City, 1881.
Sanderson, George W., Amherst, 1871.
*Severance, Harvey, Deerfield, 1870.
*Sheldon, William, Deerfield, 1870.
Smead, Amelia, Newton, 1881.
Elihu, Newton, 1881.
Smith, Albert, Gill, 1900.
Hon. John M., Sunderland, 1873.
Zeri, Deerfield, 1870.
Solley, Rev. George W., Deerfield, 1898.
Stebbins, A. Baxter, Deerfield, 1878.
Albert, Deerfield, 1878.
Charles H., Deerfield, 1900.

Stebbins, Joseph, South Boston, Va., 1899.
M. Elizabeth, Deerfield, 1900.
*Moses, Deerfield, 1870.
*Stevens, Humphrey, Greenfield, 1872.
Stockbridge, Hon. Levi, Hadley, 1873.
Stratton, Mary P., Northfield, 1874.
Tack, Agnes Gordon, N. Y. City, 1900.
Augustus V., N. Y. City, 1900.
*Tilton, Chauncey B., Deerfield, 1874.
*Wait, Thomas, Greenfield, 1870.
*Ware, Frances S., Deerfield, 1871.
Warner, Whitney L., Sunderland, 1873.
*Watson, Rev. John P., Leverett, 1872.
*Wells, Curtis B., Deerfield, 1871.
*Elisha, Deerfield, 1871.
*George M., Deerfield, 1870.
Laura B., Deerfield, 1900.
*Samuel F., Deerfield, 1870.
Wentworth, Mary P., Deerfield, 1896.
*Williams, Dea. Almon C., D'f'd, 1885.
Arthur, Brookline, 1881.
Charles E., Deerfield, 1878.
*Lucelia E., Deerfield, 1885.
Sophronia R., Chicago, 1882.
*Wright, Luke, Deerfield, 1870.
Wynne, Madeline Y., Deerfield, 1900.

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